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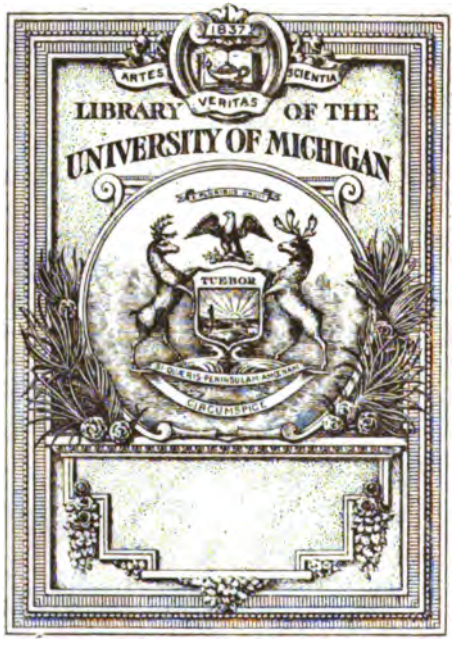
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HALF-YEARLY VOLUME

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.
NEW SERIES.

JULY, 1894.

MY LADY ROTHA.

A ROMANCE.

BY STANLEY WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF 'A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE,' 'THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF,' ETC.

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CHAPTER XIX.

IN A GREEN VALLEY.

HE was as good as his word. Before the sun had been up an hour six of the mutineers, chosen by lot from a hundred of the more guilty, dangled from a great tree which overhung the brook, and were already forgotten—so short are soldiers' memories—in the hurry and bustle of a new undertaking. The slope of the ridge which divided us from the neighbouring valley was soon dotted with parties of men making their way up it, through bracken and furze which reached nearly to the waist; while the horse under Count Waska rode slowly off to make the circuit of the hill and enter the next valley by an easier road.

My lady chose to climb the hill on foot, in the track of the pikemen, though the heavy dew, which the sun had not yet drunk up, soon drenched her skirts, and she might, had she willed it, have been carried to the top on men's shoulders. The fern and long grass delayed her and made our progress slow, so that the general's dispositions were in great part made when we reached the summit. He was still busy, however, but he had eyes for us. He came at once and placed us in a small coppice of fir trees that crowned one of the knobs of the ridge. From

this point, where he took up his own position, we could command, ourselves unseen, the whole valley, the road, and river, the scene of the coming surprise, and see clearly, what no one below could discern, where our footmen lay in ambush in parties of fifty; the pikemen among some blackthorns, close to the north end of the valley; the musketmen a little farther within and almost immediately below us. The latter, prone in the fern, looked, viewed from above, like lines of sheep feeding, until the light gleamed on a gun-barrel or sword-hilt and dispelled the peaceful illusion.

The sun had not yet risen above the hill on which we stood, and the valley below us lay cool and green and very pleasant to the eye. About a league in length, it was nowhere, except at its southern extremity, where it widened into a small plain, more than half a mile across. At its northern end, below us, and a little to the right, it diminished to a mere wooded defile, through which the river ran over rocks and boulders, with a dull roar that came plainly to our ears. A solitary house of some size, with two or three hovels clustered about it, stood near the middle of the valley; but no smoke rose from the chimney, no cock crowed, no dog barked. And, looking more closely, I saw that the place was deserted.

So quiet it seemed in this peaceful Thuringian valley, I shuddered when I thought of the purpose which brought us hither. And I saw my lady's face grow sad with a like reflection. But General Tzerclas viewed all with another mind. The stillness, the sunshine, the very song of the lark, as it rose up and up and up above us, and, still unwearied, sang its song of praise, touched no chord in his breast. The quietude pleased him, but only because it favoured his plans; the lark's hymn, because it covered with a fair mask his lurking ambush; the sunshine, because it seemed a good augury. His keen and vigilant eye, the smile which curled his lip, the set expression of his face, showed that he saw before him a battle-field and no more; a step upwards—a triumph, a victory, and that was all.

I blamed him then. I confess now, I misjudged him. He who leads on such occasions risks more than his life, and bears a weight of responsibility that may well crush from his mind all moods or thoughts of weather. At least, I did him, I had to do him, this justice—that he betrayed no anxiety, uttered no word of doubt or misgiving. Standing with his back against a tree and his eyes on the northern pass, he remained placidly

silent, or talked at his ease; in this contrasting well with the Waldgrave, who continually paced up and down in the background, as if the fir-grove were a prison and he a captive waiting to be freed.

'At what hour should they be here?' my lady asked presently, breaking a long silence.

She tried to speak in her ordinary tone, but her voice sounded uncertain. A woman, however brave, is a woman still. It began to dawn upon her that things were going to happen which it might be unpleasant to see, and scarcely less unpleasant to remember.

'I am afraid I cannot say,' the general answered lightly. 'I have done my part; I am here. Between this and night they should be here too.'

'Unless they have been warned,' the Countess said.

'Precisely,' he answered—'unless they have been warned.'

After that my lady composed herself anew, and the day wore on, in desultory conversation and a grim kind of picnic. Noon came, and afternoon, and the Countess grew nervous and irritable. But General Tzerclas, though the hours, as they passed without event, without bringing that for which he waited, must have tried him severely, showed to advantage throughout. He was ready to talk, satisfied to be silent. Late in the day, when my lady, drowsy with the heat, dozed a little, he brought out his Cæsar, and read in it, as if nothing depended on the day, and he were the most indifferent of spectators. She awoke and found him reading, and, for a time, sat staring at him, wondering where she was. At last she remembered. She sat up with a start, and gazed at him.

'Are we still waiting?' she said.

'We are still waiting,' he answered, closing his book with a smile. 'But,' he continued, a moment later, 'I trust I hear something now. Keep back a little, if you please, Countess.'

We all stood up among the trees, listening, and presently, though the murmuring of the river in the pass prevented us hearing duller sounds, a sharp noise, often repeated, came to our ears. It resembled the snapping of sticks under foot.

'Whips!' General Tzerclas muttered. 'Stand back, if you please.'

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before a handful of horsemen appeared on a sudden in the road below us. They came on like tired men, some with their feet dangling, some

sitting sideways on their horses. Many had kerchiefs wound round their heads, and carried their steel caps at the saddle-bow; others nodded in their seats, as if asleep. They were abreast of our pikemen when we first saw them, and we watched them advance, until a couple of hundred yards brought them into line with the musketmen. These, too, they passed without suspicion, and so went jolting and clinking on down the valley, every man with a bundle on his crupper, and strange odds and ends banging and swinging against his horse's sides.

Two hundred paces behind them the first waggon appeared, dragged slowly on by four labouring horses, and guarded by a dozen foot soldiers—heavy-browed fellows, lounging along beside the wheels, with their hands in their breeches pockets. Their long, trailing weapons they had tied at the tail of the waggon. Close on their heels, creaking and groaning, came another waggon, and another, and another, with a drowsy, stumbling train of teamsters and horse-boys, and here and there an officer or a knot of men-at-arms. The foot soldiers had mostly climbed up into the waggons, and lay sprawling on the loads, with their arms thrown wide, and their heads rolling from side to side with each movement of the straining team.

We watched eighty of these waggons go by; the first must have been a mile and more in front of the last. After them followed a disorderly band of stragglers, among whom were some women. Then a thick, solid cloud of dust, far exceeding all that had gone before, came down the pass. It advanced by fits and starts, now plunging forward, now halting, while the heart of it gave forth a dull roaring sound that rose above the murmur of the river.

'Cattle!' General Tzerclas muttered. 'Five hundred head, I should say. There can be nothing behind that dust. Be ready, trumpeter.'

The man he addressed stood a few paces behind us; and at intervals along the ridge others lay hidden, ready to pass the signal to an officer stationed on the farthest knob, who as soon as he heard the call would spring up, and with a flag pass the order to the cavalry below him.

The suspense of the moment was such that it seemed an age before the general gave the word. He stood and appeared to calculate, now looking keenly towards the head of the convoy, which was fast disappearing in a haze of dust, now gazing down at the bellowing, struggling, wavering mass below us. At

length, when the cattle had all but cleared the pass, he raised his hand and cried sharply—

'Now!'

In a moment the harsh blare of the trumpet pierced the upper stillness in which we stood. It was repeated—repeated again; then it died away shrilly in the distance. In its place, hoarse clamour on the instant filled the valley below us. We pressed forward to see what was happening.

The surprise was complete; and yet it was a sorry sight we saw down in the bottom, where the sunshine was dying, and guns were flashing, and men were chasing one another in the grey evening light. Our musketmen, firing out of ambush, had shot down the horses of the last half-dozen waggons, and, when we looked, were falling pell-mell upon the unlucky troop of stragglers that followed the waggons. These flying all ways, filled the air with horrid screams. Farther to the rear, our pikemen had seized the pass, and penning the cattle into it rendered escape by that road hopeless. Forward, however, despite the confusion and dismay, things were different. Our troops there were few, our cavalry did not appear, and the dust prevented us seeing what they were doing. And here the enemy had a moment's respite, a moment in which to think, fly, or stand on their defence.

Very soon, while we looked on breathless, it was evident that they were taking advantage of it. Possibly the general had not counted on the dust or the lateness of the hour. He began to gaze forward towards the head of the column, and to mutter savagely at the footmen below us, who seemed more eager to overtake the fugitives and strip the dead, than to press forward and break down opposition. He sent down Ludwig with orders; then another.

But the mischief was done already, and still the cavalry did not appear, being delayed, as we afterwards learned, by an unforeseen brook. Some one with a head on his shoulders had quickly drawn together all those among the enemy who could fight, or had a mind to fight. Two waggons were driven out of the line, and in a moment overturned; and in a twinkling the panic-stricken troopers and teamsters had a haven in which they could stand at bay.

Its value was soon proved. A company of our musketeers following some stragglers through the medley of flying horses and maddened cattle which covered the ground near the pass, came

headlong upon this rude fortress, and charged into it, recklessly, or in ignorance. In a moment a volley from the waggons laid half a dozen on the ground. The rest fell back, and scattered hither and thither. They were scarcely dispersed before a handful of the enemy's officers and mounted men came riding back from the front. Stabbing their horses in the intervals between the waggons, they took post inside. Every moment others, some with arms and some without, came straggling up. When our cavalry at last arrived on the scene, there were full three hundred men in the waggon-work, and those the flower of the enemy. All except one had dismounted. This one, a man on a white charger, seemed to be the soul of the defence.

Our horse knew nothing of this, and flushed with triumph and yelling loudly, came down the line like a torrent, sabring all who came in their way. Half rode on one side of the convoy and half on the other. They had met with no resistance hitherto, and expected none, and, like the musketmen, were on the barricade before they knew of its existence. In the open, the stoutest hedgehog of pikes could scarcely have resisted a charge driven home with such blind recklessness; but behind the waggons it was different. Every interstice bristled with pike-heads, while the musketmen poured in a deadly fire from the waggon tops. For a few seconds the place belched flame and smoke. Two or three score of the foremost assailants went down horse and man. The rest, saving themselves as best they could, swerved off to either side amid a roar of execrations and shouts of triumph.

My lady, trembling with horror, had long ago retired. She would no longer look. The Waldgrave, too, was gone; with her, I supposed. Half the general's attendants had been sent down the hill, some with one order, some with another. In this crisis—for I saw clearly that it was a crisis, and that if the defenders could hold out until darkness fell, the issue must be doubtful—I turned to look at our commander. He was still cool, but his brow was dark with passion. At one moment he stepped forward as if to go down into the *mêlée;* the next he repressed the impulse. The level rays of the sun which just caught the top of the hill shone in our eyes, while dust and smoke began to veil the field. We could still make out that the cavalry were sweeping round and round the barricade, pouring in now and then a volley of pistol shots; but they appeared to be suffering more loss than they caused.

Given a ring of waggons in the open, stoutly defended by resolute men, and I know nothing more difficult to reduce. Gazing in a kind of fascination into the depths where the smoke whirled and eddied, as the steam rolls this way and that on a caldron, I was wondering what I should do were I in command, when I saw on a sudden what some one was doing, and I heard General Tzerclas utter an oath of relief. Back from the front of the convoy came three waggons, surrounded and urged on by a mob of footmen; jolting and bumping over the uneven ground, and often nearly overturned, still they came on, and behind them a still larger troop of men. Finally they stood almost abreast of the enemy's position, and some thirty paces to one side of it. There perforce they stayed, for the leading horses fell shot; but it was near enough. In an instant our men swarmed up behind them and began to fire volleys into the enemy's fortress, while the horse moving to and fro at a little distance forbade any attempt at a sally.

'That man has a head on his shoulders!' General Tzerclas muttered between his teeth. 'That is Ludwig! Now we have them!'

But I saw that it was not Ludwig; and presently the general saw it too. I read it in his face. The man who had brought up the waggons, and who could still be seen exposing himself, mounted and bare-headed in the hottest of the fire, ordering, threatening, inciting, leading, so that we could almost hear his voice where we stood, was the Waldgrave! His blue velvet cloak and bright fair head were unmistakable, though darkness was fast closing over the fight, and it was only at intervals we could see anything through the pall of smoke.

'Vivat Weimar!' I cried involuntarily, a glow of warmth and pride coursing through my veins. In that moment I loved the young man as if he had been my son.

The next I fell from the clouds. What would my lady say if anything happened to him? What should I say if I stood by now and saw him fall? And he with no headpiece, breast or back. It was madness of him to expose himself so! I started forward, stung by the thought; before I knew what I was doing—for, in fact, I could have done no good—I was on the slope and descending the hill. Almost at the same moment the general gave the word to those who remained with him, and began to descend also. The hill was steep there, and it took us five minutes to reach the scene of action.

If I had foolishly thought that I could do anything, I was disappointed, for by this time the battle was over. Manning every waggon within range, and pouring in a steady fire, our sharpshooters had quickly thinned the ranks behind the barricade. The enemy's fire had first slackened, and then ceased. A little later, one wing, unable to bear the shower of shot, had broken and tried to fly, and in a moment our pikemen had gained the work.

We heard the flight and pursuit go wailing up the valley, but the disorder, and darkness, and noise at the foot of the hill where we found ourselves, were such that I stood scared and bewildered, uncertain which way to turn or whither to go. On every side of me men were stripping the dead, the wounded were crying for water, and cattle and horses, wounded or maddened, were rushing up and down among broken waggons and prostrate loads. Such eyes of cruelty and greed glared at me across dead men, whose bodies already glimmered white and naked, that I drew my sword and carried it drawn. But in truth the scene robbed me of half my faculties; I did not know which way to turn or where to seek; and until I came upon Ludwig, I wandered aimlessly about, looking for the Waldgrave without plan or system. It was my first experience of the darker side of war, and in horror it surpassed anything I had imagined or thought possible.

At last I found Ludwig, badly wounded in the leg, under a waggon. I had stood close beside him for some time without seeing him, and he had not spoken. But when I moved away I suppose he recognized my figure or step, for when I had gone a few paces I heard a hoarse voice calling my name. I went cautiously back to the waggon, and after a moment's search detected him peering from under it with a white, fierce face, which somehow reminded me of a savage creature at bay.

'Hallo!' I said. 'Why did you not speak before, man?'

'Get me some water,' he whispered painfully. 'Water, for the love of Heaven!'

I told him I had no flask or bottle, or I should before this have fetched some for others. He gave me his, and I was starting off when I remembered that he might know how the Waldgrave had fared. I asked him.

'He led the pursuit,' he muttered. 'He is all right.' Then, as I was again turning, he clutched my arm and continued, 'Have you a pistol?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Why?'

'Lend it to me until you come back,' he gasped. 'If these vultures find me they will finish me. That is better. I shall win through yet.'

I marked where his waggon stood, and left him. The river was less than a quarter of a mile away, but it lay low, and the banks were steep; and in the darkness it was not easy to find a way down to the water. Succeeding at last—and how still and peaceful it seemed as I bent over the gently flowing surface and heard the plash and gurgle of the willows in the stream!—I filled my bottle and climbed back to the level plain. Here I found a change. At intervals up and down the valley great fires had been kindled. Some of them, burning high already, lit up the wrecked convoy and the dark groups moving round it, and even threw a red, uncertain glare far up the slopes of the hills. Aided by the light, I hastened back, and finding Ludwig without much difficulty, held the bottle to his lips. He seemed nearly gone, but the draught revived him marvellously.

When he had drunk I asked him if I could do anything else for him. He looked already more like himself.

'Yes,' he said, propping his back against the wheel and speaking with his usual hardihood. 'Tell our little general where I am. That is all. I shall do now we have light. I am not afraid of these skulkers any longer. But here, friend Martin. You asked about your Waldgrave just now?'

'Yes,' I said. 'Has he returned?'

'He never went,' he replied coolly. 'But if I had told you when you first asked me, you would not have gone for water for me. He is down. He fell, as nearly as I can remember, on the farther side of the second fire from here.'

With a curse I ran from him, raging, and searched round that fire and the next, like one beside himself. Many of the dead lay stripped to the skin already, so that it was necessary to examine faces, and this ghastly task, performed with trembling fingers and by an uncertain light, took a long time. There were men prowling about with knives and bundles, whom I more than once interrupted in their work; but the sight of my pistol, and perhaps of my face—for I was full of fierce loathing and would have shot them like rats—drove them off wherever I came. Not once, but many times, the wounded and dying begged me to stay by them and protect them; but my water was at an end, my time was not my own, and I ran

from place to place in a fever of dread, which allowed of no rest, no relaxation. At last, when I had well-nigh given up hope, I found him lying half-stripped among a heap of dead and wounded, at the farthest corner of the barricade.

All his finery was gone, and his handsome face and fair hair were stained and bedabbled with dust and blood. But he was not dead. I could feel his heart beating faintly in his breast; and though he lay senseless and showed no other signs of life, I was thankful to find that hope remained. I bore him out tenderly, and laid him down by himself and moistened his lips with the drainings of my flask. But what next? I could not leave him. The plunderers who had already robbed him might return at any moment. And yet, without cordials, and coverings, and many things I had not, the feeble spark of life left in him must go out. I stood up and looked round in despair. A lurid glare, a pitiful wailing, a passing of dark figures filled the valley. A hundred round us needed help; a hundred were beyond help. There were none to give it.

I was about to raise him in my arms and carry him in search of it—though I feared the effort of the motion on his wounds—when, to my joy and relief, the measured tramp of footsteps broke on my ears, and I distinguished with delight a party of men approaching with torches. A few mounted officers followed them, and two waggons creaked slowly behind. They were collecting the wounded!

I ran to meet them. 'Quick!' I cried breathlessly. 'This way! This way!'

But a harsh voice interposed. 'Not so fast!' it said; and, looking up, I saw that the general himself was directing the party. 'Not so fast, my friend,' he repeated. 'Who is it?' and leaning forward in his saddle, he looked down at me.

'The Waldgrave Rupert,' I answered impatiently. 'He is hurt almost to death—almost to death. But he is alive, and may live, your excellency. Only direct them to come quickly.'

Sitting on his horse in the full glare of the torches, he gazed down at me, and his face wore a strange expression of hesitation. 'He is alive?' he said at last.

'Yes, at present. But he will soon be dead if we do not go to him,' I retorted. 'This way! He lies yonder.'

'Lead on!' the general said curtly.

I obeyed, and a moment brought our party to the spot, where the Waldgrave still lay insensible, his face pale and drawn, his

eyes half open and disclosing the whites. Under the glare of the torches he looked so like a corpse and so far beyond aid, that it was not until I had again thrust my hand into his breast, in desperate fear, and felt the movement of his heart, that I was reassured.

As for the general, after looking down at him for awhile, he said quietly, 'He is dead.'

'Not so, your excellency,' I answered, rising briskly from my knees. 'He is stunned. That is all.'

'He is dead,' the general persisted coldly. 'Leave him. We must help those first who need help.'

And they were actually turning away! They had moved a couple of paces before I could believe it! Then I sprang to the general's rein.

'You mistake, your excellency!' I cried, my voice shrill with excitement. 'In Heaven's name, stop! He is alive! I can feel his breathing. I swear he is alive!' I added, trembling with emotion and terror.

'He is dead!' he said harshly. 'Stand back, man!'

Then I understood. In a flash his wicked purpose lay bared before me. I knew that he was playing with me; I read in the cold, derisive menace of his eye that he knew the Waldgrave lived, that he knew he might live, might survive, might see the dawn—and that he was resolved he should not. The perspiration sprang out on my brow. I choked with indignation.

'Mein Gott!' I cried breathless, 'and but for him you would have been beaten.'

'Stand back!' he muttered through his closed teeth; and his eyes flickered with rage. 'Are you tired of your life, man?'

'Ay, if you live!' I roared; and I shook his rein so that his horse reared and almost unseated him. But still I clung to it. 'Come back! Come back!' I cried, mad with passion, wild with indignation at treachery so vile, so cold-blooded, 'or I will heave you from your horse, you villain! I will——'

I stumbled with that word over a broken shaft of a waggon, and in a moment half a dozen strong arms closed round me. I was down and up again. I fought savagely, passionately; at the last desperately, having that cold, sneering face before me, and knowing it was for my life. But they were many to one. They crushed me down and knelt on me, and presently I lay panting and quiet. One of the men who held me had unsheathed his dagger and stood looking to the general for a

signal. I closed my eyes expecting the stroke, and involuntarily drew in my breast, as if that poor effort might avert the stroke.

But the general did not give the signal. He sat gazing down at me with a ruthless smile on his face. 'Tie him up,' he said at last, when he had enjoyed his triumph to the full. 'Tie him up securely. When we get back to the camp we will have a shooting-match, and he shall find us in sport. You knave!' he continued, riding up to me in a paroxysm of anger, and slashing me across the face with his riding-whip so cruelly that the flesh rose in great wheals, and I fell back into the men's arms blind and shuddering with pain, 'I have had my eye on you! But you will work me no more mischief. Throw him into the waggon there,' he continued. 'Tie up his mouth if he makes a noise. Has any one seen Ludwig?'

CHAPTER XX.

MORE HASTE, LESS SPEED.

THE dawn came slowly. Night, loth to unveil what the valley had to show, hung there long after the wooded knobs that rose along the ridge had risen into view, looking like grey and misty islands in a sea of vapour. Many cried for the light—what night passes that some do not?—but none more impatiently than a woman, whose unquiet figure began with the first glimmer to pace the top of the hill. Sometimes she walked to and fro hurriedly with her face to the sky; sometimes she stood and peered into the depths where the fires still glowed fitfully; or again listened with shrinking ears to the wailing that rose out of the darkness.

It was the Countess. She had lain down, because they had bidden her do so, and told her that nothing could be done while night lasted. But with the first dawn she was on foot, so impatient that her own people dared not come near her, so imperious that the general's troopers crept away abashed.

The fight in the valley and the dreadful things she had seen and heard at nightfall had shaken her nerves. The absence of her friends had finished the work. She was almost distraught this morning. If this was war—this merciless butchery, this infliction of horrible pain on man and beast—their screams still

rang in her ears—she had seen enough. Only let her get her friends back, and escape to some place where these things would not happen, and she asked no more.

The light, as it grew stronger, the sun as it rose, filling the sky with lucent glory, failed to comfort her; for the one disclosed the dead, lying white and stripped in the valley below—like a flock of sheep grazing; the other seemed by its very cheerfulness to mock her. She was raging like a lioness, when the general at last, though still early, appeared, and came towards her, his hat in his hand.

His eye was still bright, his cheek was still flushed with triumph. He had lain awake much of the night, thinking his own thoughts; until he had become so wrapped in himself and his plans that now his shrewdness was for once at fault, and he failed to read the signs in her face which his own soldiers had interpreted. He was all fire and victory, glowing like the sun; she, sick of bloodshed and ambition. For the first time since they had come together, she was likely to see him as he was.

'Countess,' he said reproachfully, as he stopped before her, 'you will do yourself harm, I fear. You were on foot, I am told, before it was light.'

'It is true,' she said, shuddering and restraining herself by an effort.

'It was foolish,' he answered gently. 'You may be sure that as soon as anything is heard the news will be brought to you. And to be missing is not to be dead—necessarily.'

'Thank you,' she answered, her lip quivering. She flashed a look of scorn at him, but he did not see it. Her hands opened and closed convulsively.

'He was last seen in the pursuit,' the general continued smoothly, flattering himself that in suppressing his own triumphant thoughts and purposes and talking her talk he was doing much. 'A score or more of them got away together. It is quite possible that they carried him off a prisoner.'

'And Martin?' she said in a choking voice. She could not stand still, and had begun already to pace up and down again. He walked beside her.

He shrugged his shoulders. 'I know nothing about him,' he said, scarcely stifling a sneer. 'The man went where he was not sent. I hope for the best, but——' He spread out his hands and shook his head.

'Oh!' she said. She was bursting with indignation. The sight of the dead lying below had stirred her nature to its depths. She felt intuitively the shallowness of his sympathy, the selfishness of his thoughts. She knew that he had it on his lips to talk to her of his triumph, and hated him for it. The horror which the day-old battle-field sometimes inspires in the veteran was upon her. She was trembling all over, and only by a great effort kept herself from tears and fainting.

'The man is useful to you?' he said after a pause. He felt that he had gone wrong.

She bowed in silence.

'Almost necessary, I suppose?'

She bowed again. She could not speak. It was wonderful. Yesterday she had liked this man, to-day she almost hated him.

But he knew nothing of that. He looked round him with pride. Below, in the valley, parties of men were going to and fro, with a sparkle and sheen of pikes. Now and again a trumpet spoke, giving an order. On the hill, not far from where they walked, a group of officers who had ascended with him, sat round a fire watching the preparation of breakfast. And of all he was the lord. He had only to raise a finger to be obeyed. He saw before him a vista of such battles and victories, ending—God knows in what. The Emperor's throne was not above the dreams of such a man. And it moved him to speak.

The flush on his cheek was deeper when he turned to her again. 'Yes, I suppose he was necessary to you,' he said, 'but it should not be so. The Countess of Heritzburg should look elsewhere for help than to a servant. Let me speak plainly, Countess,' he continued earnestly. 'It is becoming I should so speak. I am a plain man. I am neither Baron, Count, nor Prince, Margrave, nor Waldgrave. I have no title but my sword, and no heritage save these who follow me. Yet, if I cannot with the help of the one and the other carve out a principality as long and as wide as Heritzburg, I am not John Tzerclas!'

'Poor Germany!' the Countess said, with a faint smile.

He interpreted the words in his favour, and shrugged his shoulders. '*Væ victis!*' he said. 'There was a time when your ancestors took Heritzburg with the strong hand. Such another time is coming now. The future is for those who dare, for those who can raise themselves above an old and

sinking system, and on its ruins build their own fortunes. Of these men I intend to be one.'

She was an ambitious woman, and at another time she might have heard his tale with sympathy. But at this moment her heart was full of anxiety for others, and she saw with perfect clearness the selfishness, the narrowness, the hardness of his aims. She was angry, too, that he should speak to her now—with the dead lying unburied, and the lost unfound, and strewn round them the ghastly relics of the fight. She looked at him askance, but she did not say a word; and he, following the exultant march of his own thoughts, went on, heedless of her silence—

'Albert of Wallenstein, starting far less than I stand here, has become the first man in Germany,' he said—'Emperor in all but the name. Your uncle and mine, from a country squire, became Marshal and Count of the Empire, and saw the greatest quail before him. Ernest of Mansfeld, he was base-born and crook-backed too, but he lay softly and ruled men all his days, and left a name to tremble at. Countess,' he continued, speaking more hurriedly, and addressing himself, though he did not know it, to the feeling which was uppermost in her mind, 'you may think that in saying what I am going to say, I am choosing an untimely moment; that with this round us, and the air scarce free from powder, I am a fool to talk of love. But'—he hesitated, then waved his hand abroad with a proud gesture, as if to show that the pause was intentional—'I think I am right. For I offer you no palace, no bed of down, but only myself and my sword. I ask you to share a soldier's fortunes, to be the wife and follow the fate of John Tzerclas. Countess, may it be?'

His form seemed to swell as he spoke; he had an air half savage, half triumphant as he turned to her with that question. The joy of battle was still in his veins. He seemed but half sober, though he had drunk nothing. A timid woman might have succumbed to him, one of lesser soul might have shrunk before him. But the Countess faced him with a pride as great as his own.

'You have spoken plainly,' she said. 'Perhaps you will pardon me if I speak plainly too.'

'I ask no more, sweet cousin,' he answered gaily.

'Then,' she retorted, 'let me remind you that you have said much about John Tzerclas, and little about the Countess

of Heritzburg. You have given excellent reasons why you should speak here, but none why I should answer. For shame, sir,' she continued, letting her indignation appear. 'I lost last night my nearest relative and my old servant. I am still distracted with anxiety on their account. Yet, because I stand alone, unprotected, and with none of my kin by my side, you choose this time to press your suit. For shame, General Tzerclas!'

'What!' he exclaimed, forgetting himself in his annoyance —the fever of excitement was still in his blood—'do you think the presence of that dandified silken scarf would have kept me silent? No, my lady!'

She looked at him for a moment, astonished. The contemptuous reference to the Waldgrave, the change of tone, opened her eyes still wider.

'I think you do not understand me,' she said coldly.

'I do more; I love you,' he answered. And his eyes burned as he looked at her. 'You are fit to be a queen, my queen! And if I live, sweet cousin, I will make you one!'

'Let that go by,' she said contemptuously, bearing up against his look of admiration as well as she could and continuing to move, so that he had to walk also. 'What you do not understand is my nature; which is, not to desert my friends when they are in trouble; nor to play when those who have served me faithfully are missing.'

'I can help neither the one nor the other,' he answered recklessly. But his brow began to darken, and he stood silent a moment. Then he broke out in a different tone. 'By Heaven!' he said, 'I, too, am in no mood for play. And I think that you are playing with me!'

'I do not understand you!' she said. Her tone should have frozen him.

'I have asked a question. Will you answer me yes or no?' he persisted doggedly. 'Will you be my wife, or will you not?'

She did not blench. 'This is rather rough wooing, is it not?' she said with fine scorn.

'This is a camp, and I am a soldier,' he answered.

She shrugged her shoulders. 'I do not think I like rough ways,' she said.

He controlled himself by a mighty effort. 'Pardon me,' he said with a sickly smile, which sat ill on his grim and angry

face. 'Perhaps I am somewhat spoiled, and forget myself. But, like the man in the Bible, I am accustomed to say to some, "Go," and they go, and to others, "Do it," and it is done. And woe to those who disobey me. Possibly this makes me a rough wooer. But, Countess, the ways of the world are rough, the times are rough. We do not know what to-morrow will bring forth, and whatever we want we want quickly. More, sweetheart,' he continued, drawing a step nearer to her and speaking in a voice he vainly strove to modulate, 'a little roughness before marriage is better than ill-treatment afterwards. I have known men who wooed on their knees bring their wives to theirs very quickly after the knot was tied. I am not that kind.'

My lady's heart sickened. Despite the assurance of his last words, she saw the man as he was; she read his will in his eyes; and though his sudden frankness was in reality the result of overmastering excitement, she had the added horror of supposing it to be dictated by her friendless position and the absence of the last men who might have protected her. She knew that her only hope lay in her courage, and, though her heart leapt under her bodice, she faced him boldly.

'You wish for an answer?' she asked.

'I have said so,' he answered.

'Then I shall not give you one now,' she replied with a quiet smile. 'You see, general, I am not of those to whom you can say "Go," and they go, and "Do," and it is done. I must choose my own time to say yes or no. And this time—I do not like,' she continued, looking round, and suffering a little shudder to escape her, as she pointed to the valley below. 'I am no coward, but I do not like the smell of blood. I will take time to consider your offer, if you please; and, meanwhile, I think you gallant gentleman enough not to press me against my will.'

She had a fan in her hand, and she began to walk again, holding it up, between her face and the sun, which was still low. He walked by her side, his brow as black as thunder. He read her thoughts so far correctly that he felt the evasion boded him no good; but the influence of her courage and pride was such that he shrank from throwing down the mask altogether, or using words which only force could make good. True, it wanted only a little to urge him over the edge, but her lucky star and bold demeanour prevailed for the time, and perhaps the cool, fresh air sobered him.

'I suppose a lady's wish must be law,' he muttered, though still he scowled. 'But I hope you will not make a long demand on my patience.'

'That, too, you must leave to me,' she replied with a flash of coquetry, which it cost her much to assume. 'This morning I am so full of anxiety, I scarcely know what I am saying. Surely your people must know by this time if they—they are among the dead?'

'They are not,' he answered sulkily.

'Then they have been captured?' she said, a tremor in her voice.

He nodded. At that moment a man came up to say that breakfast was ready. The general repeated the message to her.

'With your leave I will take it with my women,' she answered with presence of mind. 'I slept ill, and I am poor company this morning,' she added, smiling faintly.

For in truth, the ordeal over, she could scarcely keep her feet. She longed to weep. She felt herself within an inch of swooning.

He saw that she had turned pale, and he assented with a tolerable grace. 'Let me give you my hand to your fire,' he said anxiously.

'Willingly,' she answered.

It was the last effort of her diplomacy, and she hated herself for it. Still, it won her what she wanted—peace, a respite, a little time to think.

As she sat and shivered in the sunshine, and made believe to eat, and tried to hide her thoughts, even from her women, a crushing sense of her loneliness took possession of her. She had read often and often, with scarce a quickening of the pulses, of men and women in tragic straits—of men and women brought face to face with death, nay, choosing it. But she had never pictured their feelings till now—their despair, their shrinkings, their bitter lookings back, as the iron doors closed upon them. She had never considered that such facts might enter into her own life.

Now, on a sudden, she found herself face to face with inexorable things, with the grim realities that have closed, like the narrowing walls of the Inquisition, on many a gay life. In the valley below they were burying men like rotten sheep. The Waldgrave was gone, captured or killed. Martin was gone. She was alone. Life seemed a cheap and uncertain thing, death very near. Pleasure—folly, a dancing on the grave.

Of her own free will she had placed herself in the power of this man; who loved her, and whom she now hated with an untimely hatred, that was half fear and half loathing. In his power! Her heart stood still, and then beat faster, as she framed the thought. The sunshine, though it was summer, seemed to fall grey and pale on the hill sward; the morning air, though the day was warm, made her shiver. The trumpet call, the sharp command, the glitter of weapons, that had so often charmed her imagination, startled her now. The food was like ashes in her mouth. She could not swallow it. She had been blind, and now she must pay for her folly.

She had passed the night in the lee of one of the wooded knolls that studded the ridge, and here her fire had been kindled. The nearest group of soldiers — Tzerclas' staff, whose harsh voices and reckless laughter came to her ears at intervals—had their fire full a hundred paces away. For a moment she entertained the desperate idea that she might slip away, alone, or with her women, and, passing from clump to clump, might gain the valley from which she had ascended, and, hiding in the wood, get somehow to Cassel. The smallest reflection showed her that the plan was not possible, and it was rejected as soon as formed. But a moment later she was tempted to wish that she had put it into effect. An officer made his appearance, with his hat in his hand and an air of haste, and wished to know, with the general's service, whether she could be ready in an hour.

'For what?' she asked, rising. She had been sitting on the grass.

'To start, your excellency,' he replied politely.

'To start!' she exclaimed, taken by surprise. 'Whither, sir?'

'On the return journey. To the camp,' he answered.

The blood rushed to her face. 'To the camp?' she repeated. 'But is the general going to start this morning? Now?'

'In an hour, madam.'

'And leave the Waldgrave Rupert—and my servant?' she cried, in a voice of burning indignation. 'Are they to be abandoned? It is impossible! I will see the general. Where is he?' she continued impetuously.

'He is in the valley,' the man replied.

'Then take me to him,' she said, stepping forward. 'I will speak to him. He cannot know. He has not thought.'

But the officer stood silent, without offering to move. The

Countess's eyes flashed. 'Do you hear, sir?' she cried. 'Lead on, if you please. I asked you to take me to him.'

'I heard, madam,' he replied in a low voice, 'and I ask your pardon. But this is an army, and I am part of it. I can take orders only from General Tzerclas. I have received them, and I cannot go beyond them.'

For a moment the Countess stood glaring at him, her face on fire with wrath and indignation. She had been so long used to command, she was of a nature so frank and imperious, that she trembled on the verge of an outburst that could only have destroyed the little dignity it was still possible for her to preserve. In the nick of time her eyes met those of a group of officers who stood at a distance, watching her. She thought that she read amusement in their gaze, and a pride greater than that which had impelled her to anger came to her aid. She controlled herself by a mighty effort. The colour left her cheeks as quickly as it had flown to them. She looked at the man coldly and disdainfully.

'True,' she said, 'you do well to remind me. It is not easy to remember that in war many things must give way. You may go, sir. I shall be ready.'

But as she stood and saw her horses saddled, her heart sank like lead. All the misery of her false position came home to her. She felt that now she was alone indeed, and powerless. She was leaving behind her the only chance that remained of regaining her friends. She was going back to put herself more completely, if that were possible, in the general's hands. Yet she dared not resist! She dared not court defeat! As her only hope and reserve now lay in her wits and the prestige of her rank and beauty, to lower that prestige by an unavailing struggle, by an unwomanly display, would be to destroy at a blow half her defences.

The Countess saw this; and though her heart ached for her friends, and her eyes often turned back in unavailing hope, she mounted with a serene brow. Her horses had been brought to the top of the hill, and she rode down by a path which had been discovered. When she had gone a league on the backward road she came on the foremost part of the captured convoy, which was immediately halted and drawn aside, that she might pass more conveniently and escape the noise and dust it occasioned.

Among the rest were three waggons laden with wounded

Awnings had been spread to veil them from the sun, and she was spared the sight of their sufferings. But their moanings and cries, as the waggons jolted and creaked over the rough road, drove the blood from her cheeks. She passed them quickly—they were many and she was one, and she could do nothing—and rode on, little thinking who lay under the awnings, or whose eyes followed her as she went.

CHAPTER XXI.

AMONG THE WOUNDED.

WHEN a man lies fettered at the bottom of a jolting waggon and unable to help himself, is made a pillow for wounded wretches, whose feverish struggles go near to stifling him; and when to these miseries are added the heat of a sultry night, thirst, and the near prospect of death, passion soon dies down. Anger gives place to pain and the chill of apprehension. The man begins to know himself again, forgets his enemies, thinks of his friends.

It was so with me. The general's back was not turned before I ceased to cry out; and that gained me the one alleviation I had—that I was not gagged. They piled the waggon with bleeding, groaning men—of our side, of course, for no quarter was given to the other,—and I shuddered as each mangled wretch came in. Still, I had my mouth free. If I could not move, I could breathe, and hear what passed round me. I could see the dark night sky lit up by the glare of the fires, or, later, watch the stars shining coldly and indifferently down on this scene of pain and misery.

When the waggon was full they drove us, jolting and wailing, to an appointed place, and took out some, leaving only enough to cover the floor thickly. And then, ah me! the night began. That which at first had been an inconvenience, became in time intolerable pain. The ropes cut into my flesh, the boards burned my back; we were so closely packed, and I was so tightly bound, I could not move a limb. Every moment the wounded cried for water, and those in pain wailed and lamented, while all night the wolves howled round the camp. In one corner, a man whose eyes were injured babbled unceasingly of his mother and his home. Hour by hour, for the frenzy held him

all night, he rolled his head, and chattered, and laughed! In the morning he died. We thanked God for it.

The peasant and the soldier sup the real miseries of war; the noble and the officer, whose it is to dare death in the field, but rarely, very rarely to lie wounded under the burning sun or through the freezing night, only taste them. A place of arms falls; there is quarter for my lord, and a pass and courtesy for my lady, but edge and point for the common herd. To risk all and get nothing—or a penny a day, unpaid—is the lot of most.

When morning at last dawned, I was half dead. My head seemed to be bursting; my hands were purple with the tightness of my bonds. Deep groans broke from me. I moved my eyes—the only things I could move—in an agony. Round me I heard the sick thanking God as the light grew stronger, and muttering words of hope. But the light helped me little. Where I lay, trussed like a fowl, I could see nothing except the sky—whence the sun would soon add to my miseries—and the heads of the two men who sat propped against the waggon boards next to me.

I took one of these to be dead, for he had slipped to one side, and the arm with which he had stayed himself against the floor of the waggon stood out stiff and stark. The other man had the comfort of the corner; there was a cloak under him and a pad behind him. But his head was sunk on his breast, and for a while I thought him dead too, and had a horrible dread that he would slide over on my face and stifle me. But he did not, and by-and-by, when the sun had risen, and I felt I could bear it no longer, he woke up and raised his fierce, white face and groaned.

It was Ludwig. He stared at me for a minute or more in a dazed, stupid fashion. Then he moved his leg and cried out with pain. After that he looked at me more sensibly, and presently he spoke.

'Donner, man!' he said. 'What is it? You look like a ripe mulberry.'

I tried to answer him, but my lips and throat were so parched and swollen I could only murmur. He saw my lips move, however, and guessed how it was with me.

'They have tied you up with a vengeance!' he said with a grim smile. 'Here, Franz! Willibrod! Who is there? Come, some one. Do you hear, you lazy knaves?' he continued in

a hoarse croak. 'When I am about again I will find some of you quicker heels!'

A man just risen came grumbling to the side of the waggon. Ludwig bade him climb in and loosen my bonds, and set me up against the side.

'And take away that carrion!' he added brutally. 'Dead men pay no fares. That is better. Ay, give him some water. He will come round.'

I did presently, though for a time the blood flowing where it had been before restrained, caused me horrible pain, and my tongue, when I tried to thank him, seemed to be too large for my mouth. But I could now sit up, and stretch my limbs, and even raise my hands to my mouth; and hope returned. My thoughts flew back to Marie Wort. Her pale face and large eyes rose before my eyes, and filled them with tears. Then there was my lady. And the Waldgrave—doubtless he, poor fellow, was dead. But the rest lived—lived, and would soon look to me, look to any one for help. On that I became myself again; I shook off the pain and lethargy and despair of the night, and took up the burden of life. If my wits could save us, or, failing them, some happy accident, I would not be wanting. I had still a day or two, and all the chances of a journey.

Ludwig gave me some food and a drink from his flask. I thanked him again.

'You are a man!' he said, shrugging his shoulders. 'It was a pity you would knot your own rope. As for these chicken-hearted tremblers,' he continued, squinting askance at our companions, 'a fico for them! To call themselves soldiers and pule like women! augh! I am sick of them!'

For my part, the sights I saw from the waggon seemed more depressing. In every direction parties were moving, burying the dead, putting wounded horses out of their misery, collecting plunder. One division was at work driving the poor lowing cattle, already over-driven, back the way they had come, through the pass and up the river bank. Another was righting such of the waggons as had been overturned, or dragging them out of the nether part of the valley. Everywhere men were working furiously, shouting, swearing, spurning the dead. All showed that the general did not mean to linger, but would secure his booty by a timely retreat to his camp.

They came by-and-by and horsed our waggon and turned us round, and presently we took our place in the slow, creaking

procession, and began to move up the pass. I looked everywhere for my lady, but could see nothing of her. The noise was prodigious, the dust terrible, the glare intolerable. I was thankful when some kind heart brought a waggon cloth and rigged it over us. After that things were better; and between the heat and the monotony of the motion I fell asleep, and slept until the afternoon was well advanced.

Then a singular thing occurred. The waggon which followed ours was drawn by four horses abreast, whose heads as they plodded wearily along at the tail of our waggon were so close to us that we could see easily into the vehicle, which was full of wounded men, and covered with an awning. We could see easily, I say; but the steady cloud of dust through which we moved and the white glare of the sunlight gave to everything so phantom-like an appearance that it was hard to say whether we were looking on real things.

Be that as it may, the first thing I saw when I awoke and opened my eyes, was the Waldgrave's face! He lay in the front part of the waggon, his head on the side-board. Thinking I dreamed, or that the dust deceived me, I rubbed my eyes again and looked. Still it was he. His eyes were closed. He was pale, where the dust did not hide all colour; his head moved with the motion of the wheels. But he seemed to be alive, for even while I looked, a man who sat by him leaned forward and moistened his forehead with water.

Trembling with excitement, I touched Ludwig on the shoulder. 'Look!' I said. 'The Waldgrave!'

He looked and nodded. 'Yes,' he said, chuckling. 'Now you see what you have done for yourself, my man. And all for nothing!'

'But who took him up?' I persisted.

'The general,' he answered sententiously. 'Who else?'

'Why?' I cried in a fever. 'Why did he do it?'

Ludwig shrugged his shoulders. 'He knows his own business,' he said. 'I suppose he found he had—life in him.'

'Did he take him up at once? After I was seized?' I asked.

'Of course. Whether he will live or no is another matter.'

The helpless way in which the dusty, bedraggled head rolled as the waggon jolted, warned me of that. Still, he was alive. He might live; and I longed to be beside him, to tend and nurse him, to make the most of the least hope. But my eyes fell on my fettered hands; and when I looked again he had

disappeared. He had sunk down in the cart, and was out of sight. I was left to wonder whether he was dead, or had only changed his posture for another more comfortable. And the dust growing ever thicker, and the sun-glare less as the day advanced, I presently lost sight even of the waggon.

We lay that night in a coppice on the left bank of the river. Each waggon halted where it stood at sunset, so that there was no common camp, but all along the road a line of bivouacs. But for the cloud of anxiety which darkened my mind, and the cords which bound my hands and constantly reminded me of my troubles, I might have enjoyed the comparative quietness of that night, the evening coolness, the soft green light, the freshness of leaf and bough, which lapped us round and seemed so much the more refreshing, as we had passed the day in a fever of heat and dust. But the unexpected sight of the Waldgrave had roused me; and I must confess that as we came nearer to the camp, the tremors I felt on my own account grew more violent. I recalled with a shudder the shooting-match at which I had been present, and the leather targets. I drew vivid pictures of another shooting-match in the same valley—of my lady looking on in ignorance, of minutes of suspense, of a sudden pang, a gagged scream, of hours of lingering torture.

Against such dreams the silence and beauty of the night were powerless, and the morning found me wakeful and unrefreshed, divided between reluctance to desert my lady and the instinct which bade me make an attempt to escape by the way, and while the chances of the journey were still mine. How I might have acted had a favourable opportunity presented itself, I cannot say; as things went, I did nothing, and a little before sunset on the third day we gained the camp.

Then, I confess, I wished with all my heart that I had taken any chance, however slight. At sight of the familiar lines, the dusty, littered roads, the squalid crowds that came out to meet us, my gorge rose. The very smell of the place which I had so hated gave me qualms. I turned hot and cold as we rumbled slowly through the throng and one pointed me out to another, and I saw round me again the dark, lowering faces, the unsexed women, the horde of vile suttlers and footboys. They surged round the waggon, jeering and staring; and if I had shrunk from them when my hands were free, I loathed them still more now that I lay a prisoner and any moment might place me at their mercy.

I had seen nothing of the Waldgrave or the waggon which carried him for nearly two days, but as we passed through the gates I caught sight of the latter moving slowly on, a little way in front of us. Both waggons halted inside the camp while the wounded were taken out. I prepared to follow, but was bidden to stay. Then I began to realize my position. When the waggon bore me on alone—alone, though two or three pikemen and a rabble of gibing, grinning horse-boys marched beside me—I felt my blood run cold, and found my only consolation in the fact that the other waggon still went in front, and seemed to be bound for the same goal.

'What are you going to do with me?' I asked one of the ruffians who guarded me.

'Prison,' he answered laconically.

And a strange prison it was. On the verge of the camp, near the river, where a snug farmhouse had once stood, rose four gaunt walls, blackened with smoke. The roof was gone—burned off; but the rooftree, charred and soot-begrimed, still ran from gable to gable. A strong, high gate filled the room of the door; the windows had been bricked up. When I saw the waggon which preceded me halt before this melancholy place, I looked out between hope and fear—fearing some act of treachery, hoping to see the Waldgrave. But the blackguard crowd which surrounded the doorway was so great, it hid everything, and I had to curb my impatience until in turn my waggon stopped in the midst of them.

A mocking voice called to me to descend, and though I liked the look of the place little, and the aspect of the gang still less, I had no choice but to obey. I scrambled down, and passed as quickly as I could down the lane opened for me. A row of more villainous faces it has seldom been my fate to see, but the last on the right by the gate was so much the worst, that it caught my eye instantly. It was seamed with scars and bloated with drink, and it wore a ferocious grin. I was not surprised when the knave, a huge pikeman, dealt me, as I passed, a brutal shove with his knee, which sent me staggering into the enclosure, where I fell all at length on my face.

The blow hurt my hip cruelly. And yet the sight of that drunken, ugly giant filled me with a rush of joy and hope that effaced all other feelings. I forgot my fellow-prisoners, I forgot even the Waldgrave—who to be sure was there, sitting doubled up against the wall, and looking very white and sick. For the

man with the seamed face was no other than Drunken Steve of Heritzburg, whom we had left behind us in the castle, to be cured of his wounds. I had punished him a dozen times; almost as often my lady had threatened to drive him from the place and her service. Always he had had the name of a sullen, wilful fellow. But I had found him staunch as any tyke in time of need, and for dogged fidelity and a ferocious courage, proof against the utmost danger, I knew I could depend on him against the world; while the prompt line of conduct he had adopted at sight of me led me to hope something from wits which drink had not yet deadened.

It was well I had this spark of hope, for I found the Waldgrave so ill as to be beyond comfort or counsel, and without it I should have been in a parlous state. The place of our confinement was roofless, ill-smelling, strewn with refuse and filth, a mere dog-yard. A little straw alone protected us from the soil. Everything we did was watched through the open bars of the gate; and bad as this place was, we shared it with two soldiers, who lay, heavily shackled, in one corner, and sullenly eyed my movements.

I did what I could for the Waldgrave, and then, as darkness fell, I sat down with my back to the wall and thought over our position—miserably enough. Half an hour passed. I was beginning to nod, when a slight noise as of a rat gnawing a board caught my ear. I raised my head and listened. The sound came from the gate. I stood up and crept towards it, and as I expected, I found Steve on guard outside. Even in the darkness it was impossible to mistake his huge figure.

'Hush!' he muttered. 'Is it you, master?'

'Yes,' I whispered in the same tone. 'Are you alone?'

'For the moment,' he answered hoarsely. 'Not for long, so speak quickly, master. What is to be done?'

Alas! that was more than I could say. 'What of my lady?' I asked vaguely. 'Is she here? In the camp?'

'To be sure,' he answered.

'And Marie Wort? The Papist girl?'

'Yes, yes.'

'Then you must see Marie,' I answered. 'She will know my lady's mind. Until we know that, we can do nothing. Do not tell her where I am—it may hurt the girl—or of the Waldgrave, but learn how they are. If things are bad with the Countess, bid them gain time. You understand?'

'Yes, yes, master,' he grunted. 'And that is to be all, is it? You will have nothing done to-night?'

'What, here?'

'To be sure.'

'No, no,' I replied, trembling for the man's rashness. 'We can do nothing here until horses are got and placed for us, and the pass-word learned, and provisions gathered, and half a dozen other things.'

'Donner! I don't know how all that is to be done,' he muttered despondently.

'Nor I,' I said with a shiver. 'You have not heard anything of a—a shooting-match, have you?' I added.

'It is for Sunday,' he answered.

'And to-day is Tuesday,' I said. 'Steve! you will not lose time, will you?'

'No, no.'

'You will see her in the morning? In the morning, lad,' I continued feverishly, clinging to the bars and peering out at him. 'I must get out of this before Sunday! And this is Tuesday, Steve!'

'Hush!' he answered. 'They are coming back.'

(*To be continued.*)

NOIRAUD.

BY LUDOVIC HALÉVY (OF THE FRENCH ACADEMY).
(*Translated by express permission of the Author.*)

'YOU needn't be the least afraid, sir! We shan't miss the train. For fifteen years I've driven people to the station, and never once missed the train! Do you understand, sir? Not once have I missed the train in fifteen years!'

'That's all very well, but——'

'Oh, you needn't look at your watch; there is something you don't know and which you ought to be told, for your watch will not tell it you, and that is this train is always a good quarter of an hour late. It has never been known to be anything else but a quarter of an hour late, without exception.'

The exception happened on this very day. The train had been punctual, and I missed it. My driver was furious.

'You should have warned me!' he cried out to the station-master. 'People ought to be told when your trains take to starting at the exact time. Such a thing has never been heard of before!' And calling to witness the lookers-on, 'Have you ever heard of such a thing? I don't want the gentleman to think I am to blame! A train actually starting from the station at the right time! Tell him it never happened before. Isn't this the very first time?'

There was a general growl of assent.

'Yes, yes, it's always late enough.'

All the same, I had no less than three mortal hours to wait in a very dreary village, in the Canton de Vaud, at the foot of two very melancholy mountains, each with a little smudge of snow on its top.

How on earth were these three hours to be got through! In my turn I appealed to the station-master and his assistants. And anew there arose a general outcry—

'Go to see the Chaudron! That's the only thing to be seen in the country.'

And where was the Chaudron? On the mountain, to the right—half-way up; but the way there was rather difficult to find, and they told me I had better take a guide. And down away there, in that small white house with green shutters I could find the best guide of the place—a fine fellow, Father Simon.

Off I started, and on my knocking at the door of the little cottage, an old woman opened it for me.

'Old Simon's?'

'Yes, this is his place. But—if it's to go to the Chaudron.'

'Yes, I want to visit the Chaudron.'

'Well, he's not quite himself this morning—poor old Simon! He has not the use of his legs. He can't go out to-day! But that doesn't matter; I have got some one who can go instead. There is Noiraud.'

'All right, send for Noiraud.'

'But I must tell you—Noiraud is not a person.'

'Not a person!'

'No, he's our dog!'

'What! Your dog?'

'Yes, Noiraud—— He'll guide you all right, just as well as my husband. He's quite accustomed.'

'Accustomed?'

'Perfectly. For years and years old Simon has taken him along with him; so he has learnt to know all the ins and outs, and now is quite able to conduct the whole business very well on his own account. He very often takes charge of visitors, and they always sing his praises. As far as his intelligence goes, you can trust him; he has as much as you or I myself. He only wants speech. But speech is not necessary, if he had to show a monument, yes—because then he would have to relate anecdotes and give historical dates. But here there are only the beauties of nature. Take Noiraud. And besides he will not cost you so much. It is three francs for my husband; Noiraud, he is only thirty sous; and he will show you as much for thirty sous as my husband for three francs.'

'Very good, where is Noiraud?'

'He is lying down, basking outside in the garden. He has already taken some English to the Chaudron this morning. Shall I call him?'

'Yes, call him.'

'Noiraud! Noiraud!'

He jumped in through the window with a bound. He was

rather an ugly little black dog, with long, frizzy, and tangled coat. He was certainly not much to look at; but he had, all the same, in his whole personality, a certain air of gravity, decision, and importance. His first look was towards myself—a look at once frank, precise, and confident, which rapidly took me in from head to foot; a look which said, clearly enough, 'This is a tourist. He wants to see the Chaudron.'

Missing one train was sufficient for me, at least that day, and I certainly did not intend to expose myself a second time to a similar misadventure. I explained to the good woman that I had only three hours for my walk to the Chaudron.

'Oh! I know that quite well,' said she; 'you are going by the four o'clock train. Don't be afraid. Noiraud will bring you back in good time. Off you go, Noiraud. Go on, my boy, go along.'

But Noiraud did not appear at all inclined to set off so quickly. He remained there without stirring, looking up at his mistress with evident meaning.

'Ah, how stupid I am!' said the old woman, 'I quite forgot; I was forgetting the sugar.'

She went and took four lumps out of a drawer and gave them to me.

'That's why he wouldn't start; you hadn't got the lumps of sugar. You see, Noiraud, the gentleman has the sugar. Now start off, my boy. To the Chaudron! to the Chaudron! to the Chaudron!'

She repeated these words three times, speaking very slowly and very distinctly; and while she did so, I watched and examined Noiraud attentively. He responded to the words of his mistress by little signs of his head, more and more accentuated, which by the time she had finished showed some impatience and a little temper. They might, perhaps, be interpreted to mean, 'Yes, yes, to the Chaudron. I understand—the gentleman has got the lumps of sugar—and we go to the Chaudron. It's quite understood. Do you take me for a mere beast?'

And without even waiting for Madame Simon to finish her third 'to the Chaudron!' Noiraud, evidently offended, turned away from her, and planting himself in front of me, gave me a look, motioning me towards the door, which said as clearly as it is possible for a dog to say it: 'Come along. Let us start. You—I mean you!'

I followed submissively. We set off both of us, he in front, I behind. In this way we passed through the whole village; the children, who idled in the street, recognised my guide.

'Eh, Noiraud! Come here, Noiraud!'

They would have liked to play with the dog; but he turned his head away with a disdainful air, with the air of a dog which has not time to amuse himself, of a dog which is employed on serious duty and gaining thirty sous. One of the children called out—

'Leave him alone, there! Don't you see he is taking the gentleman to the Chaudron? Good morning, sir!'

And all of them laughing, re-echoed, 'Good morning, sir!'

I smiled in return, but awkwardly enough, I am sure. I felt rather embarrassed, even a little humiliated. I was, in fact, altogether under the orders of this animal. He was, for the time being, my master. He, at all events, knew where I was going, and I—well, I certainly did not know. I made haste to get away from the village and to find myself alone with Noiraud, in the presence of those beauties of nature which it was his mission to make me admire. These said beauties of nature were, to begin with, a hideously dusty and scorching road, under a blazing sun. The dog trotted away at a brisk rate, and it was tiring to keep up with him. I tried to moderate his pace—

'*Noiraud, gently there! Noiraud, my son, not so fast!*'

Noiraud turned a deaf ear to my remonstrances; continued, without deigning to listen, his steady jog-trot, and even showed signs of an unmistakable fit of anger when I wished to sit down in a corner of a field, under a tree which afforded a slight shade. He barked with a little, weak, yelping voice, and turned some angry looks towards me. Evidently what I was doing was contrary to rules. It was not customary to stop there. And his yelps were so sharp, so strident, that I had to get up and continue my way. Noiraud at once calmed down, and again trotted away gaily in front of me. I had understood him. He was satisfied.

A few minutes later, we turned into a delightful lane carpeted with flowers, beautifully shaded and fragrant, altogether full of freshness and the murmuring of rivulets. Almost immediately Noiraud started off under the trees at a gallop, and disappeared along the narrow path. I followed him up, a little out of breath. I had not gone more than a hundred yards when I found my

Noiraud, who awaited me, his head erect and eyes shining, in a regular bower of green foliage, enlivened by the chant of a miniature waterfall. Here there was an old rustic bench, and Noiraud's look glanced impatiently from my eyes to this bench, and from this seat to my eyes. I was beginning to understand the language of Noiraud.

'Here, if you please,' he was saying to me. 'This is something like a place to rest in! It's really nice here—quite cool. You were a stupid!—you wanted to stop out in the sun. Come, sit down. You can sit down here; I allow you.'

And I accordingly stopped, sat myself down, and I lit a cigar. I almost made a motion of offering one to Noiraud. Possibly he could smoke; but I thought that he might prefer a bit of sugar. He caught it in the air cleverly enough, cracked it between his fine teeth, laid himself down, and went to sleep at my feet. He was evidently accustomed to halt awhile at this spot and take a little *siesta.*

He did not remain asleep more than ten minutes, while I, meantime, was perfectly at ease. Noiraud began to inspire me with absolute confidence. I was now resolved to obey him implicitly. He got up, stretched himself, gave me a little side-glance, which meant 'Off we go again, my friend—on we go!' and there we were, like two old friends, strolling together under the woods at a gentler pace. Noiraud thoroughly appreciated the charm, the stillness, and the sweetness of the locality. Along the road thither, a little while since, he had made haste to escape from the heat, from the dust; he had pressed forward with quick and hurried steps; he had gone fast in order to get here. And now, refreshed, braced up, Noiraud marched leisurely for the enjoyment of sauntering along one of the very prettiest paths of the Canton de Vaud. A path presented itself, leading to the left. Brief hesitation of Noiraud. He reflected. Then he passed by and continued his way right ahead of him, but not without some perplexity and without some uncertainty in his bearing. But now—see, he stops; he must have made a mistake. Yes, for he retraces his steps, and we take the path to the left, which, all of a sudden, at the end of some hundred yards or so, leads to a sort of amphitheatre; and Noiraud, his nose in the air, invites me to survey the very admirable height of the inaccessible wall of rocks which encloses this amphitheatre. When Noiraud thinks that I have sufficiently contemplated the scene, he makes a right-about face, and we

resume our original path under the woods. Noiraud had forgotten to exhibit to me the rocky chasm—a trifling mistake which had been speedily rectified.

The way soon becomes very steep, very uneven, very rough. I can only advance most slowly with infinite precaution. Noiraud jumps lightly enough from rock to rock, but he does not desert me. He waits for me, fixing on me looks full of the most touching solicitude. At last I begin to hear something like a gurgling noise. Noiraud starts barking joyously. 'Cheer up, man!' he says to me. 'Cheer up! We are almost there. You are at last about to see the Chaudron!'

And, in fact, here is the Chaudron. A tolerably modest waterfall tumbles, bounding and splashing, from an equally modest height, into a great rock basin, deeply hollowed out below. I could never have forgiven myself for having made the toilsome ascent just in order to see this very mediocre sight, had I not had as a companion that worthy Noiraud, who is so far more interesting and remarkable than the Chaudron. On each side of the falls, in two small Swiss châlets, are two dairy-shops, kept by two little Swiss girls, one fair, the other dark; both in their native dress, watching my arrival eagerly on the threshold of their little houses—regular little toy-boxes cut out by machinery. It occurred to me that the little fair one had very pretty eyes, and I had already taken two or three steps in her direction, when Noiraud, bursting out into furious barking, resolutely barred the way. Could he have a preference for the little brunette? I changed my direction—that was all right. Noiraud calms himself down as if by magic when he sees me seated at a table before the house of his young *protégée*. I ask for a cup of milk. The friend of Noiraud re-enters her little toy-box, and Noiraud closely follows her into the house.

Through a half-open window I can see Noiraud—the wretch! He is served before me. It is he who first gets his large jug of milk! He is bribed!

After which, with small white drops hanging on his moustache, Noiraud comes to keep me company and to watch me drink my milk. I give him a bit of sugar, and we two, absolutely satisfied with each other, and filling our lungs with the light, invigorating mountain air, pass, at three or four hundred metres of altitude, a delicious half-hour.

Noiraud begins to show some signs of impatience and restlessness. I can now read the meaning of his eyes completely.

It is time to start. I pay, rise-up, and while I turn to the right —in the way which brought us up the mountain—I see my Noiraud station himself on the left, at the entrance of another pathway. He fixes on me a serious, severe look. What progress I had made during the last two hours, and how familiar to me now is Noiraud's silent eloquence!

'What opinion can you have of me?' says Noiraud to me. 'Do you think I would make you take the same road twice? No, indeed! I am a first-class guide—I know my work. We are going down by another road.'

We go down by this other track, which is much prettier than the first one. Noiraud, quite lively, turns round very often towards me with a little air of triumph and joy. We go through the village and, in front of the station, Noiraud is assailed by three or four dogs—friends of his—who appear in the humour to chat and play a bit with their comrade. They try to stop his passage, but Noiraud, growling, scolding sharply, represses their advance.

'Don't you see I am engaged? I am taking this gentleman to the station.'

It is only in the waiting-room that he consents to part from me—after he has gaily crunched the two last bits of sugar—and this is how I interpret the final look of Noiraud's adieu—

'We have twenty minutes to spare. It is not I who would let you miss the train! Now, good-bye Good-bye!'

LUDOVIC HALÉVY.

IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

VI.—THE HUMAN FORM DIVINE.

THERE are few more agreeable or interesting portraits in the National Gallery than No. 895, 'Portrait of a Warrior in Armour,' with a view of the Piazza della Signoria, Florence, in the background, by Piero di Cosimo, the painter of the pathetic and romantic 'Death of Procris' (No. 698), of which I have already said something in my third paper—'The Shore of Romance.' Mr. Austin Dobson, whose sense of art is scarcely less true than his literary touch, has made it the subject of a charming poem. 'O, the pity of it!' seems to say the little wild faun of the woods, as he gently lays his hand upon the shoulder of Procris, and watches the life-blood flow from the delicate young body, while her faithful hound looks on with a profounder—may we not say, a more human?—sorrow.. How romantic and full of interest is the blue landscape, with its lake, resembling, I am told, Lake Thrasymene, its strange fresh-water plants, and its birds—including a pelican, whose bag glows red, as you may see on a sunny day in the Zoological Gardens. This strange whimsical painter, of whom George Eliot has introduced so picturesque a study in her romance of 'Romola,' is singularly well represented in the National Gallery by this masterpiece of his poetic imagination and the portrait of this gentleman in armour, whose kind intelligent face seems to contradict the sternness of his apparel. It is difficult not to think that Piero had something more than a professional interest in his sitter, and did not endeavour to present a lively and faithful image of a familiar friend. As in 'The Death of Procris,' the background is of unusual interest, for it gives an authentic picture of the Piazza della Signoria as it appeared in the early years of the sixteenth century, not before 1504, for Michael Angelo's statue of 'David,' which we see in the picture, had not been placed in its first site before that year, and not after 1521, in which year

the painter's death took place. We see here the Palazzo Pubblico, and the Marzocco, and the Statue of David, and the Loggia de' Lanzi, then used as a shelter for the famous Florentine Corps, and unencumbered as now with statuary. Not least to be remarked in this picture is the skill with which the distant street is rendered, with its study of light and broken touch. But we are in the sixteenth century now; Botticelli, Ghirlandajo, and Mantegna are dead or dying, Leonardo da Vinci is over fifty years old, Signorelli and Perugino are older still, Michael Angelo has astonished the world with his 'David,' and the young Raphael has painted, or is shortly about to paint, the 'Madonna degli Ansidei' (No. 1171).

Andrea del Sarto, who painted the beautiful portrait No. 690, once supposed to be his own, was the pupil of Piero, but went far beyond his master in grace and technical skill. The cool sweet colour of the picture, and its silvery tone, distinguish it from all its surroundings, but scarcely less than its free but sure handling, the soft modulations of the flesh, and the broad scheme of chiaroscuro, which now begins to take its place as a prominent element in the composition of a picture. It was from Leonardo da Vinci that he learnt, perhaps, of so merging the lights into the shadows by subtle gradations, that the point of fusion is imperceptible, and outlines are lost without destroying either shape or substance; but it is doubtful whether Leonardo himself ever succeeded so well in rendering the shadowed softness of nature as Andrea in this picture. It is not fair to compare it in this respect with Leonardo's exquisite 'Madonna and the Rocks,' where the lighting is evidently arbitrary and artificial; but the bent of Leonardo's mind was more experimental than impulsive, his aim rather the definition of form than truth of illumination. He had more of the sculptor in his composition than Andrea del Sarto, but less of the painter. Both of them, however, attempted to resolve the same physical difficulties of their art; both, in their portraits, were interested, not only in the bodies, but in the minds of their sitters.

Whoever this handsome melancholy man may have been, he, in Andrea's portrait, at once engages our interest in him, and his character, and his lot in the world. It is a face with a history. It is, moreover, a face which fits in so well with the traditions of Andrea del Sarto, the weak man with the beautiful wilful wife, the perfect artistic temperament, the man

of finest impulses cursed by fate, the being, indeed, as drawn for us in Browning's famous poem, that it is not without a struggle that one gives up the cherished notion that this is not his own presentation of himself. At all events it is an exquisite picture, and thoroughly characteristic of the master. It is conjectured that it may be a portrait of a sculptor, and that the curious block which he holds in his sensitive hands is a brick of modelling clay. One other picture ascribed to this artist (No. 17), 'The Holy Family,' is much damaged, and its authenticity has been much disputed. It is possibly by one of his pupils, from the picture now at the Hermitage in St. Petersburg, which contains other figures. At least it is his in design and characteristic, especially in the laughing Christ and the type of the Virgin, which is also something of the type of Lucrezia del Fede, the wife whom he married to his sorrow.

We may now be said to have reached the highest point of Florentine art, for Andrea del Sarto (1486–1531) was the last of the great painters of Florence, younger by thirty-four years than Leonardo da Vinci, eleven years the junior of Michael Angelo, both of whom greatly advanced the development of his genius. Like both these artists his precocity was extraordinary; for he was scarcely twenty when he commenced the famous frescoes in the court of S. Annunziata at Florence, which would alone suffice to raise his fame, if not to the level of these artists, at least above nearly all the rest of his generation. Those who have greatest claims to dispute his place are Fra Bartolommeo and Albertinelli. Of the former the National Gallery possesses no example, of the latter it has only one very small work. Fortunately these deficiencies are not of great importance in connection with Andrea del Sarto, who gained his inspiration from greater men, and whose perfect perception of the natural graces and unaffected charms of human beauty, whose fine but simple style and personal feeling for colour, were born in himself. Though his genius, despite our beautiful portrait, is scarcely felt in our Gallery, yet this work distinguishes him by perhaps his most essential characteristics, as the most purely artistic and the most simply human of the great painters of Florence. He was neither a philosopher nor a devotee, a scientist nor a scholar, but only a painter and a man. If we add that he was a great painter but not a great man we shall get a rough approximation to a true estimate of him. There are, however, few personalities more fascinating than his,

and there are few greater pleasures in the National Gallery than tracing the links which more or less remotely attach him to other artists. The chain, indeed, is fairly complete. We have his master Piero di Cosimo, and Piero's master Cosimo Roselli, we have his friend and fellow-worker Francia Bigio, his pupils Pontormo and 'Il Bacchiaca,' and Pontormo's pupil Bronzino. We have, besides, the men who most influenced him, Ghirlandajo, and Michael Angelo, and Leonardo da Vinci, and, more interesting perhaps than all this, three works by 'Il Bacchiaca' and Pontormo, which formed part of a series of decorations for a bridal chamber, upon which he was also himself engaged. We have already begun with his master, and so to speak his *great*-master; let us go on with these artists, without whose example and fructifying influence he could never have grown to his full height. To Ghirlandajo, indeed, his pictures here form rather a contrast than a comparison. We only see the advance in technique, the freer sympathy with human character. To appreciate how much he learnt of stately composition, how he carried on with even greater realism if not with equal dignity the representation of the greater events of Biblical history as if transacted in spacious dwellings of the Renaissance, we must go to Florence and study such frescoes as the 'Birth of the Virgin' in S. Annunziata. With Leonardo da Vinci we see a greater affinity, as has already been pointed out, in the light and shade and the perfection of relief by subtle gradation of tones from high light to low shadow. But though in respect of beauty of colour and truth of illumination, and perhaps some other points, Andrea del Sarto may bear a comparison with this true giant among men and artists; in intellectual power, in intensity of feeling and perception, in varied originality and profound knowledge, he was a mere dwarf in comparison. We do not need to compare the 'Last Supper' of Leonardo at Milan, with that of Andrea del Sarto at S. Salvi near Florence, to see this; our 'Virgin of the Rocks' breathes a mysterious and ineffable charm, of which neither Andrea nor any other has even caught the secret. If, as some are inclined to think, the execution is not wholly—or even at all—by his hand, the wonder is even greater. There is, however, good reason to believe that ours is the original work, once in the Church of S. Francesco at Milan, and that at least the incomparable heads were painted as well as designed by Leonardo. The execution throughout is not equal, the halos are of later date, but on the whole it may be regarded as the finest

existing picture by the master, for the 'Last Supper' can scarcely be said to exist, though even from its ruins still emanates a finer spirit than from any of the copies of it. Those who do not know it should, however, see the fine copy by his pupil Marco d'Oggione in the Gallery of the Royal Academy, where they will also find the much-damaged but still exquisite cartoon for the altar-piece of the Servi at Florence which Leonardo undertook about 1500, but never executed. This, as well as his famous cartoon of the 'Battle of Anghiari,' executed at the same time as Michael Angelo's cartoon of another incident in the Pisan campaign (generally called the Cartoon of Pisa), must have had no little effect in developing the genius of Andrea del Sarto.

The influence of Michael Angelo on Andrea del Sarto was as great, if not greater, than that of Leonardo, though it cannot be directly traced in our Gallery, as the only pictures by Michael Angelo that we possess—and we are exceptionally fortunate in possessing them—are two unfinished and very early works, one of which has been supposed to have been commenced when he was still an apprentice of Ghirlandajo, that is between the ages of thirteen and sixteen. This is 'The Madonna and Infant Christ, S. John the Baptist, and Angels,' No. 809, and was formerly ascribed to Ghirlandajo himself. It is now generally acknowledged as a very early work of Michael Angelo; but, early as it is, it shows a grasp of the human figure, a sense of the harmonious beauty of its organization as a whole, and the expressiveness of its parts from the head to the toes, which goes beyond his master. The noble purity of the types, the fine but firm rhythm of the lines, the depth but restraint of the expression, the careful modelling, all betray the mind of the future sculptor, who was so to master the knowledge of the human body, that he could use it as freely as a native language to express his grandest ideas. The other picture, 'The Entombment of our Lord' (No. 790), is no doubt a later work, sterner in subject and in treatment, abjuring grace and beauty, still more anatomical and sculpturesque in modelling, but with a strange if uncouth grandeur, a solemn music of concerted action, a profound pathos of helplessness in the dead body,—yet withal a failure to reach the artist's ideal, and abandoned probably for that reason. The state of unfinish in which both these works were left, though to be regretted, gives much interesting evidence of the manner in which painters proceeded in the execution of their works. The ground for the draperies we see was laid in white, that for

the flesh in green, a manner traditional from the very earliest days of Italian painting. When this was not understood, the early painters were ridiculed for their 'green Madonnas,' pictures in which the over-painting had been cleaned off, or the ground had, as is its tendency, worked its way to the surface. In many well-preserved pictures in the National Gallery this silent change has taken place; in the Fra Angelico for instance, and in the Duccio, which is perhaps the 'greenest' Madonna which we have. It is to be observed that this green ground, at least in the case of Michael Angelo, was no mere flat preparation, for the legs of the angel on the right have careful indications of modelling—a proof, if one were needed, that the green under-painting was used for the shading of the flesh, by the application of more or less thin paintings of flesh colour over it. The difficulty of deciding in some instances whether pictures of this time were painted in tempera or in oil colour is well illustrated by these pictures. There have been heated discussions on this point with regard to the 'Entombment,' some asserting it was an oil picture, others a tempera. There is no doubt that the ground is tempera, and the latest opinion, as expressed in the Official Catalogue, is that 'it is partly, *if not entirely*, painted in tempera.' It seems that the greatest difficulty in the introduction of oil painting was to find an oil medium which would unite with a tempera ground. Why it was so long before any one thought of starting with an oil ground for an oil picture is one of the mysteries in the evolution of ideas.

From Florence to Umbria was the usual road of art. The only very palpable instance in which the direction was contradicted was that of Signorelli, and he was not strictly Umbrian born, and his master, Piero della Francesca, worked under a strong influence from the Florentine Uccello. There can be no doubt that Signorelli learnt a good deal from Piero della Francesca. He learnt to observe nature; he learnt to take his models from the neighbouring peasantry; he learnt, among other useful things, the beauty of reflection of colour in water: but though, in his earlier works, traces of imitation of Piero may be found (as, for instance, in two fragments of a Baptism in the possession of Sir Francis Cook), his mind was of a very different temper. In the works by him in the National Gallery we shall find little to remind us of Piero, still less of Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, with whom he is also said to have studied. Nor, on the other hand, shall we find, except in the damaged fresco from the Pandolpho

Petrucci palace at Siena, any example of that action, strong even to violence, which was one of his chief characteristics, nor of his power of drawing the nude figure. It has been said by no less an authority than Sir Frederick Burton, that to him 'is due the inauguration of the study of the human form for its own sake.' This perhaps needs some modification in favour of such men as Antonio Pollaiuolo and Mantegna, but he certainly advanced such study farther than any of his predecessors, and was the true precursor of Michael Angelo, who, as is well known, appropriated some of the figures in Signorelli's wonderful frescoes in the cathedral at Orvieto for his own 'Last Judgment' in the Sistine Chapel. Of the foreground figures in the fresco of 'The Triumph of Chastity' (No. 910), there is little left except their somewhat excessive vigour; but one of the figures on the left in type and feeling greatly resembles one of those in 'The Circumcision.' The groups in the background are better preserved, and are characteristic of his treatment of animated action. In his other works here, 'The Circumcision' (No. 1128) and 'The Nativity' (No. 1133), there is, from the nature of the subjects, small scope for excited movement; but the former is a masterpiece, and, with the exception of the child, evidently by the master's own hand. It is the earliest work in the Gallery which seems painted with a full sweep of the arm and a full brush. Nor is the breadth and swiftness of the handling accompanied by coarseness or insufficiency. The grandeur of the women is not more pronounced than their refinement and grace. The whole scene is conceived and sustained at a high level of serious interest, with which the strong sonorous colour, the stately richness of the architecture, the grand grouping of the figures, and the intense but silent expression of the heads are all in tune. Notwithstanding that the Child has been repainted by another hand, we have no picture in the National Gallery which more truly represents a great artist at his best and noblest, and it would not be going too far to say that it is one of the masterpieces, not only of Signorelli, but of the world. The nature of the subject, of course, forbids the treatment of the body 'purely for its own sake,' but though all his figures are draped and permeated with the feeling of a solemn function, the majesty and rhythmic beauty of the 'human form divine' break, as it were, through the clothes. The other large altar-piece, 'The Nativity,' is also a grand witness to his genius, if it be not altogether by his hand. The

fine drawing by him in the Malcolm Collection, now on exhibition at the British Museum, is a complete proof that the noble realistic figures of the peasants—realistic, but in the case of the standing youth, classic also—are of his own design, and the prominent manner in which the picture is signed shows that he was content to declare it as his own work. But it is difficult to believe that the painter of 'The Circumcision' could be altogether responsible for the simpering Madonna and the affected angels, to say nothing of the wooden little infant on the cushion. On the other hand, the execution of the picture as a whole, if somewhat coarse and rugged, is thoroughly strong and determined. Whether, however, he painted the work himself or left it to his pupils, its merit and interest are incontestable. Possibly the 'passing' of the Virgin, angels, and Child—if he did not paint them himself—was partly due to a lack of sensitiveness to emotion which is below the heroic pitch, or can only be touched by subjective expression. In his weakness, as in his strength, he affords a complete contrast to Perugino. To Piero della Francesca, his master, also; and the comparison can be made effectually here, as we have a 'Nativity' by each hung side by side. How much more delightful are Piero's angels and Child, how infinitely finer Signorelli's shepherds and St. Joseph. One prominent and curious feature of the Signorelli is the classic-temple-like building in the middle distance, on the frieze of which is the painter's name. This must surely be meant for the inn, and by crowding its portico with figures, the artist has shown us that there was 'no room' in it for the Holy Family.

When we remember that Signorelli was senior to Botticelli and Ghirlandajo, to Leonardo da Vinci (by about ten years), and to Michael Angelo (by a whole generation), one better appreciates the strength and originality of his genius, and the influence he must have exerted not only over the Umbrian School, but the whole of the art of Central Italy. He, as I have said, left the Fra Angelico path of tender sentiment for a more virile and robust road, which led to Michael Angelo, and the complete restoration of the human form to its true artistic supremacy as the standard of beauty, the noblest vehicle for thought. It was a strange chance that selected him to complete the frescoes in the cathedral at Orvieto, which had been committed to Angelico half a century before. As might be expected, whatever remains of the gentle Brother's work, is completely overwhelmed by the Titanic force of Signorelli's conceptions,

which are scarcely less important in the history of Italian art than the frescoes of Massaccio in the Carmine at Florence. If we pair Signorelli with Michael Angelo, we may pair Massaccio with Raphael, and, looked upon in this light, the balance of account between Florence and Umbria seems fairly even.

Though Andrea del Sarto was distinctly on the gentler side, he was decidedly influenced by Michael Angelo, as may be seen in his beautiful group of 'Charity,' and other frescoes executed by him in the cortile of the Scalzi at Florence. In these works he was associated with his great friend, Francia Bigio (1482–1524), the pupil of Albertinelli. The sympathy between the two artists Andrea and Bigio is illustrated in the National Gallery by the two portraits (Nos. 690 and 1035). The latter's 'Portrait of a Young Man' with the cross of Malta on his breast, although darkened by time, is a good example of his refined feeling in portraiture. Belonging to the same group were two other artists who were born and died in the same years, Jacopo da Pontormo (1494–1557), and Francesco Ubertini ('Il Bacchiaca') (1494–1557). The three were friends of each other and of Andrea del Sarto, and all were engaged, in company with another artist, Granacci, to decorate the nuptial chamber of Pier Francesco Borgherini and his bride, Margherita Acciaiuoli, in their palace at Florence. The painted panels which they executed, as far as they are known to us, all represent scenes from the history of Joseph, conceived in that free spirit of fancy which is characteristic of the time. Two of them, by Andrea del Sarto, are in the Uffizzi at Florence, and here we have one by Pontormo, and two by Ubertini. The Pontormo (No. 1131) is, as was first pointed out by Dr. Richter, a picture specially described by Vasari as 'the best work ever performed in his whole life by this artist,' and it is fortunately extremely well preserved. Vasari justly praises 'the power of invention displayed, the grouping of the figures, the animation of the heads,' and 'the variety and beauty of the attitudes.' The influence of Andrea del Sarto is plainly visible in this picture, in both the colour and the spirited grace of the children; and that of Michael Angelo no less in the freedom and variety of the gestures and the dignity of the elder figures. The picture is also a link to another generation of painters, for Vasari has informed us that the little boy with a cap seated on the steps is a portrait of the afterwards celebrated painter Bronzino, who was a pupil of Pontormo. Not far off hangs one of Bronzino's

fine portraits, 'A Knight of S. Stefano' (No. 670), and beside it, on the other side, the charming 'Portrait of a Boy' (No. 649), which is ascribed to Pontormo himself.

Ubertini's gaily coloured and vivacious panels will be found in the Umbrian Room (V.), and are striking for their fresh preservation and the brilliant variety of their fanciful costumes, which belong to the painter's day and country with the exception of a few items in the way of Roman helmet and Oriental turban. The often-repeated figure of little Benjamin, in his blue gown, strikes a pleasant note of simplicity among the motley and elaborate groups which crowd these panels. Interesting and charming also as they are, one feels that the fresh and single-hearted impulse, and that struggle with technical difficulties which give so great and irrecoverable a charm to the creations of the fifteenth century, are being replaced by electicism and a conscious display of professional skill.

Ubertini began his artistic life in the studio of Perugino, but there is otherwise little in common between him and Raphael, the last great name in the Umbrian School. Never altogether abandoning the feeling of Umbria, he blended with it the science of Florence, and expanded both together into an art which in its way is quite incomparable. It is the earlier stages of his great career that are best illustrated in the National Gallery. First of all (at least, according to accepted authority) is the exquisite little 'Vision of a Knight' (213), with the original drawing pricked for its transfer to the panel. The beautiful young knight is lying on his shield beneath a laurel tree, and behind him stand two beautiful female figures, one holding a sword and a book, the other a sprig of myrtle. It would seem as though the artist had meant to suggest that the youth had to make his supreme choice in life between the paths of love and pleasure, and that of faith and duty. A graver and nobler beauty characterises the figure on the left, but the other is so fresh and pure that the choice scarcely seems to be one of good and evil, but rather between a higher and a lower good. In some respects this lovely little composition seems to be in advance of Perugino his master, and of some of his own work to which a later date is assigned. The comprehension of the human body, shown in the manner in which it is felt beneath the drapery, and the harmony and balance of its parts, the clever way in which the figures are arranged and brought together by the tree and the lines of the landscape, the

sweetness of the colour,—all these show what an accomplished artist he must have been when he entered the studio of Perugino, if the work really dates from about that time. This is supposed to have been about the year 1500, when he was about seventeen years old. How he obtained his previous instruction has never been satisfactorily settled. His mother died in 1491, and his father, Giovanni Santi of Urbino, in 1494, when he was left in charge of two uncles. According to the theory of Morelli, which has found much acceptance, he owed his first training to an artist of Urbino, called Timoteo Viti. This suggestion is favoured by the resemblance in type and feeling for grace which exists between the few remaining works of Viti and Raphael's early work. The affinity between Raphael and certain painters of the school of Ferrara-Bologna, especially Francia, is also accounted for by this theory, as Viti was the pupil and assistant of Francia. Viti, moreover, is known to have returned from Bologna to Urbino in the year after the death of Raphael's father. One practice which was common to Raphael and Viti, which does not seem to have been adopted by Perugino, was that of making preliminary studies for figures and groups in ordinary costume of a simple character. It will be observed in the drawing of the 'Vision of the Knight' that his legs are without the armour which appears in the picture. There can be no doubt about the date of 'The Virgin and Child attended by St. John the Baptist and St. Nicholas of Bari,' commonly known as the 'Madonna degli Ansidei,' which has attained a special notoriety on account of the enormous price, over £70,000, that was paid for it to the late Duke of Marlborough. It was painted in 1506, or some years after Raphael had entered Perugino's workship at Perugia. He was still under twenty, but had been to Florence in 1504, where he had seen the works of all the great men, including the cartoons of Leonardo da Vinci and Michael Angelo. The influence of this visit is thought observable in this picture, especially in the noble figure of St. Nicholas and the head of the Baptist. The Virgin and Child are purely Peruginesque. The picture would be of unusual value if it were only for the fineness of its condition. There is no other picture by Raphael, at least of the same size, which is quite pure and untouched, none so luminous and fine in colour. Much damaged, but still fairly preserved as a whole and harmonious in its general tone, is the lovely figure of 'St. Catherine of Alexandria' (No. 168). This was painted

about a year after the 'Madonna degli Ansidei,' and shows a further influence of Florentine art in the fine type and expression of the head and the drawing of the figure. It also shows the growth of his own ideal of grace—of the Raphaelesque. This is seen in its full development in what is called the Garvagh Raphael, 'The Madonna, Infant Christ, and St. John' (No. 744), a picture which, while still adhering to a Peruginesque type in the Virgin, contains perfect examples of sweet and complete idealism of childish form in the figures of Christ and St. John. Both are cast in that mould, perfected only by Raphael himself, in which every limb to its tiniest detail is in perfect relation to the rest, and the whole form, while not departing perceptibly from the facts of nature, presents an harmonic beauty of structure insurpassable. Such creative power was only possible when the difficulties of correct drawing of the human form had been thoroughly mastered, and a great artist like Raphael or Michael Angelo could use it freely as a vehicle of his thought. In this, and the St. Catharine also, we see the old ascetic ideal completely superseded, and nature, healthy and beautiful, again used as the symbol of the saintlike and divine, as the 'outward and visible form of inward and spiritual grace.' In these pictures of the 'Holy Family,' in which the ideas of both family and holiness were combined in the most charming harmony, the peculiarly gentle and fertile imagination of Raphael revelled; and there is scarcely a period of his career, however busily employed in vaster and more sublime creations, in which he did not add to the number of these lovely flowers of sacred fancy. A good old copy of the Bridgewater Madonna (No. 929) and a tracing of the 'Madonna di San Sisto' are all we have to show of the later developments of this side of his genius, but at South Kensington Museum are the great 'Cartoons,' which are the finest examples in England of the art of Central Italy in full maturity. The art which commenced with Giotto and progressed through Massaccio, Ghirlandajo, Signorelli to Michael Angelo and Raphael, culminated in such works as these, in which the human form was treated with perfect sense of its beauty and majesty in relation to stately architecture. The revelation of the beauty of the human body in relation to nature was reserved for Venice to discover.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

(*To be continued.*)

WISE CHILDREN OF THE WOODS.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

IF grown-up man-apes are called 'wise old men of the woods' by those who know them best, their human fellow-countrymen, little ourang-utans and chimpanzees, are obviously wise 'children' of the woods. There is one of them now at the Zoo, a delightful little person, the very genius of gentle amiability. A companion who came with her died in a few days from disorders, dating back to the indiscriminate feeding on board ship, but she has come through the ordeal fairly well, and, as chimpanzees go, is a promising child. For they are very delicate. A single feast of sweetmeats will upset the little savage-life digestion, and, once upset, the chances are all against the equilibrium being ever restored again. Their chests, lungs, and throats, too, are very subject to complaint, and a stream of visitors passing through their house after a shower of rain with wet umbrellas and damp coats, is sufficient to give the small hairy exotics 'their death of cold.' Yet Sally, brought to the Zoo as a miserable scrap, and in very bad health, lived for some seven years, long enough to develop an extraordinary intelligence, and to become one of the public popularities of London.

But Sally was altogether an exceptional chimpanzee. In the first place she cost nothing, for she was 'thrown in' on the bargain, when Mr. Bartlett was buying a very fine full-grown male. The price was stiff, but as the owner would not sell for less, 'Sally,' a poor little lump of bones and skin, was given in, and the two came up to the Zoo together. The fine full-grown male, in the most robust health, and so strong that it took three men to hold him, proceeded to die as soon as possible. But the wretched little Sally set to work to make amends for his behaviour, and fattened and grew up to maturity, ate her food with a spoon, counted her raisins before eating them to see that she had the proper number, declined to appear in public

without clothes, distinguished by special salutations any black man who called upon her, and altogether arrived at such manners and understanding as to be very embarrassing to those who think themselves too clever to be descended from apes. Moreover everybody was fond of Sally, for her good spirits were as delightful as her good temper was engaging. But over and above all this, Sally was remarkable as being a *new kind of chimpanzee.* When she came to the Zoo, so Mr. Bartlett tells us, she was pink-faced, but as time passed her skin darkened till she was quite black. She had no hair at all on the face, and only a little on the top of the head; her ears were curiously large and flat; her forehead came well forward and was high; her expression of face, even for a chimpanzee, was singularly intelligent and mild, and, oddest of all, she was a flesh-eater. She caught rats capitally and ate them on the spot. For some months she killed and ate a pigeon every night, and, like owls and some other birds, Sally, when she had digested all that there was to digest, used to throw up the rest in the form of a pellet, containing the feathers and beak and claws, or the fur and teeth, showing that she was carnivorous by nature and heredity. Now no other man-ape we know of ever did such a thing. Gorillas are fruit-eaters; so are ourang-utans; so are ordinary chimpanzees. But Sally was not an ordinary chimpanzee, in any way, and, dead though she is, is a very important person as being in science a different Troglodyte to any other. But what connection there may have been between her flesh-diet and her robust constitution and striking intelligence, I had better leave to vegetarians to discuss. Suffice it to say that Sally, the carnivorous chimpanzee, was by far the nearest approach to a human being that 'the animal world' has yet produced for our inspection.

The small 'chimpan' now at the Zoo is of the 'ordinary' variety. She has thick black hair on her head, with a natural parting down the middle, and, already, very considerable whiskers. Her ears and hands are hairy, and in spite of the half-human face, and altogether human gestures and expressions, it is obvious that she is 'only an ape.' Except for her fingers and toes, her skin is black (although her companion's, who died soon after reaching the Zoo, was yellow); and sweet-tempered, patient, and wistful though she is, there is no prospect of her ever adequately filling the place of the departed Sally. All the same she is a very attractive little problem, and in a few weeks

had learned to bring her pannikin to the bars at the time she thinks her milk ought to be coming, to handle a spoon (after a fashion), to go to bed like a reasonable being, and to discover that the easiest way to get currants out of a bag is to hold it upside down and shake it. Once upon a time chimpanzees were known as 'pigmies,' but now, thanks to Stanley, we know that there is really a race of human pigmies in Africa, so that one of the oldest legends of the world is after all proved to be correct. But it is a very curious fact that when Stanley was in Africa he should have come upon a tribe who called their neighbours 'sokos' or chimpanzees, and ate them as such. The pathway up to their chief's hut was marked by a row of skulls, and when the explorer asked whose they were, he was told 'soko's.' Inside the huts he saw various articles of skin, and, asking what skins they were, he was told again 'soko's.' So he got some of the skins and some of the skulls, and brought them home with him, and Professor Huxley said the skins had belonged to man-apes, but the skulls to men and women! Assuming Huxley to have been right, it follows that either that chief told Stanley a 'tarradiddle,' when he said he had been eating apes when he had really been eating men (and it is a curious fact that cannibals are very reluctant to confess to their 'peculiar vanity'), or else that there was really in his neighbourhood a race of man-apes so like men, or of men so like man-apes, that the chief did not know which they were, but ate them and chanced it. At any rate, whichever theory is correct, it is probably fair to assume that African cannibals ate man-apes (and it is said that their flesh is delicious) before they ate man, and that it was the resemblance between the two that led them on to the shocking finale. In Australia the aborigines consumed their offspring from, apparently, some confused aboriginal motives of piety; in the Sandwich Islands and New Zealand, simply from the absence of flesh-food. But in Africa, to African ways of thinking and feeding, it was not much of a step from 'pigmy' apes to 'pigmy' men, or from gorillas to full-sized human beings; yet, horrible as this fast-expiring custom was, we cannot but admire the good taste of those who professed it, that they never spoke of it. When Stanley asked the cannibal what he had been eating, he replied, 'It was soko.' So, in the Fijis, they never said 'missionary,' but always 'long pig.'

How many kinds of man-apes there are in Africa is a question for the future to answer, but of chimpanzees there are certainly

three—the bald-headed (of which Sally was one), the black (of which the present 'wise child of the wood' is a specimen), and the fair-faced, of which Livingstone often wrote, and one of which died in the Zoo the other day. And when we come to think of the astonishing differences of colour and physical peculiarities among the human races of the Dark Continent, what is there to prevent us reasonably expecting, under exactly the same variations of food and climate and conditions of life, corresponding differences among the races of man-apes? If native assertions and nomenclature were worth considering, the anthropoids are very numerous, but unfortunately they are not, so that until reliable travellers like Wallace go to their haunts and bring us back information gathered at first hand, we have to be content with counting, as actual man-apes, only six varieties in all. The largest of these is of course the gorilla, the smallest the ourang-utan of Borneo. But the most intelligent are the chimpanzees. When white men first went out to the Gaboon, they were told by the natives that when they died they became apes; that the men of the forests, fierce fighting races, turned into gorillas, but they themselves, the milder-mannered tribes of the coast, into chimpanzees. None the less they ate them both, with an apology, perhaps, as when they kill an elephant, asking the great beast to overlook the liberty they are about to take in depriving it of its life, but doing it all the same with the liveliest gusto. In the Zoo, the chimpan is fortunately free from all apprehension of being eaten, and, while acquiescing in the humane treatment that it receives from its human attendants, declines in any way to encourage the familiarity of neighbouring 'monkeys,' or even to recognise their proximity. Its loftiness towards its congeners is invincible, and suggests the curious thought that the wise child of the woods, comparing man and monkey together, has deliberately come to the conclusion that man is its natural companion and relative, and the other 'only a monkey.' That it has made the choice is beyond all question (not only in the present case, but in every other where a chimpanzee has been in confinement), but the reason why it has made it, it is not yet able to tell us. Some day, perhaps, a chimpanzee *will* tell us, and when that day comes, a great puzzle will have been solved. For as yet it is the only 'beast' that prefers the society of man to that of its own kind, and foregoes the foremost place in the ranks of 'the animal world' in order to accept the lowest in those of humanity.

PIPPO, AND LETTY, AND I.

BY FRANCES E. CROMPTON.

LETTY and I often wish that Pippo were not the only boy; we think it rather spoils him. Of course we are very fond of him, because he is our brother, and it is not his fault that he is the only one we have got. But it *has* spoiled him, and made him very lordly with us. When he is in that humour, it generally ends in him being punished; not that we tell about him—we wouldn't be so mean—but it is sure to come out in some way, especially if he has got us into a scrape. But, after all, I think Letty and I mind more than Pippo does, when father looks down at him, and says, 'Go to your room, sir!' and Pippo goes (not at all in a lordly way), and father stalks into the passage to an old whip hanging on the wall, and Letty and I begin to cry for sympathy.

We live in a town. It is no use saying how we hate it, because it cannot be helped. Father is not at all rich, and he has to work, so we cannot live in the country. We do not get very many treats, which cannot be helped either, so again it is no use complaining about it. And one can really make one's self enjoy the things one has very much; at least, Letty and I do.

But we have one treat, and we look forward to it all the year; it is when Granny invites us all three to stay at her house, in the summer holidays. She lives in the real country, just outside a little village, at an old cottage in a big garden, a place that was quite meant for summer holidays.

I have often wondered that we have not got into more scrapes than we ever have done there, because it is so much nicer than anything we have at home (except father and mother), and Granny lets us have so much liberty, that we could easily get into numbers of scrapes. But I do not remember more than two or three happening in all the times we have been there; at least, I mean bad ones, not little things like forgetting to shut

the door of the hen run, or treading on a flower-bed in the excitement of a game, because Granny knows those were only accidents, and soon forgives them. But I am obliged to say that all the real scrapes have been Pippo's fault, and especially the last one.

'When I am a man,' he said, 'I shall live in a wood-pile.'

We were playing in the old wood-pile at the end of the yard; Pippo was standing on the thin sticking-out end of a piece of tree-trunk, with his hands in his pockets in his grandest way, and his feet very wide apart.

'When I am a man,' he said, 'I shan't care about having a house. I shall live in a wood-pile.'

'Yes, it is very nice,' I owned; 'but I don't think I shall choose that.'

'You can't, because I got it first,' said Pippo, very commandingly.

'I don't want it, really,' I said.

'Oh yes, you do; but you are jealous because it was my idea.'

I think Letty and I are fairer to Pippo than he is to us; there is a kind of honourableness even in little things that we sometimes wish he would remember oftener.

'*No*,' I said, 'I'm not. It is a beautiful idea, I know, because there would be such places for climbing and hiding, and always such a lovely smell. But, all the same, I would rather have the hovel in the cowslip field for my house—the *old* hovel, you know, where the cattle don't go.'

'It's a very poor sort of idea,' remarked Pippo.

'I admired yours,' I answered, 'and I think you might have admired mine. Especially when we *know* how you like the hovel. But never mind. You would have it for your house, wouldn't you, Letty?'

'It's nice,' said Letty, 'very nice; but it wouldn't be mine. I have got something better than that.'

'You can't have the wood-pile,' shouted Pippo.

'It's better than that,' said Letty, smiling to herself.

Letty is very fat, and round, and smiling, and good-tempered; she was sitting with me on the thick end of Pippo's tree-trunk, hugging herself round the knees, which is her favourite attitude.

'It can't be,' I said, rather unbelievingly. 'We haven't any nice places at home, and there couldn't be anything better than the wood-pile and the hovel.'

'Yes, there is,' said Letty, hugging herself tighter.

'Unless it is bed, when one *wants* to be there?

'It's nicer than that,' said Letty, her smiles breaking into chuckles.

'It's the strawberry bed, after Granny has made the jam, and says we may have the rest.'

'And nicer than that!'

'We don't *believe* you!' cried Pippo, with a bellow.

'It is, then!' cried Letty, in raptures of joy. 'It's Granny's store-room!'

Pippo and I were both silent with envy for a minute. But Letty is always so careful to be quite fair to other people, that it makes one ashamed not to be fair to her.

'It is splendid, Letty dear!' I said, as soon as I could. 'It is the best idea of all.'

'Isn't it lovely?' said Letty, chuckling with pleasure. 'Just think of arranging the things in the jars and canisters all day, and eating bits of candied peel and lumps of sugar, and weighing rice, and tea, and currants, and all the time the dear delightful shut-up smell of soap, and coffee, and spice, and things!'

'It would be glorious!' announced Pippo, in a loud voice above us. 'And I shall take it for mine.'

'Oh no, Pippo, you shan't,' I said. 'It is Letty's own idea, and she shall keep it. You said she shouldn't have your wood-pile, you know.'

So Pippo leaped very hard off his end of the tree-trunk, and the trunk danced, and Letty and I fell off the thick end, and bumped ourselves.

'There, that serves you right for being muffs,' said Pippo.

I did not see that we had been muffs, and neither did Letty; but it is no use arguing with Pippo, and Letty is so good-tempered that it often makes me remember not to be hot, so we only got up, and brushed the dust off each other, and sat down again, because that is Pippo's way, and he does not mean anything by it.

'Sometimes,' Letty went on, 'when Granny has let us go into the store-room with her, I have thought she must be the happiest person in the world, with such a place all of her own. I am never sure which part I like best. The end where you have to stoop under the attic stairs, where the soap is piled up, or the table where the scales and weights are, or the corner where the big sugar-jars stand, or the jam shelves, or—or what. It is all so nice.'

'It is lovely,' I said, quite convinced.

Mother has no store-room at home; it is quite a little house and she has only a cupboard, so Granny's was the first store-room we had ever seen. But it was a very nice place, if we had seen dozens, not a dark closet, but a room as big as our town kitchen, with a big lattice window in it, and so full of stores, from the bunches of dried herbs hanging from the ceiling, to the smallest box in the corner of empties, that one could understand why Granny liked sending Christmas hampers, and making good things for people, with such a place to come to. She allowed us to go there sometimes with her, because we thought it such a treat, and then, when we had stood quite still to watch her, she would put a few raisins or a sugar-biscuit in our hands, or a spoonful of jam in our mouths. Only we were under the greatest promise possible not to go in alone, not even if we found the door open, which we often might do, Granny told us, because she was not always particular about locking it, when Rachel was wanting things.

If it had been a fine day, it would never have happened, Pippo said.

It is very easy to lay it on the weather, but Pippo is the most excusing boy that ever was, and can always find something to lay the blame on.

But if it had been fine, Granny would have taken us to Norton, as she had promised. All morning it poured and poured, and about eleven o'clock Granny said it was not fit for us to go, and she could not wait any longer, so Thomas must bring the pony round. Granny has only a little basket trap, but she does not mind about weather, and she put on an old black hat and a grey cloak, and Thomas drove her off, and we were left to amuse ourselves.

Pippo was inclined to be very tiresome at first about not going too; he stood on the steps a long time to let it rain on his head, though Rachel begged him not to do it, and he kicked his boots discontentedly against the scraper until Letty reminded him that he would have to wear those when he went back home, whatever they were like, because mother had said he could not have any more at present.

Pippo answered 'Fat Letty!' because it is one of the few things she minds having said to her. However, the thought of his boots stopped him soon, and he condescended to come in at last, and Rachel shut the door and went away to her work. We

did not enjoy the rest of the morning much; Pippo was cross and disagreeable whatever we tried to play at, but we were called to dinner by-and-by, and Granny, who is as kind as kind to us (though she can look very severe when we have been naughty), had arranged a dinner we should like very much before she went, and the grandeur of having chicken, and peas, and currant tart, by ourselves, made things smoother. Only it was perhaps a pity that Rachel should have set Pippo's place at the head of the table, because he *did* rather lord it over Letty and me; and, when we had finished, he was in a mood that was pleasanter, and yet much worse than the cross one.

Letty and I were in a humour to play at house quietly downstairs, but Pippo would not let us, and hunted us about until he had driven us upstairs to play at wolves with him. He chose the passage upstairs, because it runs all the length of the house, and there are so many doorways, and little branching-out passages, and the attic-stairs, where he could lie in wait and pounce out on us.

It was no use saying that wolves did not lie in wait and then pounce out on travellers, because Pippo would have his own way, and we travelled up and down the passage, and were rent in pieces so many times, that Rachel came upstairs to complain of the noise, to say nothing of Letty's and my clothes being more torn than we thought we should like to show mother.

'And we didn't want to play at that game, after all,' said Letty, in quite a vexed tone for her. 'We wanted to be quiet downstairs, Pippo, and you could have read the book Granny gave you. I don't like to do things when she is away. We are going downstairs now.'

'No, not yet,' said Pippo, in a great hurry, 'because I have got such a jolly place to show you. I have found where the starlings build.'

It tempted us for a minute, but not very much.

'Where is it?' we asked.

'It's in there, in a dark place inside this narrow door.'

'But that is locked.'

'Well, sometimes,' admitted Pippo; 'but I found the key hanging on a nail in the cloak cupboard.'

'Oh, Pippo! It isn't right of you to be poking and looking about!' cried Letty.

'Fat Letty!' said Pippo.

Letty grew very red.

'Pippo,' I said, 'you *have* been horrid to-day!'

'Well, never mind,' said Pippo, quite easily. 'Come and see where the starlings build.'

He meant it for making friends, so Letty did not like to seem vexed; and we went after him, though we did not much care for the thought of the dark place inside the narrow door. Pippo could not turn the key very easily, as it was a good deal rusted; but, just when we were beginning to hope that he would be satisfied and go downstairs, it slipped round suddenly, and Pippo led us forward in triumph. It was a long, narrow place, like a passage, only a very dirty one; the roof sloped down so that one side was lower than the other, and it was just under the roof, with no ceiling, but only beams and slates. There was no light but from the open door, except what came in through one or two little slits under the eaves.

'That is where they come in. Can't you hear them pattering and chattering early in the morning?' said Pippo. 'But, don't go yet, there is something better still. You needn't be afraid. It's just here.'

We could hear water trickling all the time, and when we were a little used to the dark, we saw an open gutter-pipe that ran through the place. The water was running very fast, with the rain.

'It goes into the cistern,' explained Pippo. 'That is what the narrow door is for. The starlings bring straws and things into it in dry weather, and then, when rain comes, it runs over, and drips into the kitchen down below—and I wish I could watch it dripping on Rachel's head!—and then Thomas has to come up here and clean the gutter out. I asked him about it the other day.'

'The water runs very fast, and looks very black in here,' said Letty, softly. 'I don't like it very much, do you, Bet? Let us go downstairs.'

'Oh no; wait a bit!' cried Pippo. 'There is a dark end up there that we are going to explore.'

'No, we aren't,' I said, trying to speak very decidedly. 'It is very dirty in here, and I feel sure that Granny would not like us to be here if she knew. And it isn't a very nice place either. Letty and I are going.'

'No, you shan't go yet,' said Pippo, running about in front of us, with his arms out. 'You must explore to the end first. Don't be muffs!'

'We aren't. Let us go, Pippo,' said Letty.

'Fat Letty!' said Pippo.

And then Letty began to be angry, for it was the third time.

'You mean, mean thing!' she cried. 'I would rather be fat than mean!'

'And we shall not play with you a minute longer,' I said; 'we are going downstairs.'

'No, you aren't!' shouted Pippo, running to the door. 'If you don't explore the place with me, you shall explore it alone.'

And before Letty and I guessed what he was doing, he had banged the narrow door, and turned the key on us.

'Pippo! Pippo! You can't be so horrid!' we both screamed.

'Perhaps you won't be such muffs again,' we heard him say; and away he went downstairs.

'Well, it's no use, I suppose,' said Letty, and so sensibly stopped screaming. 'It is very horrid of him, but it cannot be helped. Perhaps he will come back soon. Can we find anything to sit down on?'

It was very dirty everywhere, but there was nothing else to be done, so we sat down on the floor to wait till Pippo chose to come back. It was dark when the door was shut, and, as Letty said, it felt like a spider-and-mouse sort of place, which we minded more than we should have done if we had not been town children. So we waited, and waited, but no Pippo came.

'This is a horrid place!' said Letty, after a long silence. 'I wish we could get out of it. It is so dirty, and it smells of rats.'

'Does it?' I said, very horrified.

'Yes, I think so. I never smelt rats, but I think they must smell like this. Bet, I have been fancying for a long time that there is another door at that dark end.'

'*Is* there, Letty? Oh, do let us get out of it! I don't mind going to see if you will hold hands.'

So we took each other's hands, and walked—very carefully, for fear of rats, though, after all, I don't think they were there—towards the other end of the place. We were getting a little more used to making the most of the slits of light, and when we came to the end, there *was* a sort of door; at least, not so much a door as a rough square shutter.

'If this will come open by anything I can do, I'm getting out,' said Letty, very determinedly.

'And I am sure I am,' I agreed. 'If only it isn't fastened on the other side.'

We felt all over the shutter, and found an iron hasp.

'It will open on this side!' cried Letty, triumphantly. 'Bet, it is opening! Pull—pull hard! Oh, *Bet*, you have pulled it down altogether!'

The shutter fell down, and light streamed in.

'It isn't the roof, Letty, is it? If it is, I don't think I quite dare, you know.'

'No, it's indoors. I am getting through. Oh, won't Pippo be astonished!'

'Letty,' I said, sniffing behind her back, 'isn't there a very strong smell of—of—of *soap?*'

'Bet,' she said, turning round on the other side of the hole, to look at me on my side, and showing her face all white under the smears of dust, 'stay where you are. I have told a story. It is the store-room.'

She looked so miserable as she sat down amongst the soap, so miserable, and dirty, and fat, and *good*, that I rushed through the hole, and threw my arms round her neck.

'You shan't tell it alone, Letty dear,' I said; 'I have told it, too, now. It wasn't your fault, and I am sure you need not look so unhappy. I don't think Granny would count it a story.'

'Oh, but I wish I hadn't! I did so promise her not to come in here!' moaned Letty. 'We must go back at once, Bet.'

'But that won't do any good,' I objected. 'It won't unmake the story; and, now we have come, we may as well stay here, Letty. It is cleaner, and ever so much pleasanter. We can hear through the hole if Pippo comes to the door to let us out.'

So we left the shutter down, both to listen for Pippo and because we could not put it up. It was quite under where the attic-stairs went across the store-room, and this side of it was papered with the paper on the walls, and it fitted quite flat when it was put up, so that we had never known that it was there at all.

We picked our way out from amongst the soap, and went into the middle of the room, and sat down there—out of the way of temptation, we agreed—one on the floor and one on the little steps that were made to reach up to the shelves. It was the only kind of seat we could find, and we took turns at it.

I really do not know how long we sat there; it must have

been as much as hours, but it seemed as much as days. Pippo never came, and Rachel never came, though we called them both.

'I am beginning to feel that it must be tea-time,' said Letty, sadly, at last.

'It makes one remember that there are biscuits in that box, doesn't it?' I said.

'But we mustn't think about that, whatever we do, Bet,' said Letty.

'There is a raisin on the floor there,' I said mournfully. 'It is crushed flat with being trodden on, and it does not seem as if it would be very wrong to eat it.'

'I know. I have been looking at it,' said Letty. 'But we won't, Bet. Don't let us think about it.'

There was another long silence, while we watched the squares of light from the lattice falling lower and lower on the opposite wall. They had dropped so low at last that I felt I could not bear it any longer.

'Oh, Letty, what hours we have been here!' I said, half crying.

'That isn't the part I mind,' she said; 'it is that I want to get out of a place where I am telling a story all the time.'

And I believe my legs are so fast asleep that they will never come awake again,' I said.

'Well, you come and sit on the steps, and I will take another turn on the floor,' said Letty; but before either of us could move there was a sound far away outside.

'Oh, Letty, it was the bell—it was, it was! And Granny has come back,' I cried, 'and she will come upstairs past the door. Oh, shout and knock, *do!*'

'But, you know, it will be telling of Pippo," said Letty, doubtfully.

'Oh, Letty, we can't stop here till all our bodies are fast asleep because it will be telling of Pippo! I can't stop here any longer, and I won't. Gran-*ny!*'

'Very well,' said Letty, climbing down from the steps with great firmness; 'we wouldn't have told of him if we could have helped it. Granny! Granny!'

We began to shout and knock long before Granny could have possibly heard us, but her step came up the stairs at last.

'There she is! Knock louder, Letty!' I cried, dancing

behind her. 'Oh, Granny, we're in here! Do come and let us out! Oh, Gran-*ny!*'

It came out in a shriek as we heard Granny going past the end of the short passage in which the store-room door was; but it was not my shriek, but Letty's tattoo with the two-pound weight in the middle of the door that brought her to us.

'Is some one here?' she called.

'Oh yes—yes! *We* are; and do let us out, Granny!'

'Children! What are you doing there?' she said, after an astonished silence.

'We are locked in, Granny.'

And then came the jingling of Granny's housekeeping keys that we knew so well, and then the lock turned, and the door opened. And I am sure we shall never forget her grieved astonished face as she stood there. I began to cry at the sight of it, but Letty kept brave and quiet, only her dear old fat face grew redder and redder.

'Then were you here when I went, and I locked you in?' asked Granny. 'Oh, children, and you promised me!'

'Yes, we know we have told a story,' said Letty, 'and we are as sorry as sorry can be about it. But we didn't mean to do it. We didn't know it was the store-room until we were inside. We came in through the little place under the attic-stairs.'

'I see,' said Granny, her face clearing up a little. 'But what were you doing there?'

'We were in the place under the roof where the water runs, and we came out this way, because we couldn't go back by the other.'

'But why not? And who brought you into the place under the roof?'

Letty's face was the reddest I have ever seen. She looked at me, and I shook my head behind Granny. But Granny guessed more than we supposed.

'Was it Philip?' she said.

'Yes, it was,' owned Letty, 'but—— Oh, Granny, don't be angry with him, because it was only fun! He said he had found out where the starlings lived.'

'And you were glad enough to go then?' said Granny, laughing.

If Letty and I *looked* as uncomfortable as we *felt*, we must have looked very queer indeed, but we did not need to answer, for Granny went on—

'But, if you could get in that way, why could you not get out?'

Letty stood rolling the corner of her pinafore up, and I stood on one foot; and Granny waited, and so Letty was obliged to speak.

'It was only fun, Granny. You couldn't be angry with him, could you? It was Pippo who locked us in, but *quite* for fun, you know.'

I am afraid Letty told another little story in that, but it was in her goodness.

'Oh, indeed!' said Granny, gravely. 'Well now, come downstairs to tea, and we will see what Master Philip says about it.'

Halfway downstairs we saw Pippo at the foot, coming up.

'Oh, you're there, are you?' he said, in rather a relieved tone.

'Yes, Philip,' said Granny; 'but without any thanks to you.'

Pippo looked rather foolish, for such a lordly person; he had not supposed that Granny knew.

'I meant to let them out,' he said, in a grumbling tone, twisting the button on his jacket; 'but I got the rusty key stuck fast, and it wouldn't turn, and I have been waiting ever since for Thomas to come back to get him to do it for me.'

'I do not think it was a kind trick, Philip, whatever you meant to do afterwards,' said Granny, but she said no more, and we went on. Pippo thought it was all over, and put his hands in his pockets again.

'How did you get out after all?' he could not help saying to me.

'We went on to the end of the place,' I said, in a low voice, 'and there we found a door like a shutter, and when we opened it, it was the store-room.'

'Oh, I *say!*' cried Pippo. 'Have you been in the store-room all this time? Then I don't feel a bit sorry. *Haven't* you had a feast?'

I am sure he did not mean Granny to hear, but he spoke rather too loudly. And then Letty did begin to cry.

'We haven't—we haven't—we haven't!' she cried, and she stamped on the stairs. 'We wouldn't have done it for anything! We wouldn't have been so dishonorous! Oh, Granny, don't believe it; for we haven't, not even the raisin that was trod flat on the floor, and that we looked at!'

And Granny suddenly sat down on the step above us, and took us one in each arm.

'My little girls,' she said, 'I am proud to believe you.'

Pippo was not punished. He would have been, if he had been at home; but, as he was at Granny's, he escaped the 'Go to your room, sir!' and the whip on the wall. Granny only spoke a little about it to him, but she looked at him more gravely for the rest of the holidays, and Letty and I believe between ourselves that she talked to father and mother about him, for he is to go to school.

He gave us his tin duck that sails in a basin with a magnet, as a kind of begging pardon for saying that we had had a feast; he thought it made up to us, but it didn't. And we wanted not to have it at first, but we decided that it seemed more generous to take it. And yet that sounds odd, because how can it be more generous to take than to give? But we seemed to feel it in that way in our hearts. For Pippo is our brother, and the only one we have got. And I suppose it will always have to be like that, and he will go on lording it over us, and we shall go on loving him just the same.

WOMEN'S PHILANTHROPIC WORK.

WOMEN'S philanthropies are a distinct feature of the age, and will occupy no insignificant place in our English history. For the way in which women have come to the front during the past forty or fifty years is in itself remarkable, but the line taken by their activity is not less so, much of that latent power, which only seems to require favourable conditions to bring it into play, being directed towards the physical, moral, or religious advancement of different sections of the community.

The 'mother' element in every true woman gives her a special aptitude for such work. The guardianship of the weak and guidance of the ignorant are instincts of her nature, and, carried into action, stimulate that sympathy, self-abnegation and devotion, which are her noblest characteristics, and render her work so valuable. If, when in pursuance of some labour of love, she is tempted to put mercy before judgment and allows her heart sometimes to govern her head, it does not follow that her actions are therefore unwise, for an unreasoning course may yet be reasonable, and the sensitive tact which most women of refinement possess in no ordinary degree generally guards them from mistakes and enables them, more often than not, to arrive at a right conclusion. Sometimes, indeed, a sudden kindly impulse may set important machinery in motion and bring about unforeseen but far-reaching results, as the following incident illustrates.

A child was sent with a message to an institution for the poor in East London. The lady-in-charge opening the door, was moved with compassion at the sight of the forlorn little figure clad in filthiest rags, face, hands, and thin, bare arms begrimed with dirt gathered from its playground in the friendly street-gutter. Of course the child was absolutely unconscious of her condition; that was the most pitiful part. The lady drew her in and shut the door; then proceeded to wash her from head to foot, brushed the tangled locks, tidied the poor

ragged garments, and finally let her out again into the street. In a moment the little one was the centre of an admiring crowd of her playmates. There stood the transformed child, fair, white, and pure, in strange contrast to the ring of black gutter children gathered round, all intently gazing, wondering, and then touching their little companion in order to find out by what wonderful process she came to be painted in such new and becoming colours.

A more practical text to a sermon than the child afforded can scarcely be conceived. The sermon itself, though unspoken, was eloquent, the congregation pointing home their own moral, as the event proved. For, presently, 'tap' at the door, and when the lady opened, there stood one of the most slatternly of the outside group, with the pathetic appeal, 'Please, lady, wash me too!' Who could refuse? After that, child after child was taken in and washed, until dusk, when the lady was obliged to put up a notice that no more children could be washed that day.

But this is one of the cases which cannot end where it seems to end. The 'children's sermon' must have been preached again and again amongst the impurities of dark, God-forsaken rooms, where father, mother, big brothers and sisters—and the little washed child—all herded together for the night's rest. Who can doubt that each not only carried 'home' a silent lesson of cleanliness and purity, but itself learnt something of that divine discontent with faulty and remediable conditions which it is so difficult yet so important to teach the poor?

It is, however, possible to benefit the individual at the expense of the community. *Le mieux est souvent l'ennemi du bien*, and large, comprehensive views of what is best all round are essential, if permanent good is to be accomplished. In women's work there is a danger lest great governing principles should be lost sight of in the emotional excitement called forth by heart-stirring details. Hence the importance of discipline, particularly at this stage, when experience has not had time to teach its useful lessons. For women are but feeling their wings. They are still young in the performance of duties which lie outside the immediate area of their own homes, and the young need direction.

The plan which obtains in the present day of forming societies for different departments of work, may be open to criticism, but for purposes of discipline as well as co-operation, it is undoubtedly

useful. The organization of a society presents certain definite regulations and methods which all who belong to it are bound loyally to observe. Its members work between lines; they are not permitted a perfectly free hand. Each naturally selects the one which embodies the principles most in accordance with her own views, and hands over the control of her work to the organization which she knows will help her to keep true to her convictions. A society has no emotions, and all sentiment in its operations is carefully regulated; and, but for the restraining rein of such an institution, many, carried away by their feelings under pressure of strong excitement, might be led to contradict by their actions the very principles to which they subscribe in joining it. It is in this way that societies fulfil their mission and justify their own existence. They take care of the principles. The benefits of this system of training will be reaped by-and-by, when women of another generation start with inherited habits of deliberation, punctuality, and method, which numbers are now slowly and laboriously acquiring in the school of disciplined practice.

But the individuality of individuals, and the personal idiosyncrasies of each, will always prevent any one human institution from being equally acceptable to all. Some will always look on the golden side of the shield of truth, and some on the silver. The very gifts which all do not possess alike, serve to accentuate the difference between different persons, and to increase the dissimilarity between their respective views and tastes; they are built up of different material, they are not cast in the same mould, they do not all use the same lens. The intention of a particular gift is generally intimated by the taste and inclination of its owner, and in one or other of the existing associations a worker finds a suitable channel for bringing it into play. This is another way in which societies serve a definite purpose. They sort workers; they select, adapt, and utilize material for the purposes for which it appears best qualified, and their existence testifies to a demand which it would be folly to ignore, and worse than futile to endeavour to check. For women are giving their work freely, and it is not too much to claim for them freedom of choice how or where to bestow it. This needs to be borne in mind when the cry is raised, Why so many societies for women's work? Why? Because, whilst women are perfectly capable of working in association, it would be a fatal blow to their powers to attempt to drive them all into one pen like a flock of sheep. That

distinct, separate personality which is the secret of individual strength and demands recognition, would be seriously impaired were all required to work in the same groove and dance to the same tune. It is not wise to try to pare down human souls to fit a given measure; the wings of many a worker would be clipped at this rate. Nor is it reasonable for workers in one society to doubt the earnestness of workers in another, or to disparage good work because it does not happen to be done on precisely the same lines as their own. Fallacies of this kind provoke a spirit of rivalry which has a debasing influence both on work and workers.

When a woman makes up her mind to begin philanthropic work, the first thing to be decided is the kind of work to be taken up. She may believe her mission to lie in the reclamation of criminals, or the nursing of the sick, or in general charitable efforts among the poor in town or country; or the cause of thrift, temperance, or morality generally may seem to have a special claim on her energies and interest. She may wish to confine her efforts to the help and improvement of girls or of women; or men or lads may seem to offer her the best field for her particular talents. Then follows further classification. If girls, what sort of girls? Shop, mill, factory, ballet, flower-girls, lace-makers, straw-plaiters, bar-maids, farm or domestic servants? Or, if men—soldiers, sailors, police, farm servants, labourers, cobblers, tailors, etc.? Among all these, women are carrying on some kind of philanthropic work, which the new recruit may join if she will. Not to speak of sisterhoods and deaconess communities for those who desire to devote the whole of their lives to religious service, there are, amongst other institutions, the Church Temperance Women's Benefit Society, British Women's Temperance Association, Ladies' Association of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Zenana Bible and Medical Mission, Young Women's Christian Association, Girls' Friendly Society, Church of England Women's Help Society, Metropolitan Association for Befriending Young Servants, Ladies' Association for the Care of Friendless Girls, Mothers' Union, Woman's League, Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society, Moral Reform Union, United British Women's Emigration Association, Parochial Mission Women's Society, Friendly Letter Mission, Working Ladies' Guild, United Sisters' Friendly Society, Association for the Boarding-out of Workhouse Children, several Associations for Providing Nurses for the Poor,

and an infinite number of local institutions for a variety of objects, inaugurated and carried on by women.

The legislation and aims of such agencies are obviously matters of grave importance, since in many cases they practically become the conscience of the individual. Without attempting to review the various methods adopted, there seem to be certain broad principles which ought to govern any efforts on behalf of moral or religious reform. For instance, there can be little doubt that the mission field which is nearest the worker has the first claim upon her. Whatever other obligation she may have, it is here that her responsibility begins. It is a comparatively easy task to set up a high standard of ethics amongst an inferior class where the need of reform is patent to all and universally acknowledged. But the crust of social etiquette presents an almost insuperable barrier where the worker's own class in society is concerned. Nor are the means at her disposal the same as when dealing with a class beneath. Plain speaking, or direct open teaching, seldom avail to raise the standard in the home or among personal friends or acquaintance; such methods are not unlikely to be resented, provoke opposition, and defeat their own end. It is rather to be accomplished by silent, unobtrusive influence, the force of example, and the unflinching refusal to conform to a fashion or follow a custom which has a pernicious or debasing tendency. It would be well if some of the existing associations were to recognise more directly in their programmes of work the obligations and responsibility of workers in these respects, so as to give the requisite guidance in a task surrounded with difficulties, and secure for them the valuable help and support of concerted action.

The same principle applies to the so-called working-classes. Efforts for their improvement cannot be regarded as complete, until the poor have been taught to realise a similar responsibility to one another. To be always receiving and never giving has a debasing and morally pauperizing effect. That which is received should be regarded as a trust to be shared with others, or in some way used for their benefit. By this is meant, not so much the charitable gifts or personal help which the poor are generally ready enough to accord to one another—in this they may, indeed, be said to set a good example to a superior class—but such teaching as the laws of health, true principles of morality, and practical religion. To impart information obviously

implies knowledge acquired, and perhaps scarcely enough attention is given by women's societies to the selection, with this view, of properly qualified workers among the poor. Then there are numbers of irresponsible, self-elected women workers, working on their own lines without leadership or supervision, whose usefulness would be largely increased were they first to submit to some kind of training, even although much of the needed teaching they are called upon to give is the very alphabet of education. 'What, *wrong* to get drunk?' exclaims a factory girl from a South London slum, when urged to keep out of the public-house on Boxing night. Here was a lesson any right-minded woman could teach; but the teaching should involve more than the reclamation of an individual. The worker's object should be to induce each learner to become a teacher in her turn. The best sort of service is that which inspires more service, and the most efficient method for building up work is by training workers. There is no better material for this purpose than that afforded by the poor themselves, who may become the most practical philanthropists by learning to act as missionaries in their own class.

The success of women's efforts to ameliorate the condition of the poor depends a great deal on the spirit and manner in which they hold out the helping hand. It is useless to offer help from the summit of a pedestal, and an air of patronage is fatal to success. If work is not being carried on among equals in birth and position, then there must be a levelling process to which every worker must submit before she can hope to succeed in benefiting a class beneath; she must become one with them in heart and sympathy. To most women this presents no difficulty; they instinctively sink all differences of class in the sisterhood of a common humanity. And this equality is real, not simple veneer. It is, indeed, sometimes accompanied by a voluntary equalization of outward conditions, as in the case of many sisterhoods where the poverty of the poor is shared with them. One Society—the Women's Help Society—adopted a practical plan for thus reaching a class that needed help.

In a river-side quarter of East London, there is a street distinguished in Mr. Charles Booth's map of London by the black colouring, which denotes a 'criminal' haunt. In the fifty-four houses of which the street is composed, there is a population of upwards of eleven hundred. No one doubts that overcrowding and immorality go hand in hand, nor that one is quite naturally

the result of the other. It was in this overcrowded street, next door to a glaring public-house, that the Society, some few years ago, rented two houses. The rooms, a family in each, were mostly occupied by weekly tenants. Short tenancies are common to the class; there is probably a convenience as well as wisdom in 'moving on' quickly. Being in light marching order, the *démenagement* is easily accomplished, and as the lodgers gradually moved out, the ladies of the Society quietly moved in, taking up their quarters in the vacated premises. That ladies should leave their own comfortable homes and come to live amongst them in their houses, was a fact which appealed to the people more forcibly than any amount of preaching, and paved the way for fuller teaching later on. Nor would the effect have been the same, had the ladies come day by day from their houses in the west of London, returning in the evening. Another thing much commented on was the absence of any institutional dress assumed by the ladies. The distinctive costume worn by 'Sisters' and deaconesses seemed to be regarded as the badge of an office similar to the special dress of the policeman. 'Sisters' were good and kind, but it was all in the way of business; with the ladies of the Society it was quite another thing, and that they should come to live among the people and mix with them in the same dress that they were in the habit of wearing in their own homes, was warmly appreciated.

The aim and effect of such efforts as these are not merely the improvement of a few individuals here and there, but the gradual introduction of a healthier public opinion amongst a class sunk in vice and degradation, and, above all, the restoration of the meaning of the word 'home' in households where it is all but lost. Women are doing good service when they bring the influence of their own bright Christian homes to bear upon such dark corners of our great cities. The extensive and increasing employment of female labour in trades and industries of all sorts cannot but act prejudicially on family life, for nothing can compensate for the absence of wife or mother out of the home. The Divine method of setting 'the solitary in families' cannot be interfered with without serious loss. The family is the germ of the nation, and one broken home is a source of weakness to the whole social fabric.

This danger is fully recognised, and is being directly met by such helps as Mothers' or Parents' Unions, the Women's

Help Society, etc. If there is not uniformity of method in women's philanthropic work, there is at least unity of purpose, as with all the force of concerted action they storm the citadels of sin and suffering, directing the attack from different points and with different weapons carefully selected for the purpose. By tending the sick, visiting prisoners, strengthening the weak, raising the falling and the fallen, women are serving their generation and helping to solve some of the most difficult problems of the day, not, it may be, by taking part in legal or political reforms, but by patient silent influence brought to bear on individuals, one by one, helping them to rise above the incidents and outward circumstances of daily life, to bear worldly ill and misfortune with Christian hope and fortitude, and to live noble lives amidst adverse and evil surroundings.

E. C. PAPILLON.

THE FIELDS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

THEY lie far away, grey with the mists of memory, under a veil of distance, half silver, half gold, like the gossamer, so far that they might never have been save only in dreams. They are not nearly so real as the Eastern world of the stories I read yesterday, but I know where they lie—common fields nowadays, and seldom visited. Yet, there was a child once who knew every inch of them as well as the ant her anthill, or the silvery minnow her brown well under the stone cover, to which one descends by ancient water-stained steps.

The fields are there, but their face somewhat changed, as other things are changed. We were little ones when we came to live among them, in a thatched house full of little nests of rooms, the walls of which were run over by flowery trellises that made them country-like even by candle-light. Of candle-light I have not much memory, indeed, for we went to bed in the gloaming, when the long, long day had burned itself out, and the skies were washed with palest green that held the evening star; and we slept dreamlessly till the golden day shot through the chinks of the shutters, and we leapt to life again with a child's zest for living. At the back of the house there was an overgrown orchard, a dim, delicious place where the gnarled boughs made a roof against heaven. It was our adventure, time and again, to escape through our windows and wash our feet in the May dew before we were discovered. One whole summer, indeed, these revels were hindered by a bull which was pastured on the lush herbage. But how entrancing it was to hear him roar at night, close by our bed's head, or to see his great shadow cross the chink of moonlight in the shutter! Sometimes he ate the rose-bushes that wreathed our window, and rubbing his gigantic flanks against the house-wall, bellowed, while we shook in bed in delicious tremors, and imagined our cosy nest a tent in the African desert, with lions roaring outside. I remember the rooms so well: the chilly parlour, only used

when we had grown-up visitors, for we were there in charge of a nurse; the red-tiled kitchen, with its settle and its little windows opening inward; the door that gave on a grass-grown approach; and the stone seat outside, where we sat to shell peas, or made 'plays' with broken bits of crockery and the shreds of shining tin pared by the travelling tinker when he mended the porringers. I remember the very cups and saucers from which we drank our rare draught of tea—delicate china, with sea-shells on it in tones of grey, the varied shapes of which gave us ever-new interest.

As I look back, I can never see that house in unwinking day-light, though it was perpetual summer then, and never a rainy day. Rooms and passages are always dim with a subdued green light, the reflection, I suppose, through the narrow windows wreathed with verdure, and from the grass and the plaited apple-boughs. But the spirit of improvement has laid all waste, has thrown the wee rooms into ample ones, has changed the narrow windows for bays and oriels, has thinned the apple-trees for the sake of the grass. There was once a pond, long and green, with a little island in the midst, where a water-hen had her nest. I always thought of it as the pond in Hans Andersen's 'Ugly Duckling,' and never watched the ducks paddling among the reeds that I did not look to the sky to see the wild geese, that were contemptuously friendly with the poor hero, flecking the pearl-strewn blue. The pond is filled up now with the macadam of a model farmyard. Iron and stone have replaced the tumble-down yellow sheds, where we drank sheep's milk in a gloom powdered with sun-rays; the two shrubberies have gone, and the hedge of wild roses that linked the trees in the approach to the house. Naught remains save the thatched roof, many feet deep, the green porch over the hall door, the stone seat round the streaky apple-tree at the garden gate, and the garden itself, where the largest lilies I have ever seen stand in the sun, and the apple-trees are in the garden-beds, the holly-hocks elbow the gooseberries, and the violets push out their little clumps in the celery-bed.

But the fields. It is only to the ignorant all fields are the same, as there are some who see no individualities in animals because they have no heart for them. Here and there hedges have been levelled and dykes filled, and now their places are marked by a long dimple in the land's face. The well in the midst of one has been filled up, despite the warning of an old

mountain farmer that ill-luck would surely follow whosoever demolished the fairy well. Over it grew a clump of briar and thorn-trees, where one found the largest, juiciest blackberries; that too is gone, but, practically, the fields remain the same. There is the Ten Acres now, stretching so far as to be weirdly lonely at the very far end. Every part of it was distinct. You turned to the left as you entered by a heavy hedge of wild-rose and blackberry. There the wild convolvulus blew its white trumpet gloriously, and violets ran over the bank under the green veil, and starwort and speedwell made in May a mimic heaven. I remember a meadow there, and yet again a potato-digging, where we picked our own potatoes for dinner and grew sunburnt as the brown men and women who required so many cans of well-water to drink at their work. Where the hedge curved there was a little passage, through which the dyke-water flowed into the next field. It was delightful to set little boats of leaf and grass upon the stream, and to see them carried gaily by the current down that arcade of green light. Some of the inquisitive ones waded after them, and emerged wet and muddy in the next field. I preferred to keep the mystery of the place, and to believe it went a long, long way. For half the length of the field, the water went through long grass that lay face downward in it. To see it you had to lift the grass and the meadow flowers. Once we were startled there in a summer dusk before the hay was cut, when all the corncrakes were crying out that summer was in the land. As we threaded the meadow aisles, a heavy, dark body leapt from its lair and into the dyke. It was a badger, we learnt afterwards, and its presence there gave the place an attractive fearsomeness. Half-way down, where a boundary hedge had once made two fields of the Ten Acres, the low hedge changed to a tall wall of stately thorn trees. Below their feet the stream ran, amber, pellucid, over a line of transformed pebbles. Over this we used to lie for hours, watching the silver-scaled minnows as they sailed by. At the far end there was watercress, and over the hedge a strange field, good for mushrooms, but which bore with us a somewhat uncanny reputation.

Across it you saw the grey house-chimneys of the lonely house reputed to be haunted. Opposite its door stood an old fort on a little hill, a noted resort of the fairies. Any summer gloaming at all, you might see their hundreds of little lamps threading a fantastic measure in and out on the rath. I never heard that

any one saw more of them than those lights, which floated away if any were bold enough to approach them, like glorified balls of that thistledown of which children divine what's o'clock.

At the other side of the Ten Acres was a fantastic corner of grass, which was always a miniature meadow. There swung the scarlet and black butterflies which have flown into Fairy-land, and there the corncrake built his nest in the grass. It was a famous corner for bird's-nesting, which with us took no crueller form than liking to part the thick leaves to peep at the pretty, perturbed mother-thrush on her clutch. Sometimes we peeped too often, and she flew away and left the eggs cold. We saw the world from that corner, for one could see through the hedge on to the road by lying low where the roots of the hedge-row made a thinness. We should not have cared about this if it were not that we could look, unseen ourselves, at the infrequent passer-by, for the hedge grew luxuriantly. Further down it became partly a clay bank, and there on the coarse grass used to hang snail-shells of all sizes, and, as I remember them, of shining gold and silver. This inhabitant was the drawback to all that beauty, yet when we found an empty house, it was cold, dull, and with the sheen all vanished.

Across the road was the moat-field, the great fascination of which was in the wild hill that gave it its name. What the moat originally was I know not. I think, now, it must have been a gravel-hill, for it was full of deep gashes, of pits and quarries, run over by briar, alight with furze-bushes. It must have been long disused, for the hedge that was set around it—to keep the cattle out, perhaps—was tall and sturdy, and grew up boldly towards the trees that studded it at intervals. There was no other entry to it except by gaps we made in the close hedge, and, wriggling through these, we climbed among briars and all kinds of vegetation that made a miniature jungle overhead. Near the top we emerged on stunted grass, with the wide sky over us, and before us the champaign country stretching to the plains of Meath and the smoke of the city and the misty sea. Southwards there were the eternal hills which grow so dear to one, yet never so intimate that they have not fresh exquisite surprises in store. We threaded the moat by paths between the furze, on the golden honey-hives of which fluttered moths like blue turquoise. The dragon-fly was there, and the lady-bird and little beetles in emerald coat of mail. And over that the lark soared in a wide field of air to hail God

at His own very gates. Bitter little sloes grew on the moat, and blackberries in their season; and if you had descended into one of the many cups of the place, even long before the sun had begun to slant, you liked to shout to your companions and be answered cheerily out of the human world. The moat had an uncanniness of its own: it was haunted by leaping fires that overran it and left no trace. You might see it afar, suffused by a dull glare, any dim summer night. So have I myself beheld it when I have crept through the dews on a nocturnal expedition, and though one of the commonplace suggested that it might only have been the new moon rising scarlet behind the luxuriant vegetation of the moat, that was in the unimaginative next day, and not when we discussed the marvel in the scented darkness that comes between summer eve and dawn.

Then there was the well-field, where a little stream that fed the well clattered over pebbles, made leaps so sudden down tiny inclines, that we called the commotion a waterfall, and widened under a willow-tree into a pool, brown and still, where, tradition said, had once been seen a trout. For sake of this glorious memory we fished long with squirming worms and a pin, but caught not even the silliest little minnow. This small game we used to bag, by the way, at will, by simply lowering a can into the green depths of the well, where there was always a tiny silver fin a-sailing. Once we kept a pair three days in the washing-jug, and finally restored them to their emerald dark. The well-field was in part marshy and ended in a rushy place, where watercresses grew thick and a little bridge led into a neighbour's fields. There we found yellow iris, and the purple bee orchis, and fox-gloves.

Hard by was Nano's Field, which we affected only in the autumn, for then we gathered crab-apples, of a yellow and pink most delightful to the eye. And also the particular variety of blackberry which ripens first, and is large and of irregular shape, but, to the common blackberry, what purple grapes are to the thin, green variety. And again, there was the front lawn, where the quicken-berry hung in drooping scarlet clusters above us, as we sat on a knoll, and a sea of gold and white washed about us in May. But the fields make me garrulous, and if I were to go on they that never tired the children might weary the grown listener. Said I not they are seldom visited? Yet their enchantment is still there for happy generations unborn. The children and the fields and the birds we have always with us

I would that for every child there might be the fields, to make, long after, a dream of green beauty though the world has grown arid. Because the dream seems so sweet to me I have gossiped of it, at too great a length, but have not named half its delicate delights, nor some of the great ones—as the romps in the hay-fields, the voyage of discovery after hens' nests, the mysteries of that double hedge that is the orchard boundary, and the hidden places in gnarled boughs, where you perched among the secrets of the birds and the leaves and saw the crescent moon through a tender veil of enchantment while yet the orange of the sunset was in the west.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCCXVIII.

1763-1773.

THE BOSTON TEA-FIGHT.

PEACE had been made by the Great Powers, but the seeds of war remained, and were already germinating.

George III. was, in these early days, hardly popular, being supposed to be only a sort of tool of his mother and Lord Bute.

There was a great outcry at a cider-tax, led by Thomas Wilkes, a mischievous man, member for Aylesbury, whose name long continued a proverb for disaffection. It ended in Lord Bute resigning. A jack-boot and a petticoat were burnt in many of the western counties as insults to him and to the Princess of Wales. Another person who retired at this juncture was Fox, who was created Lord Holland. He had various quarrels with the Administration, and in his bitterness he took his second son, Charles James, away from Eton at fourteen, and carrying him first to Paris, then to Spa, introduced him to every sort of dissipation, especially gambling, as if he had designed to ruin a very fine character. The boy begged to be sent back to Eton, but his tastes never recovered the harm he had suffered from his father.

Mr. George Grenville became Prime Minister, but matters remained perplexed, and the King had several interviews with Pitt, but without coming to an agreement. Grenville continued to be Prime Minister, and it was in his time that the measures were taken which occasioned the beginning of the American Revolution. The wits declared that he lost America because he read the despatches, which no one else had done.

This was so far true that he was struck by the prosperity of the thirteen colonies, and likewise with the heavy expenses that their defence against French and Indians had brought upon the mother country, and he thought that they ought to

contribute to the cost;* but such colonies were so new that precedent was wanting, and he forgot that, according to the principles of the Constitution, it was due to those who were taxed to have a voice in the apportionment of the burthen.

His objects were, first, to secure to the old country the trade with the new ones; next to keep British soldiers in America and to obtain a tax for their support. The Navigation Acts, as they were called, forbade goods to be taken to or from the colonies, except in ships built or owned in England or the colonies, and forbade various commodities to be taken to other places than England. It was, in fact, a very much milder law than was in force in the colonies of France and Spain, for these forbade the use or ownership of colonial ships; and it dated as far back as 1645, but it had never been properly enforced, and the New England States were carrying on a free trade with the Spanish settlements.

Grenville, with the King's consent, determined to enforce these laws and put down the traffic, which in his eyes was smuggling. So, to ensure detection, *writs of assistance* were asked for, by which custom-house officers were empowered to search houses and vessels for goods which they had no right to contain. In February, 1761, application was made to the Supreme Court of Massachusetts for such a writ.

On this, James Otis, the Advocate-General of the colony, resigned, in order to be free to argue against the writ. He declared that England had no right to impose the law without consent of those subject to it, and that the Acts of Trade ran counter to the colonial charters, and were thus void, transgressing, as he averred, the Rights of Nature derived from the Author of Nature.

He did not succeed; the writs were granted, though apparently not acted upon; but this doctrine of the inherent rights of man, which he had probably imbibed from the French philosophers, was really the beginning of the American Revolution. The Puritans and the Roundheads thought of the English rights and of the Constitution; he, of the rights of man. So, the afterwards noted John Adams declared 'that American independence was then born.' Government at home was offended, appointed fresh duties, and caused ships of war to watch over the exports, much to the annoyance of the naval officers employed, since they disliked such work as overhauling cargoes and examining licences that they did not understand.

The Stamp Act then followed. It was a very moderate impost. It merely required wills, agreements, leases, and other documents to be written on stamped paper, costing an exceedingly small sum, but only to be procured from tax-gatherers, and without which the papers were invalid. No one objected to the law, which had long been in force in England, but the matter was strongly opposed in America and by the friends of the colonies.

Colonel Barré, who had fought at Quebec, is said to have made a strong speech in their favour when they were said to be the indulged children of England, planted by her care.

'Planted by your care?' said he. 'No, they were planted by your oppression! Nourished by your indulgence? They grew up under your neglect!' and more of the same spirit. The speech was immensely admired in America, and boys learnt to declaim it in school with great energy, but the awkward thing is that it cannot be found in the Parliamentary records, nor are authorities agreed whether the speech which provoked it was Charles Townsend's or Grenville's, and it is much suspected that Barré worked it up afterwards.

However, the Stamp Act passed. Meanwhile the King was dangerously ill with what then passed for fever, but with an aberration of mind that made it necessary to have it signed by Commission, and which made him, on his recovery, anxious as to the future, and desirous that a regency should be arranged, since his eldest son was barely three years old. The name of the Queen was obvious, but there was absolutely a difference of opinion as to the Princess of Wales, so bitter was the prejudice against this good woman, who had really been guilty of nothing save keeping her sons aloof from a corrupt Court and society, and showing too blind a trust in the one man whom she had learnt to respect. The proposal for the Regency Bill then limited the appointment, by the King's most unwilling consent, to the Queen and the descendants of the late King. Chief Justice Morton, however, moved that the Princess Dowager's name should be restored; and whereas the Whigs hated the Ministry even more than they hated poor Augusta, the insertion of her name was carried by a great majority.

The King was much hurt by his Ministers' conduct in the matter, and by the evident discontent of the country. A Bill had been brought into Parliament for imposing high duties on Italian silks, such as were already paid by the French silks.

This was in the interest of the Spitalfields weavers, a great colony of Huguenots, who were still far from dropping their language, and still had their own chapels and hospitals. The Bill was thrown out, chiefly owing to the Duke of Bedford, to the great disappointment of the weavers, who, after having been much favoured, found their trade carried off by fashion setting in for foreign silks. Three or four thousand of them went in a peaceable manner out to Richmond to petition the King, and finding him gone to Wimbledon to a review, followed him thither. He listened to them kindly, and promised to do what he could for their relief, and they retired; but the next day they appeared in numbers, carrying red and black flags, abusing the peers, and actually stoning the Duke of Bedford's coach. One stone cut his hand and grazed his temple. The next day he received intelligence that the mob were going to attack his house. He had time to collect a garrison of friends and to call in soldiers, before the mob arrived, and began to pull down the wall of the court; but the Lord Mayor read the Riot Act, and the cavalry rode in and dispersed them, but without serious damage, and the only further harm was the breaking the windows of a mercer who dealt in French silks. The town was restless for some days, but a subscription was made for the poorer weavers, and the mercers entered into an engagement not to import foreign goods, and sent plenty of orders to the Spitalfields looms, so that the disturbance was quelled; but there were some who thought that the riot among these ordinarily peaceable men had been due to Lord Bute, and others who, with far more probability, ascribed it to John Wilkes.

The King saw his Ministers to be incompetent and bringing him into difficulties and unpopularity. He consulted with his uncle of Cumberland, who went at once to see Pitt in his sick chamber at Hayes, and offered him to return to the Ministry with whatever colleagues he wished. Pitt wished for Lord Temple as first Lord of the Treasury, but, to his great vexation, this could not be done, Temple having reconciled himself to Grenville, and having plans for forming a Ministry with him. Pitt held himself bound in honour not to accept office without him, and the scheme was rendered impossible, so that the King was forced to retain Grenville and Bedford, though most unwillingly.

Grenville's Stamp Act had been received with extreme displeasure in America, and the colonies were on the point of resistance. In Virginia a young man named Patrick Henry,

who was gifted with remarkable eloquence, though he had failed in all his undertakings, and was a rough-hewn man who had rejected all education and culture, stood forth in the House of Burgesses and made a memorable speech. 'Cæsar,' he cried, 'had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, George III.——'

'Treason! treason!' broke in the Speaker.

'Treason! treason!' was the cry.

Patrick Henry went on with, 'may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it.'

His resolution of remonstrance against the Stamp Act was adopted by a small majority, consisting chiefly of the younger members.

James Otis proposed in Massachusetts that the colonies should be represented in a congress which should send a united remonstrance to England. Only nine of the thirteen sent delegates, but these drew up a Declaration of Rights and a petition to the King, including the Stamp Act and the enforcement of the Navigation Laws.

The merchants agreed not to import from England, but homespun clothes were to be worn and native produce used; and one lady wrote that her people would rather go about wrapped in sheep and goat-skins than buy of a people who had insulted them. Of course this was mere enthusiasm. The question had to be marked out. The colonies were really willing to contribute to the Government, and thought themselves loyal, but they claimed to be allowed to decide the means and the amount, and if more far-sighted men than Grenville and Bedford had been at the head of affairs, probably there would have been found means of satisfying them before the contest had gone too far.

Andrew Oliver, the agent for selling the stamps at Boston, was hung in effigy from an elm, since called Liberty Tree. The sheriff was ordered to take the figure down, but the people said, 'We will take it down ourselves in the evening.' Then they paraded the figure through the streets, burnt it, plundered Oliver's house, and burnt the stamp papers. In Maryland, Rhode Island, and New York the like destruction occurred.

When these proceedings were reported in England, and the petition presented, Pitt spoke very strongly. He declared that to say that the Americans were represented in Parliament was a mere delusion, and that it was entirely contrary to the Constitution that any people should be taxed without their own consent.

'The Americans, I say,' he declared, 'have not acted in all things with prudence and temper. They have been wronged. They have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned? Rather let prudence and temper come first from this side.'

'Be to her faults a little blind,
Be to her virtues very kind.'

Franklin, who had come over in charge of the petition, was closely cross-examined in Committee on the effect of the Stamp Act, and of the enforcement of the Navigation Laws. He was asked (no doubt on purpose)—

'What used to be the pride of the Americans?'

'To indulge in the fashions and manufactures of Great Britain.'

'What is now their pride?'

'To wear their old clothes over again till they can get new ones.'

The Stamp Act was repealed, though there was a strong party in opposition, and the King wished it to have been modified, not repealed, so as not entirely to give up the principle. There was ringing of bells and great triumph among the Americans, who burned in their bonfires a boot, as an emblem of Lord Bute, whom they fancied their enemy and the King's adviser, though George III. had entirely turned away from him. Charles Watson, Marquis of Rockingham, a descendant of Strafford, a good man, sensible, but not a genius, was much trusted by the King. He was a Whig, and much wished to have Pitt in the Administration, but could not persuade him to accept office until 1765, when all the Ministry were changed, and he became Prime Minister, taking the title by which he is best known—of Earl of Chatham; but he was in such continual bad health, and suffered such agonies from gout that he was very little able to interfere.

The question of how America should be made to feel its shame came up again, and duties were imposed upon glass, red and white lead, painter's colours, paper and tea. The proceeds were to be spent in the country itself in maintaining the governors, judges, and other public servants. British regiments were also sent out and quartered in the chief towns, Boston especially. The officers added much to the general gaiety and were popular among the gentry; but in the old Puritan

places a good deal of scandal and demur was created by their balls and theatricals. There were quarrels in many quarters between the private soldiers and the people at New York. The soldiers cut down the Tree of Liberty, and the people planted it again, only to be cut down and fresh planted.

Very unnecessarily, as it seemed, the soldiers beat down the hills of snow that the boys of Boston raised that they might sleigh down the slopes. The lads complained to the captain, but he gave them no redress, and then they went to the English Governor, Gage.

'What!' he said, 'have your fathers taught you treason, and sent you here to exhibit it?'

'Nobody sent us, sir,' said one of the boys. 'We have never injured or insulted your soldiers, but they tread down our snow-hills and break the ice on our skating-grounds; and when we complain they call us young rebels, and bid us help ourselves. We went to the captain, and he only laughed at us, so we are come to you.'

The Governor was pleased with them, and sent orders that they should not be molested; but there was much ill-feeling, which might have been avoided by proper discipline. The soldiers were allowed to ramp about the streets, carrying arms, and the people were only too ready to provoke them, calling them bloody-backs and lobsters, a name carried on from the Commonwealth wars, when it alluded to the jointed armour of the legs of the Ironsides, but now was applied to the red-coats of the regular regiments.

One moonlight night in March, 1770, some soldiers quarrelled with the populace, and there were teasing shouts on either side; then the boys threw volleys of snowballs, and the guard was turned out under Captain Preston. At first, the mob gave way, but the boldest pressed on the soldiers, headed by a mulatto called Crispus Attuck, and knocked at their muskets with sticks, till at last Captain Preston gave the word to fire, and nine men fell, three of them killed, among whom was Attuck. There was great indignation, and Preston was tried for murder, but acquitted on the plea that he was doing his duty as a soldier, and indeed the provocation was great. The two regiments were withdrawn to an island in the harbour, but the incident, though really only a street affray, was remembered as the Boston massacre.

A royal vessel, called the *Gaspée*, was stationed in Narraganset

Bay to look out for the numerous smugglers who tried to avoid the Royal Trade Act. In pursuit of one of these suspected vessels, the *Gaspée* ran aground near Namquit Point, seven miles from Providence. Her superintendence was so hated that when it was known through the town that there she lay helpless, till a high tide should float her off in early morning, there was a determination to destroy her, and a drummer went through the town, telling all who were willing to help to meet at a certain tavern at sunset. Eight boats were manned, the oars were muffled, and in the darkness the party reached the schooner, overpowered the crew, sent them on shore, and then set their vessel on fire, returning in broad daylight, and though Government declared the act treasonable, nobody would give information, and it remained wholly unpunished.

The country, meanwhile, was bent on doing without any imported goods, rather than pay the duties on them. Garments were made of home spun wool, and the plants that bear the name of Jersey tea, or Labrador tea, remain to testify to the decoctions that attempted to supply the place of tea. Revenue officers were tarred and feathered, and the colonial authorities, instead of protecting them, ignored their existence.

Hitherto the Governor and other officials had been paid by the States, but the Crown proposed to take the salaries into its own hands. This raised a storm, for the Americans felt that power lay in the purse, and it was even proposed to prosecute the Chief Justice for having accepted his salary from the King.

A body of men at Boston, of whom Samuel Adams was the leading spirit, were secret movers in all the resistance to England. They got the name of Caucus—whence derived no one seems to know, the most plausible derivation being that there was a standing feud between the soldiers and the calkers, or rope-makers, and that any meeting of the disaffected came to be called a Calkers' meeting, and this was corrupted into Caucus, a word which has become only too familiar to us, for all inner secret boards of direction.

The Caucus arranged to obtain from their fellow-citizens at Boston the election of a Corresponding Committee, to keep in touch with the other States; and this became an engine of great force. Benjamin Franklin was agent in London for the Assembly of Massachusetts, and did much to secure the cause of the discontented. He published a satirical article, in which

the Emperor was supposed to claim the supremacy of England, as being peopled by an offshoot from Germany; and another, called 'Rules for Reducing a Great Empire to a Small One,' by treating it like a large cake and nibbling at the outside edges.

It was determined in England to give up all attempts at taxation, except upon tea; and the teas were to be sent straight from the East India Company, and would be sold at a lower price than in England, where tea remained an excisable article for a century longer.

The Americans, however, were in the greatest excitement, believing the tea only the small end of the wedge, and expecting all manner of oppressions to follow. They were resolved that no import should be made, and in Pennsylvania some went so far as to issue handbills, warning pilots against bringing in English tea, which was meant to poison the people.

The ships arrived. At Charleston the freight was landed, but stored up in warehouses, and left to perish unused; but at Boston the feeling was much stronger and more violent, when those vessels came into harbour. Their captains were willing and anxious to sail away without a contest, but they had entangled themselves with formalities with the Governor and harbour-master, and could not start at once. The Committee of Correspondence set a guard over them, and people from all quarters implored the men of Boston to stand by the liberties of America.

Seven thousand people met in Faneuil Hall, and adjourned to Old South Church, to have more room. The owner of one of the ships went to the Governor to ask to have the ships sent back to England, but the Governor thought this inconsistent with his loyalty. He offered to have the tea landed and stored, as at Charleston; but the people were too furious for this compromise, and Samuel Adams declared, 'This meeting can do no more to save the country.'

A war whoop was heard at the porch, and forty or fifty young men, disguised and painted as Red Indians, took boat that night, swarmed into the three tea-ships, and threw 340 chests of tea into the water, but did no further mischief to the crews, and dispersed quietly; but sundry Boston housewives found their stores quietly replenished. The damage was reckoned at £18,000, and this 'Boston tea-party' is reckoned as the beginning of the American Revolution.

ON HAYES' DOWN.

WE are standing on the top of Stoke Down. How we got there is no matter at all. We are here to look for some caves, or ancient underground passages, and rooms, which have been recently discovered near a chalk pit on one of these South Down hills. The sky is blue, and the larks are singing with great energy in the pleasant sunshine; the tide of the Channel has filled Chichester harbour, and is shining like silver all about the many promontories which stretch out into it. The little pointed cap of the tower of Bosham Church, where Canute's young daughter was buried, shows against the water. Romans, Danes, Saxons, Normans, each have some part in the history of that shining harbour and these quiet, peaceful downs. To the right of us, in the cleft of another rising down, is Kingly Bottom, full of dark and venerable yews; there weapons have clashed and strange war-cries have sounded, and on the summit of the down two barrows have for long centuries been silent witnesses to the horrors and sorrows of war.

In the mist which veils the flat country to the south-east, we see the graceful pile and spire of Chichester Cathedral.

The gorse blooms and gives out its sweet scent. Two antiquated small tortoiseshell butterflies, in last year's washed-out frocks, have come out of their winter quarters and are dancing up and down in great glee; but there is no appearance or sign of human creature other than we two.

We go down to the chalk-pit just below us on the tiptoe of expectation, for we have heard that men and lanterns are provided to-day to show the caverns; but the great basin lies before and below us, empty save for one or two brown bushes, and silent save for the lark singing madly above its nest. Certainly this pit has not yet given up any ancient treasures. We sit down on its brink and enjoy its wonderful charm of intense repose. But those who are set on archæological explorations must not linger at the wrong pit; so off we go, visiting

two other grass-grown basins with a like result. Evidently we are on the wrong tack. Away in the distance, towards Goodwood, we see another chalk-pit, and near to it a brilliantly white heap, evidently newly turned up chalk; so we tramp off to find some living creature to direct us along the road, past a little church in whose churchyard lies the mortal remains of Dean Hook, down to where the river Lavant flows by the side of the road clear and rapid, its masses of water-weed swaying with the current—evidently a favourite haunt of the dishwasher. Fifty years ago a part of the Lavant's course was the high-road to one of the down villages. A perfectly dry road too for six or eight months in the year. How the inhabitants got about when the intermittent little river condescended to flow is not related; but that is all by the way. A baker's boy at last comes in sight, and he directs us to the caves as if he had known them all his life; so soon do things become familiar to us all!

We pass another little church and some lovely thatched cottages, on which the sun is striking in just the best light, making them a perfect picture of colour and shade; then, between banks where 'the nodding violet blows,' we go up a long, steep, white track—it cannot be called a road, so deeply is it rutted,—following other people now, all evidently bent on the caves. All sorts seem to be making their way up, three perambulators being among the crowd; the babies will probably be all the better for the air of the downs, but there is a screw loose in one 'pram,' and a young mother is searching in the chalky ruts for a lost 'nut,' evidently of more value to her than any British or Roman remains. But here we are: the banks widen out and end, and we come out on to Hayes' Down. The Roman camp on 'the Trundle' rises on our right, and here is a little wooden shanty and railing guarding what appears to be a big rabbit-burrow in the down, close to a cultivated field, where a month ago a shepherd folding his sheep struck his bar into the ground, and was rather surprised when it went off on its own account and disappeared into the earth, having broken through the roof of an underground passage. The man who is guarding the entrance of the burrow tells us that he was the first man 'in.' He seems interested and intelligent, also very keen on securing the fee of threepence before permitting any to enter.

We bend nearly double and descend into a curious arched and curving passage lighted by candles stuck about in the white chalk, and after a few yards come into a larger and higher place,

bearing a great resemblance to the crypts of some old Church, the arches spring out from one another from short, stout pillars on the same principle. The old man who shows this part says that the 'genelman from London' says that was the way the Romans always dug their underground passages; but an attempt has been made to give this curious place a Celtic origin, and nothing is certain at present. A large 'settle' is cut in the chalk at the entrance of the wider space. You can imagine it quite a comfortable sofa spread with furs, and sitting on it you can imagine any wilder scene you please—half-clad, affrighted wretches hiding from wild Danes, or fierce Romans, or savage men storing booty and quarrelling. One human bone has been found. Does one bone make a tragedy? The 'genelman' has had a hole made into the 'settle,' and was sadly disappointed not to find it a place of sepulchre. Some curious ornaments were found close to it—pins, wristlets, and a pendant roughly worked. These have been sent to the British Museum to be dated, but their photographs are shown. They are thought to be Roman, but it has been observed that Britons could easily have been in possession of Roman ornaments; but the archæological 'genelmen' must fight that out. Several pyrites, said to have been used for striking a light before the days of flint and steel, have also been found.

From this larger space the passage continues, dipping steeply down, and ends after a few yards—ends decidedly, for the chalk wall bears marks of the last chisel and bar that have been at work on it—how long ago? On the roof is the black smoke-mark made by a candle being held close to it, 'which,' our guide tells us, 'was just as you see when me and my mate comed in, and there was just some bits of broken pots and an oyster shell—a very fine oyster shell, too—and I took him home with me.'

The pots and a coin belong to so late a date as the seventeenth century, and the 'genelman' thinks that the caves were probably explored last about that period. The 'oldest inhabitant' knew nothing of their existence at this particular spot, but there has always been a tradition that the downs contained caves. We come back into the larger vaulted chamber. It strikes one as a strange thing that some people who have come miles to see this cave should be sitting on the ancient settle discussing a coming ball!

The few candles light the place up well, because roof, walls,

and floor are all white. It is quite pretty to see figures coming up from the steep passage as we stand in the wider space. No one seems to have the least fear that the roof may fall in here, and indeed the build of the chamber gives a sense of security. Perhaps the shepherd's bar struck on the original entrance, which would be nearer the surface, no doubt hidden by the bushes which at one time grew thickly about. The air in the cave is quite sweet and fresh, and was so when it was first entered. Whoever dug it out provided, by the plan of passages, for thorough ventilation. There are hopes that more interesting things may yet be found when fallen-in passages are dug out. There are several depressions in the down close by which seem, to totally ignorant persons like we two, to suggest fallen-in roofs. Yesterday, almost, we walked over the spot as solid ground; to-day we find tokens of a bygone world beneath our feet. We wriggle ourselves out of the burrow, and, standing on the top, look out to the misty cliffs of the Isle of Wight, and imagine ourselves any of our ancestors we please, looking out for friends or enemies coming in with the tide. Then we vanish. The rest does not matter at all.

DOROTHY HIGGINSON.

SHAVEN CROWN.

CHAPTER I.

A FOREST TOWNSHIP.

WARMUND, son of Hawk, Lord of the Addings, sat on the bench that ran along the outside of his log-built and white-washed hall, fast asleep in the low June sun, after a hard day's work in his hay-field. Great man as he was, and wielding more power over the men of his township than any duke of modern days, he looked like nothing so much as a farmer of the old school—rough, hale, weather-beaten, grizzled, with keen enjoyment of his victuals, and an expression of capableness and common sense upon his bluff but well-formed features. The two orphan children whom he and his wife Elfrida had brought up were, at a very short distance from him, likewise enjoying the pleasant summer afternoon. The door of the hall had a wooden porch, over which was fixed a spike supporting the skeleton head of a horse, stuck there to bring good luck; and on the top of this porch sat a bright-eyed boy, whose face looked older than his small stature would otherwise indicate, talking to a tall, fair-faced girl, with long golden hair hanging down her back, who was rather lazily twirling her distaff below.

Life was simple, but not easy, to our forefathers thirteen hundred years ago. We have been subduing and replenishing this English earth ever since that time, with the result that the forest and heathland, which once overspread most of the country which was not marsh, have now, where they still exist, to be preserved by Act of Parliament as play-places. They were not looked upon as rare treasures, but as the difficult materials out of which life had to be extracted, by the tribe of the Addings, who dwelt in the woodland country on what is now the border of Surrey and Kent, where their name still survives in two villages to the east of Croydon.

Witgils, the boy who sat on the porch, saw before him a border of pine forest on whichever side he cast his eyes, diversified only by cultivated clearings and whitewashed houses peeping through the trees here and there. For a mile or two on either side the same prospect would have offered itself. Anything like a modern village there was none, in the ancient 'ton' of the Addings—the tribe who had made their settlement in the forest, and were known among their neighbours as the Men of the Wood.

'Swangift,' he said to the girl, after a pause, 'if I had been Ermenric, I would have stayed with Ethelbert at Canterbury. I can't see why he should have given up all the fun he had there just to come home and marry you!'

'He is an Adding, and it is natural a man should care to live among his own folk,' said Swangift, putting aside the personal question with some dignity.

'Ah! he doesn't talk to a girl as he does to a man, about things of real importance,' said Witgils; and then, unheeding Swangift's 'Man, indeed!' he went on: 'I mean to go to Canterbury and offer my service to Ethelbert as soon as I am a bit taller. Think, Swangift! Here we see nobody from year's end to year's end, and we have nobody to fight with but the Beddings, and nothing to talk of but who has died and who is born, and whose barley is overrun with weeds, and how the gods send rain when there should be sun, and sun when there should be rain. And Ermenric, in one winter, has talked to men from north and south and east and west—men who have been to the north and seen the sun shine at midnight, and men who have been to the south and seen the trees all in leaf in midwinter; and he has wrestled with men from Northumbria and Mercia, and even with Franks from over-sea, while we have none to try our strength with but the accursed sons of Bedd!'

'Where a man lives,' said Swangift, 'and where he has his hall, and his clearing, and his share of the common-land, there he had better make up his mind to dwell, to my thinking. And as to fighting, I know what I know, and it seems to me more than likely that before long Ermenric will have a dun bull the more, and the Beddings a beast the less.'

'If I were Ethelbert,' said Witgils, 'I would have no such mongrel, half-hearted tribe as the Beddings on my border. Now and again they send their men to the hundred-meeting in Kent, and now in Wessex; and never, I have heard say, has

a Bedding man come to the shire meeting at Canterbury, or sent a man to fight for Ethelbert. And so they just do what they will, and mind neither Kent nor Wessex over-lords. But Bedding beasts they are, and ever have been, since they did us out of our choicest lands when the children of Add came to England from over-seas!'

Swangift was well aware of the tradition which obtained among the Addings, and accounted for the deadly feud which had lasted for many generations between them and the Beddings—namely, that the children of Add had, on their first arrival in England, settled down upon the Wandel meadows; had been driven back by a temporary eastward surge of the war, and had returned to find the children of Bedd in possession of their homes. This had reduced them to the cultivated lands of Addiscombe, or Addingscombe, for their common allotment, all else having had to be won by the strong hand from heathland and forest. Thence the bitter little border warfare which was the chief excitement of the Adding race.

'Ay,' the girl said calmly, 'Ethelbert should burn their homesteads, and slay their best fighters, and give us the rest of them as slaves.'

They had thought Warmund was asleep, but at this period of their conversation a chuckle betrayed him.

"Bedding slaves, my lass? Not if I know it! I doubt, sooner or later, the red cock would crow over any homestead that housed a Bedding slave. No, no! leave the Beddings alone, and have no more to do with them than you can help, and in time they will lose their stomach for fighting. But take them into our homesteads? No, no! Leave counsel for men, my girl, and go get me another draught of ale. I am still dry after my day's work.'

The girl laid her distaff on the bench and went to fulfil her grandfather's bidding; and while she did so, her grandmother came out of the hall—a little, dried-up old lady, looking considerably older than her husband, though she was really his junior, for life among the Addings was at this period reduced to its very simplest terms, and hardship aged women early. Rough food, clean water, the shelter of a roof, fire for cooking, clothes and bedding were all the domestic necessaries known; the implements for labour and even for war were of an elementary kind; and art had hardly begun to develop itself even in rude ornamentation. As, however, the delicate children were killed

off young by the hardships of their lives, those who survived mostly grew up strong and hardy, and it was only in the premature old age which came on them, that their want of comforts became manifest.

The houses of the township were all much alike. Warmund's was rather larger than the rest, and the only one dignified with a porch. They were all log-built, the better ones plastered over with white mud, and either thatched or roofed with rough shingles.

As a rule, each of the houses consisted of three divisions, which were sometimes built side by side, sometimes in three separate blocks of building. There was the hall, or living room, where the men of the household slept at night; the bower, or the women's sleeping-place; and the kitchen. As building cost nothing but labour—for all the houses were made of rough logs hewn down from the forest—these edifices, all except the kitchens, were fairly roomy. In the midst of each was a stone hearth—the floor was of earth,—and the wood-fire that burnt upon it in the winter sent its smoke curling about the rafters till it found its way out at an opening in the roof. There was no glass in the windows, but the openings were closed at night with wooden shutters. Furniture there was absolutely none, except the 'boards' on trestles, which formed tables, and the rough benches without backs, which did duty for seats, if we except the great wooden state-chairs with backs and arms, which were the seats of honour for the houseman and housewife.

In such a house Warmund and Elfrida had brought up four children, two of whom had died in infancy, and two in maturity. Edmund, Swangift's father, and Roswald, Witgils's father, had both been killed in battle; Swangift's mother had died at her birth, and Witgils's had succumbed to the hardships of a winter flight through the forest to place her boy in safety in the hands of his grandfather. It was a disappointment to the grandparents that Swangift was only a girl, and that Witgils, though healthy and quick-witted, was so undersized that he would never have fair play in battle. Indeed, when Swangift was born and proved to be a girl, such was the family vexation that they were debating whether to rear the baby or expose it to death, when a flight of wild swans flew over the house with weird cries. Elfrida checked the council of destruction with her hand. Then she said, 'The child shall live. The gods have promised luck to her, and her name shall be Swangift.'

So Swangift was reared, and grew into a very lovely girl,

grey-eyed and golden-haired, and tall and strong enough to promise to be, as Elfrida said, the mother of heroes. She was accomplished, too, according to the notions of that day. Elfrida was a very notable housekeeper, and Swangift was carefully taught to spin, weave, sew, and cook, as well as to distinguish the hurtful and healing weeds that grew in the wood and on the heath, and to make ointments and draughts of them.

In those days it was the first duty of parents and guardians to find husbands for the marriageable girls under their charge, and Swangift was betrothed at fifteen to a promising young Adding, Ermenric, son of Wilfrid, perhaps better known as Ermenric Strong-arm. Her grandfather had determined that the smallness of Witgils should be counterbalanced by size and strength in the young man who should be Swangift's husband, and though probably Swangift would not have been listened to if she had raised any objection to Ermenric, happily for her she had none to raise. Ermenric was a fine, tall youth, good at work and good at fighting, and by no means averse to celebrate his triumphs in an ale-feast; on which occasions the Addings remarked with approbation that his head was already well-seasoned, as if he had been thirty instead of twenty. He would have married Swangift before now, if it had not been that his mother was a cranky invalid, rather queer in her head, and that her mind was so set against having a daughter-in-law in the house, that Elfrida had decided, for Swangift's sake, that the marriage should not take place until Ermenric had built a house for himself, instead of taking her into his parents' house, as usual. 'It is not fit,' she said, 'that Swangift, daughter of Edmund, whose lineage comes in a straight line from Add, son of Woden, should be flouted by Gytha Wilfrid's wife, whom he carried off out of Wessex, and whose lineage no man can answer for.' And as Ermenric had had to go and fight King Ethelbert's battles, he had not yet been able to build his own hall and bower, so that Swangift was still at home in her grandfather's house.

'The children are true hawks of Add," said Warmund, smiling, to his wife. 'Their talk is already how best to deal with the Bedding beasts.'

'I only hope,' said Elfrida, 'they may be long before they know as much about the Bedding beasts as I did at their age, when they slew my father Osric, and hung him on their Tree of Meeting as a sacrifice to the Thunder-god. But what shouts are those I hear?'

In a moment Witgils had slid down the rough wooden pillar of the porch, and was away down the rough path in the direction of the voices, while Swangift, having filled her grandfather's horn with ale and given it into his hand, was not long behind him.

CHAPTER II.

THE LIFTING OF THE DUN BULL.

UP along the path from Addiscombe a procession came in sight. First of all, Warmund and Elfrida beheld a tall, blue-eyed, sun-reddened youth, with long fair hair on his shoulders, leading a small, wide-horned dun bull, and accompanied by Swangift and Witgils, the former of whom was receiving congratulations on all sides for her lover's prowess.

After them followed several shouting youths, evidently in high good-humour with something that had happened, shouting defiance to the Beddings and honour to the Addings; and after them again a confused rabble of children, also shouting and trying to outvie their elders in noise.

Warmund rose, rather stiffly, and went to meet the procession, saying sharply—

'Ermenric, what means this?'

'The best dun bull from the Bedding meads, Lord Warmund,' said Ermenric, with pride in his voice.

'Paid for, or lifted?' said Warmund.

'Lifted,' said Ermenric. 'Do not the crooked horns of Cole's black ram hang on their Tree of Meeting?'

'Cole is but a churl, both in degree and in heart, and I trust not a word he says,' said Warmund. 'Hot head, hot head! Had I known beforehand I would not have had such fooling happen for anything! There has been no cattle-lifting from Addings or Beddings now for near two years, and sleeping dogs should be left to lie.'

'I did it,' said Ermenric, 'for the honour of the Adding name, not willing they should boast over us in the matter of Cole's black ram.'

'And so you force my hand, lad,' said Warmund, looking much vexed. 'Now they will be on the look-out for vengeance; the pastures must be doubly watched day and night, and Addings go armed for a day's hunting in the forest as though they were going into battle! If it were not for the honour of

the Adding name, and that I will not have the Beddings taunt us with fear, I would send the bull back to their meads this very night!'

And Warmund turned round testily and went into his own hall. Ermenric and his companions passed on to his own farm, where he meant to tether the creature in his byre; but they did so in silence, not daring to shout in defiance of Warmund's disapproval. Swangift and Witgils stood still and looked down the road, where the rabble of children had found new game, in the shape of a stranger dressed in a costume none of them had ever seen before, and who came slowly up the same path which had just been traversed by Ermenric's triumphal procession.

The Adding children had not many lessons in manners, and the outlandishly dressed stranger was followed by a train of little Adding boys and girls, talking, jeering, and pointing at him with more wonder and surprise than politeness. He was a big young man in a monk's dress, and it was this and his shaven crown which excited so much sensation among the small fry of the village.

'He's a woman!'

'No, she's a man!'

'A Wessex hog. I bet you six nuts!'

'Ee! Ee! Wessex hog! Wessex hog!'

'I say, shall we heave a few stones at him? He can't fight in petticoats.'

'Leave him alone; he's too big for us to meddle with,' said one, in whom discretion was the better part of valour.

The monk, however, paid no more attention to these remarks, and came straight up to Warmund's door, guided apparently by the skeleton of the horse's head. Witgils, as soon as he saw the stranger's intention, went to the door to be in the way of the new arrival; while Swangift retreated into the house, and stood with eyes open and parted lips, watching the new-comer with much curiosity. She was not a young woman of the world, and was quite as much surprised as the children, though she knew better how to behave; for she very seldom saw any one from beyond a radius of eight or ten miles.

The monk looked down with a smile at Witgils, who stood his ground, and whose keen, intelligent face, all the more noticeable for the boy's small stature, was certainly a change to look at from the ordinary type of the country.

'Is this the hall of Warmund, son of Hawk?' he said. His

accent was somewhat foreign, though he spoke the language of the country easily and familiarly; but varieties of dialect were to be expected in any one who lived more than twenty miles away.

'Yes,' said Witgils. 'But he is just gone into his field yonder to speak to the men.'

Here Elfrida, who had been spinning within, came to the door.

'Come in, sir, if your business is with Warmund,' she said. 'He will be in before long.'

Elfrida might not have given this welcome to any unaccredited stranger in outlandish costume. But this man was unarmed, except with the weapons of nature, his face, though lank and spare, was genial and honest, and his eyes looked straight into hers. He came in at her invitation, and sat down rather wearily on one of the forms placed against the table, which had not yet been cleared after the family meal, and on which sundry round loaves, such as did duty for plates, and the remains of a pitcher of ale were still standing.

'Swangift!' said Elfrida, 'run to the kitchen and fetch thence a bowl of broth with plenty of meat in it. The man has fasted too long to wait for food till your grandfather comes.'

'Thanks, lady,' said the monk, putting his hand up with a gesture of refusal, 'but flesh I may not eat to-day. If of your bounty I may make free with this piece of bread, and crave a drink of water——'

'Eat what you will,' said Elfrida, with the conscious pride of one who kept house in a large way, 'there are plenty more loaves where those come from. But when did you last break your fast?'

'Yesterday at midday,' said the monk.

'There! I knew it. I have not lived sixty years in this world, not to know the signs of a half-starved man. But you are old enough to have been more provident. Why, that hood would hold provisions for a week, nor do you look like one that shrinks from work. Come now, that bread is poor dry stuff. There is nothing like steaming broth to revive an exhausted man. Swangift, go fetch some.'

'Any other day I should be grateful for it, lady; but to-day I may not. I am a priest of the White Christ, nor may I break my fast on a Friday, the day whereon He redeemed the world.'

'I know not what you are talking of,' said Elfrida, 'but have

it your own way. But why, if so, did you not eat late last night? If a man has to fast one day, it is for those who see to his needs to give him food beforehand. Where did you break your fast last?'

'In the village of Seven Oaks, to the south,' said the monk, smiling at her persistency.

'Then the housewives there must be poor managers, or else stingy,' said Elfrida, 'to have fed you, and given you nought to fill your stomach on your journey.'

'Nay,' said the monk, 'they have earned no such blame, for I bought food at Seven Oaks and carried it in my hood. But on my way I came upon a starving man with his wife and child, and so I parted with my food, and I have been able to get no more. Could I have eaten flesh to-day, I would have shaped myself a bow and arrow, and slain some wild bird or small beast of the wood, and cooked it on a fire of sticks; but as it was, I was fain to go on my journey fasting.'

'Well,' said Witgils, 'if such are the customs of your war-chief, I doubt there are not many folk who will care to follow his banner.'

Elfrida lifted her hand to box the boy's ears for his impertinence to a guest, but he dodged behind Swangift, and then thought it better to modify his former remark by saying, in a more polite tone—

'Are there many such, sir?'

'Boy,' said the monk, 'there are all the blessed angels of the heaven, and all the saints of the earth, dead and living, who march under that banner to victory!' There was a thrill in his voice that impressed his three hearers, though not one of them understood his words.

Swangift took up the conversation.

'And do you all fight in those long smocks down to your feet?' she said.

Here the monk laughed.

'Some of us,' he said, 'and some in men's armour, and some in women's robes, and some in white with palms and crowns, and some with great swan wings on their back to fly with. But all of us fight, and all of us conquer, if only we are true to our Chief.'

'It is an ill return of hospitality,' said Elfrida, in a somewhat offended tone, 'to tell tales to your entertainers that are not true. Who could fight in a woman's dress, or with swan wings on their back?'

'Nay, lady,' said the monk, 'all is true; but there are other kinds of fighting than those with sword and battle-axe. I know what it is to lay about me with a sword as well as any man; and men there are who bear on their bodies to this day the mark of my blows in fair fight; but it is a harder fight that my Chief needs from his men, and one whereto the man who swings the battle-axe is like the baby who strikes with a feather.'

'Riddles, riddles!' said Witgils in delight; 'and now you must read us their meaning.'

'Nay, nay,' said Elfrida, 'let the man eat. And you, Witgils, run outside and do not stare so at a guest. Will you never learn manners? Nay, go and fetch your grandfather in, and tell him there is a stranger here needs speech of him.'

Witgils found Warmund and Ermenric talking together, having made up their difference; and as they came towards the house together, Swangift and Elfrida came out full of the 'man in petticoats' such as had never been seen in those parts before.

Witgils thought he was a singer and tale-teller; Swangift and her grandmother doubted if a man could be in his right mind who wore petticoats; but Ermenric, who had been to Canterbury the year before, said, 'He's one of Queen Bertha's outlanders, that's what he is. Queer fish they are, too.'

'Do all the men wear petticoats, and swear not to eat good oxflesh when they are hungry, where Queen Bertha comes from?' said Swangift.

'If so, they were wise to send her over the sea to wed our Ethelbert, who dresses like a man and eats like a man,' said Elfrida.

'All the men? No, by Woden's soul!' said Ermenric. 'I saw some of the fighting folk of those parts, and except that they talk so queer that you can hardly make out what they mean, they dress much like us. But these are the men of the White Christ, who say he is stronger than Woden Allfather, or Thunnar the Hammerer; and when I was at Canterbury there came some of these men from the southlands, and folks said the king was inclining to do homage to the White Christ instead of the gods of our fathers.'

'Nay,' said Warmund, stopping short, 'that could never be, surely! Ethelbert of Kent to forsake the gods of his fathers at the bidding of nameless men from the southlands! And you never to speak of it till now, Ermenric, son of Wilfrid! Shame on you for a heartless fool, and no true-born Adding!'

'Why,' said Ermenric, 'there was such a deal to tell about Canterbury, and the warriors, and the Bretwaldaship, and all the rest, that I clean forgot about the outlanders. As for Woden and Thunnar, we see them not at all, and we feel them but little, and if the White Christ is the stronger, as these men say, I see little cause why we should not do Him homage instead of them, or as well. And if Ethelbert takes His homage on him, I doubt he is stronger; for Ethelbert is a strong man, and I would willingly fight under him, king or no king.'

'The children of Add,' said Warmund, 'have served Woden and Thunnar since the world began. What should make us forsake them now?'

'It is just one of those new-fangled ways,' said Elfrida, 'that are bringing all the young folk to harm. Now, when I was a girl——'

But as Elfrida was apt to be long-winded when she got upon this topic we will take our leave.

CHAPTER III.

THE MESSENGER OF ETHELBERT.

THE evening sky had changed from gold to orange, and from orange to green while Warmund interviewed the stranger. Swangift and Ermenric stood outside talking in the hall porch. They were a stately young pair, and as the evening glow shone on their clear skins and well-grown forms, they would have made a pretty picture for an artist. They did not come of a demonstrative race, and not many endearments passed between them. Swangift was coy, and would have been somewhat offended if Ermenric had ventured to kiss her, which he on his part, however, would by no means have objected to do. Romance in betrothal was seldom known in those days. Swangift's had been settled by her grandparents over her head, and though she had no objection to Ermenric, and, in fact, preferred him to any young man she had ever seen, she looked forward to her coming marriage in an extremely business-like way. The tender, shy, awed reverence with which a Christian maiden looks forward to the mysterious union of marriage is a product of many centuries of Christian training. Ermenric was much more deeply in love with Swangift than she with him, though doubtless she found a good deal of pleasure in his society, as an

unsophisticated girl naturally would in that of an eligible lover. It was a very good marriage for Ermenric, and a connection with Warmund was in no respect to be despised; and when the match had first been mooted, the compliment to himself had been considered the chief point in the arrangement both by the young man and his kinsfolk. But then, Swangift had been a lank growing girl, not nearly so pretty as many others in the township, and it was not until Ermenric came back from Canterbury, where he had been serving under King Ethelbert, and found his betrothed grown up into a beautiful maiden, that he actually and heartily fell in love with her. He did not at all like having the marriage put off till his house was built, though at the same time he could not wish to make Swangift unhappy, as she would probably have been as an unwelcome daughter-in-law in the house of his half-crazy mother, and he could not refute Elfrida's objections. But there were compensations. He could come and consult with Swangift about the arrangements for the new house and the respective size of hall and bower, and so on; and when he had real business with her, Elfrida could not very well turn him away and say he would see plenty of Swangift when they were married, and that it was not seemly that young people should see too much of one another before the marriage festival. So now, as they were standing talking in the porch, Swangift was giving her lover her views about the desirability of digging a new well, as the nearest was at an inconvenient distance from the site of Ermenric's new house; and also discussing the question whether Ermenric would be wiser to kill the dun bull he had brought from the Bedding meadows and salt it against the winter, or whether he should teach it to go within the shafts of the new plough he was going to make, like the one he had seen at Canterbury. For the ancient plough of the country was the hand-plough—a curved, wooden implement with a rough iron share, which a man drove with his foot along the ground, and which survived till lately, or may possibly survive still, in the Scottish Highlands. Ermenric's travels had made him more open-minded towards novelties than most youths of that region and time.

Meanwhile Warmund had walked up to his chair of state, sat down in it, and sought with his eyes the dark figure seated on the bench against the wall. Trestles and boards had been removed to make room for Warmund's men to sleep; and at

Warmund's call, 'Come hither, stranger, and say thy say,' the young monk walked with the dignified step of perfect muscular development up the hall, and stood before the Adding lord.

'Thy name,' said Warmund, 'and thy birthplace?'

'I was called Lodowig the Frank,' said the monk. 'But now that I am a priest of the White Christ, my name is Brother Denis.'

'And what,' said Warmund, 'has a Frank from beyond seas to do with me? What has brought you hither?'

'I bear a commission from Ethelbert,' said Denis, 'who bids you as his liegeman and his vassal, to hear what I have to unfold to you and yours.'

'And the credentials?'

Denis felt within the folds of his gown, where it opened over the breast, displayed a little leather bag hanging round his neck by a string, opened it and extracted a wooden box, which contained a square piece of wax stamped with the impression of what was meant for a horse.

'The seal of Ethelbert,' he said, handing it to Warmund.

'The horse of Kent,' said Warmund. 'Good! Is the message privately to me, or to my folk also?'

'To your folk also,' said Denis; 'yet possibly you would fain hear it first.'

'Good!' said Warmund again. 'Call in Ermenric, wife; he shall hear it too.'

'And the children?' said Elfrida.

'Ay. There will be no secrets that they might tattle, since the message is to the folk, and not to me only; and they are the only descendants of the house of Hawk—such as they be.'

So Ermenric stalked in, followed by Swangift and Witgils, and sat down on wooden stools, which Witgils fetched from the 'bower.'

Then Denis began—

'It is concerning the homage that he has taken to the White Christ that Ethelbert sends to Warmund, son of Hawk.'

'It were better that he had sent an Englishman with the news, than an outlander, whose history and lineage I know no more than he knows mine,' said Warmund. 'How know I whence thou comest, or if thou art of a true breed?'

Denis's right hand instinctively sought the sword-hilt, which was not there, and his cheek flushed; but the touch of the rough girdle at his waist brought him back to himself. None the less,

Warmund and Ermenric had both observed the gesture, and liked the stranger the better for it.

'There is no shame in my tale, Warmund, son of Hawk,' he said. 'I am ready to tell the whole, and there is no Frank among the Queen's men at Canterbury that will not back my words.'

'Speak, then,' said Warmund, 'and tell thy own tale.'

'I was born over-seas,' said Denis, 'of as fighting a race as your own, Warmund, son of Hawk. My father was Lothair, of Paris, and none have been more honoured than he among those who did homage to the Frank king. But he who brags proves himself to own a slave's soul. I will go on to my own history. I had one brother, Karlmund, a year younger than myself. Side by side and step by step we fought whenever we went to battle, and when one set upon us, he had to fight both, except that each gave the other fair play with his man, not to take away his fame among the rest. And so things went on, till one day, in a brush with some dogs of Visigoths, who were disputing the ford of a stream with us, the swing of a sword shore off Karlmund's leg above the knee, and he fell into the stream. No sooner had the Visigoths ridden away than I went to find Karlmund's corpse; but when I found him, he was not dead. The chill of the water had stanched the bleeding, and I got him on my shoulders and carried him till I came to a hermit's cell in the forest, and offered to pay all the gold I had for his tendance. "Not for gold," said the hermit, "but for the love of Christ;" and I saw he was a skilful leech, and I left Karlmund with him, promising to come back when I had reckoned with the Visigoths for his slaying. And they paid that reckoning, and perhaps something over, not in blood-money, but in dead men; and I came back to find Karlmund, scarcely believing but that I should find him lying in seven feet of ground. Nor could I have rejoiced much to think he was being spared for a cripple's life, and a straw-death at the end.'

'Ay,' said Warmund, 'and he a young fellow with his blood hot within him.'

'Well, when I reached the hermit's cave, there I found him alive indeed, but dying. For certain rough *Nithings* of the neighbourhood had come to lay hands on the hermit, for some tale of a curse, they said, he had laid on them, whereby they could get no luck in their plundering forays; and the hermit they had slain, and Karlmund, in seeking to defend him as well as a one-legged man might, who had the stump of the other yet unhealed,

had been sore hurt and left for dead; but he was alive yet, and he could speak, when I brought him water to drink; for life was strong in him, being young and firm of muscle. So I buried the hermit in a six-foot grave, leaving it uncovered for Karlmund, who I saw would not be long after; and then I sat by my brother and heard what words he had to say. And as I wept and lamented that he had not been slain cleanly in fair fight, Karlmund checked my lamentations. "Nay, Lodowig," said he, "it is the best thing that ever happened to me; for now I have taken homage with the King who reigns on the other side of death as well as this.' And I knew not what he meant; for though I knew some of our folks that had taken baptism, I thought they did it mostly to humour the priests, and to get the white linen garment which was given to all who took it; but Karlmund explained to me that there was more in it than that, and that now he was not going down into the cold land of Hela, but that his soul would still be Christ's man in the under-world, and he would be made a king with robe and crown, because he had given his life for Christ's hermit as a champion for the right. And nothing would do for him but that I must promise to take homage with Christ also; and, indeed, when I saw how easy his mind was amidst his pain, and how he troubled not when Hela's fog filled his throat and darkness covered his eyes, but only said, smiling, "Lord Christ, I am Thy man," I made up my mind that I would do the same, and be Christ's man too.

'So when he was buried I went to Bishop Luithard, who had come to Kent with Queen Bertha and was then back at Paris on her business, and told him I would be Christ's man and fight for Him; and I took baptism, and went back and fought against the Arian Visigoths, whom God confound! But when men jeered at me for my taking on the Court religion, I could not bear it, and slew more than one or two to silence them, for my hand was over-ready with my sword. And then a holy man told me that he who slays his brother is a traitor to Christ, except it be in fair and open fight, with troops arrayed against one another, and not in his own cause. At that I grieved, for none had ever called me traitor before, and I sought to keep my hand off my sword, but could not; and yet I would fain have served Him to whom I had done homage, nor could I forsake Him, when I had given word to Karlmund to be His man. So at last I went to Luithard again, and said, "Is there any other way to be Christ's champion without the sword?—for His

champion I am bound to be, and yet I break His laws whenever I have a weapon handy." So Luithard told me the championship Christ loved the best was when men put by the sword, and went to spread His faith and spend their lives without striking a blow for their own safety.'

'If He loves cowards,' said Ermenric, 'I will never be man of His.'

'Nor I,' said Witgils.

'Nay, lads,' said Warmund, 'a man is scarce a coward who goes into a wild wolf's den with bare hands. Foolhardy rather.'

'I was minded to say what the lads say,' went on Denis, 'but I had pledged my homage, and I could not have it that any man should call me a traitor; but I thought and thought it over, and sought to stay my hands from striking, and could not; and at last I said, "Maybe Christ is bidding me to this life, and if I am His man I must needs do His bidding." So I gave my good sword to my younger brother, and I went into a monastery, and took this gown I wear now, and learnt more about Christ and His laws, and got my flesh under with fasting and prayer, till I was no longer so rough and hasty as I had been; for it is one of the things about my Master that He gives His grace to those that seek to follow His ways, and makes them able to do what they would never have thought possible. And when the outland monks came from Rome and word was sent that Kent was likely to take homage to Christ, Luithard ordained me priest, and sent me here to them, saying that though I had but little learning, I had a willing heart and set little value on my life. Moreover, I understood the language, since my mother was a noble Englishwoman—Elgitha, daughter of Lebwin of Essex,—and within the house I scarce ever spoke aught else till I was ten years old. So I came here; and now, Warmund, son of Hawk, I have spoken as a true man all that is in my heart, and you know why Ethelbert has sent me hither to urge all men of Kent to take baptism and to become Christ's men too.'

Warmund was silent, but he gave a nod of comprehension; and Witgils burst out—

'Stranger, can you make marks upon skins of calves with a reed and black stain, so that they who look at it may see a message which some one has spoken, and yet no word said?'

'But little, boy,' said Denis. 'They tried hard to teach me to read and write in the monastery; and a little reading I can

do; but I had sooner swing a sword or a battle-axe than move reed upon parchment. Methinks it is work more suited to the hands of women than of men. But it is ill crying down a trade because it is none of yours.'

'Sleep in the hall to-night,' said Warmund, after a pause; 'and to-morrow evening I will summon all Addings to the Tree of Meeting to hear thy message from Ethelbert.'

CHAPTER IV.

THE NEW TEACHING.

THE Tree of Meeting was a large spreading oak, which stood on the border of the forest, but separated from it by a small circular clearing, the edge of which was marked by a small wooden railing. One or two skeleton heads of horses, which from time to time had been offered to Woden in solemn sacrifice, still gleamed ghastly and white in the sunshine when the breeze lifted the dark green leaves; but the other fruit that the tree sometimes bore—the bodies of the criminals for whom that oak was in good truth the 'gallows-tree'—had been carried off and buried when they began to taint the air. Bones were to be seen on the ground around the tree; these were the bones of sacrificed horses, whose flesh had been solemnly eaten by the tribe, and they were banked up round the trunk of the tree. The house-fathers of the village sat on forms, and Warmund on a high wooden stool, brought out for the occasion. These only had the right to speak at a town meeting, but all the rest of the village might stand round, look on and listen, men and women alike, and a house-father might call on one of them to speak, if their knowledge was desirable in a discussion. On this occasion every one in the settlement who could reach the Tree of Meeting was present, for it was known that Ethelbert had sent them a shaven-crowned man in petticoats with a message, and all were curious to hear what the message was.

It was not always that so much respect would have been paid to the messenger of the King of Kent. How much power a king had, depended greatly on his personality and his proved success. Ethelbert was a strong man, and a successful one. He had made his kingdom of Kent so important, that it had not been considered as a misalliance when Bertha of Paris became his wife. He had already had a long reign, and in it he had

managed to organize his kingdom to some extent. His people were an independent set, with a system of self-government, which made the despotism of a strong ruler less practically necessary than when it had been crushed out centuries later by the Normans. The township met and took counsel at the town-meeting; the neighbouring townships met and took counsel at the hundred meeting; the hundreds met, when they chose to journey so far, at the shire-meeting at Canterbury, and took counsel with the king and his wise-men. It said much for Ethelbert's influence, that a messenger of his, travelling through a roadless country, should be met with as much respect as the monk Denis was by the Addings.

The ceremonies began with a wild alliterative chant, something to this effect, which was joined in by the surrounding audience.

'Woden All-father,
Hunter of Heaven,
Eagles of Englishmen
Come to thy calling;
Prosper thy people,
Strengthen our sword-strokes,
So horses shall hang from
This oak in thy honour.'

Then Warmund said: 'Hawks of Add! this Frank has been sent from Ethelbert to tell a new tale to us. I cannot say what you will think of him and his sayings; but for myself, I am not minded to gainsay Ethelbert of Canterbury. I have been his and his father's man for fifty years, since my father Hawk took me in his arms, an eight-years boy, to do homage to the old King of Kent. But speak, messenger of Ethelbert.'

Denis stood up, and several people remarked that he was a fine figure of a man, petticoats or no petticoats. With the ease of speech which seems to come to men the further south they are born, he looked round upon his audience, and began: 'Warmund, son of Hawk, and Addings all! I will tell my tale without those arts of the tongue which are not mine. Ethelbert of Canterbury has sent me hither to say that he is no longer Woden's man, but has taken upon him homage to the White Christ; and he desires that all his men should become Christ's men also. For Woden is strong, but Christ is stronger. Woden is good, men say, to those who fall in war, and sends the Swan-maidens to carry them to his hall, where they eat and feast in Walhall; but it is not all who fall cleanly slain in war;

and what of all the rest? while Christ makes nothing of whether His men fall in war or not, for He is King of all whether dead or living, and so long as they are true men to Him, and keep His laws, so long will He keep and hold them on this side of death or the other, whether they be men or women, or even children not so long as a sword. But more than this will I tell.'

And Denis drew out a rough crucifix from the folds of his gown, and gave a simple, straightforward but not unforcible account of the Gospel story as it appeared to himself. He shared so much the simplicity and lack of knowledge of the heathen folk to whom he came—nay, he himself had been a heathen so few years back—that it was like a little child teaching a younger child the truths of religion, which now moves us almost to tears, and now to almost irresistible amusement. The Prince of Heaven was to him and to his hearers a Teutonic warrior 'riding on because of the word of truth, of meekness and righteousness,' fighting the Prince of Darkness to set mankind free, much as the King of Paris might have fought the Northmen for Normandy, or the Visigoths for Aquitaine. But perhaps he reached the hearts of his hearers all the better for his own mistakes. For when he told of the Crucifixion, his own voice trembling a little with emotion as he spoke, and explained the rough carving of his cross, many of his audience melted into tears, and Ermenric, like the first royal Frankish convert, stamped his foot hard upon the ground and said, 'Why, why were we Addings not there to stop it all, and hew those evil Jews into food for wolves and kites?'

But then came the story of the triumph—the 'harrowing of Hell,' and the Resurrection and Ascension;—and when Denis ended with 'Homage to this King Christ hath Ethelbert taken upon him, and desires that all the men of Kent should do the same,' there was a general shouting of applause among the audience.

Then Warmund rose, and said: 'The Frank has proved well that the White Christ Himself is a King worthy of honour. But there are many worthy of honour to whom we do not therefore take homage. I have heard that Wykhelen of Wessex is a brave man; nevertheless, if Ethelbert took homage to him, I am not sure that we Addings would follow him. What does He require of His men? that is the question.'

'First of all,' said Denis, 'He requires that they should be Woden's men no longer. Christ is too great a King to take

any as His men who keep their allegiance to His enemies. So all horse-sacrifice must be put away from a tribe who takes homage to Him.'

There was not much applause at this, and the Addings looked at one another. An elderly man said, 'What besides?'

'He requires that His laws should be kept,' said Denis, 'and He turns out of His kingdom all men who break them, unless they come to Him and submit themselves and do homage to Him again. For He is debonair to those who mean well. But to those who keep them, ay, even for a little while, if Hela's hand should seize them while they are keeping His laws, He takes their souls to Him and gives them a great reward.'

'And now,' said Warmund, 'tell us what these laws are.'

Denis felt that the hardest moment of his mission was come.

'First of all,' he said, 'He will have all His men live peaceably like brothers, and no feuds fought out, and no man slain in haste or anger, or in aught but fair fight, and no vengeance taken on evil-doers but such as the law of the land allows.'

There arose a great buzz of disapproval and dissent.

'No feuds fought out? Then what are we to do when the Beddings harry us?'

'The Beddings would have to take homage to Him too, and then they would not harry us,' said Witgils, in his small boy's voice.

'That might be well if all men did it,' said Ermenric. 'But what will He have done when one side would quit harrying, and the other side will go on?'

'He would have men defend their homes,' said Denis; 'but not assail their enemies except in open war.'

'Do you mean,' said Ermenric, with an incredulous laugh, 'that if a man strikes me I am not to strike him back again?'

'Such are His laws,' said Denis; but as he spoke the colour flushed his spare cheek. The spirit that spoke in his hearers had still too much echo in his own heart to make this preaching a congenial subject. Still, he knew his duty, and he was a man who never dreamed of not doing his duty when he saw it.

'That is a doctrine for cowards,' was echoed among the Addings.

But Denis for answer held up the crucifix before their eyes, and spoke out boldly, with none of the momentary hesitation that had touched him a moment before.

'Nay, Hawks of Add! Would you call One who might have

stopped all this at any time, and who bore it for the sake of His men, a coward? He would have no man be more of a coward than Himself!'

Then came more private discussion and confused talking, and the Addings forgot to ask for any further explanation of the laws of the kingdom of Christ. The new ideal in itself was enough to fill their simple minds, slow at taking in any strange idea. The meeting showed a tendency to break up into little groups, and Warmund, climbing with some difficulty on his stool, called them to order.

'Hawks of Add! this is a grave matter, and one not to be settled in a day. Ethelbert would not wish that we should give our voices upon it and then draw back, because we had done it in haste. I own that to me it seems a pledge that none but a fool would give that he will not revenge himself if he is struck, but leave it all to be settled by blood-fine at the meeting of the wise-men, for that is what it comes to. Yet Ethelbert is a wise man, and it is many years since they set him on the warriors' shields and hailed him king. Perhaps such words as these mean less than they seem to mean. We must think the matter over, and turn it about in our minds, before we see what it is fit to do. Ethelbert's messenger, Sir Priest, is there any set time by which we must send an answer to the king?'

Denis replied that he was commissioned to bear the same message to seven or eight other settlements in the neighbourhood, which he enumerated, and that he had not been set any special time at which to return. 'For,' he said, 'I believe that Ethelbert the king desires to hurry no man, and he bade me stay as long as I thought good with any tribe who was willing to consider of the new teaching, and who desired more knowledge about the new ways. And as it seems to me that most likely most of the men of West Kent will think with you, I thought within myself to go round once and give Ethelbert's message, and leave it to work in their minds, and then to return and explain to such as desire it, according to my ability, whatever is dark in their understandings. I ask for nought but lodging and bread and ale—or water, if ale is scanty; and I will earn my keep, if such is not freely given to Ethelbert's messenger, by my bow and arrow in the wild wood.'

'Bed and board,' said Warmund, 'I freely offer the messenger of Ethelbert whenever he comes to the Addings' town. Meanwhile, I advise you not to go straight hence to the Beddings'

town, for there is a blood feud between us, and they might handle roughly one coming hence. Go north to the hamlet of the Sydings, or south to the stead of the Sanderings, and make your way round the forest thence. And welcome to my hall when you return, whether we Addings in the end promise our homage to the White Christ or no.'

And the meeting broke up.

(*To be continued.*)

LOVE'S INVENTORY.

My lady has a bashful spring-tide air,
A tender, twilight grace
That lingers in the aureole of her hair,
And plays about her face.

My lady has a smile so sweet, so shy,
Too slow to e'er surprise,
That leaves her little mouth only to lie
Half hidden in her eyes.

My lady has two eyes, as clear and brown
As pools in mountain glen:
Her soul shines through them, and we—looking down—
Grow purer, wiser men:

For with her face her beauties but begin,
Fair setting of things fairer far within.

NESTA LAKE.

THE GIRLS' ROOM:

A MONTHLY CHAT WITH ITS OCCUPANTS.

'Be not too keen to cry—"So this is all,—
A thing I might myself have thought as well,
But would not say it, for it was not worth!"'

The Germ.

WHEN you talk for the sake of talking, because you like to hear yourself speak, they call it a *causerie* in France. Somehow, that seems more dignified than a 'gossip,' and not every one would understand the Scotticism of 'to haver,' which takes up in translation just twenty-one words when it has to be explained: 'I mean just a pleasant talk, going where it will, between those who are not bored by each other's pet subjects.' Month by month we propose to talk, to gossip, to haver, to hold a *causerie*—what you will: it won't be in a *salon*, but perhaps it will be in the schoolroom made comfortable. That is the room we will 'hold': in the summer evenings with the open windows over the scented night-clematis, or in the winter over the fire that burns as does that of no other room in the house. The children's lessons are over, but the girls still work and study and talk most happily in the old room. Those at home still, and those out in the world, some with their own professions in these days, you know; or perhaps the young mothers, and certainly the dear elders, who would be most disappointed if we weren't unlike the girls they knew once; and, emphatically, those who, single-hearted in their single lives, help young and old all round;—all of these may perhaps slip in to the Girls' Room for a bit of talk now and again, in the time when they *ought* to idle!

* * * * * *

I wonder whether we really should like *salon* talk? You know, we Englishwomen are not supposed to be able to talk by our neighbours; but that is a fallacy like the other, that nobody writes letters nowadays. Some of us do receive letters and hear good conversation, and there is no doubt that the woman

who can talk well has the best of it in life, and she who writes good letters keeps most friends. It is all very well to run down a woman's tongue. But can't it make dull hours bright for other women? Only if no material is to be made out of the foibles of others, the attractive conversationalist must be unselfish, sympathetic, and good, and have a few ideas. No! she needn't be what you call clever; only she must have some growing thoughts, and speak about them as if she had them. Have you never noticed how some people bring out the ideas of others? Isn't it because they have a real interest in hearing what everybody has to say? But, as Pascal says, 'it is your commonplace people who find no difference between one man and another.'

* * * * * *

Do you know how the bit quoted above from the pre-Raphaelite magazine, the *Germ*, goes on? It continues: 'But ask if this is truth?' Was it too bold to take this as a motto for our *causerie* to-day? The Chinese would have thought so. I have just been reading about the result of some of those 'cycles of Cathay' in 'Society in China,' an entertaining though very instructive book just published (Innes and Co.). It is indeed hard upon us to find that we are altogether 'moulded out of faults,' that we are inseparably connected in Chinese orthography with deceit, and 'when we have two women together the compound is intended to convey the meaning of "to wrangle." The addition of a third woman makes a symbol for intrigue, and in confirmation of the idea conveyed by these characters, we find the compound composed of "women" and "together" means "to suspect," "to dislike," "to loathe."'

* * * * * *

It is a prettier idea 'which is still preserved in the symbol for rest, quiet, which is a woman under her domestic roof.' But a wife is represented by the symbol of a woman and a besom, and 'craft and dissimulation' are represented on paper by a woman's weapon, and to act craftily by 'acting the woman.'

* * * * * *

Back again from Cathay to Europe, and to London, where things are otherwise. The Women-writers' dinner is always amusing, and this year there were about sixty present of those who write: wrangling was not multiplied sixty times in this way. You would have seen there several past and present contributors to the 'Packet,' including that one of the present Editors who

was not disqualified by being a man and a publisher. I think that there was a certain animosity displayed towards beings of either of these classes by one or two ladies, but that, like the smoking of cigarettes described in the papers, was confined to a very few. The conversation, so far as one heard it or heard about it, was delightful, but perhaps the speeches weren't very excellent this time. But here—*pace* the Chinese—is a nice fact for you: the author of 'Dr. Edith Romney' came, dined, and went away, anonymously, one year. Did you ever know any one could dine anonymously in full view of fifty-three women? The author of 'Dr. Edith Romney' did. There were very varied faces, ages, characters, representing different circumstances and varying careers there, but how much hard work had not been done by those then laughing and talking at that long horseshoe table?

* * * * * *

Again, let us pass to another meeting of women held the same week—the Women's Section of the Missionary Conference (Hon. Secretary, Miss Palgrave). It was interesting—and significant—that the Archbishop of Canterbury presided over the one hall and his wife over the other on the same day. It had been a privilege in the morning to hear the Archbishop's lucid and sometimes humorous words as to the various epochs of missionary effort, but in the afternoon many women felt bound to go to the special section organized for them, though one can scarcely say that on the first afternoon much was to be learnt from the papers. So many people have to speak nowadays, that it may be worth recording the impressions of some workers who listened. 1. If possible, speak, never read. 2. Do not mistake an audience of practical workers who want to know what to do or to teach, for those with whom it is needful to begin with an elementary exposition of first arguments and passages from Holy Scripture quoted at length. 3. People want to know on these occasions—what is going on? what can I do? Words full of stirring thought, like those too briefly given by Mrs. Benson, or of practical helpfulness or of interesting information, would always have been traceable on the faces of the audience by a deaf man. But the whole conference must have helped some to go more bravely, if possible, and surely should make all who can work at home more willing to contribute.

* * * * * *

Is it too late to draw attention to the Blue Book, which

contains so many facts as to our women at home—the conditions of work in various industries?* It is not perhaps for those just grown up in our Room, but those a little older might well study and think over the work that will have to be done some day, and is gradually being done, to make those who supply each other's needs not so terribly to hurt each other's lives.

* * * * * *

Mrs. Cunningham-Graham's 'Life of Santa Teresa' (A. C. Black and Co.) is also probably too long a book for juniors, but there is a great deal in it which will much interest thoughtful women; and I am delighted with the human interest of this new study, although I think it wants supplementing by one of the more devotional lives, such as that published by Macmillan some years ago—the 'Life of Saint Teresa,' by the author of 'Prayers before and after Holy Communion.' Santa Teresa is one of those characters in Church History with whom all of us should be acquainted, though not all of us will understand her.

* * * * * *

To go quite to the other end of the scale: have you seen the boon and blessing to choosers of cheap books and prizes—a list published by the G.F.S. (Wells Gardner and Co.), but edited by one of our contributors, Miss Mary Bramston? It is to be published annually at one penny, and if you want a book for girls' libraries or prizes, I advise you to get it, and spare yourself the trouble of wondering whether a book will do. All will do for somebody—which reduces the trouble to that which nobody minds taking—personal adaptation.

* * * * * *

Perhaps we haven't had much to talk of this time; but now let me tell you a secret. I ought never to have talked at all; but the real lady who will do so in future, at the last moment could not come, and so, just to show our Girls' Room was open, I took her place. If I had known sooner I was going to meet you, would I not have looked out for what you would have liked to hear about?

PAPERKNIFE.

* Report of Royal Commission on Labour: Employment of Women, 2*s.* 10*d.* from any bookseller.

Church History Society.

Rules.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s*. II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume*. III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during, and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

VII. WRITERS AND WRITINGS OF THE PERIOD.

Questions for July.

25. Make a list of the chief ecclesiastical writers from 1559–1625 (giving one or two of their chief works)—

α. In England,
β. Continental Roman writers,
γ. „ Reformed writers,

and underline a few of those books which you consider to have most influenced the age.

26. Give an account of the contents of one of the books you have underlined; and give three or four allusions to Reformation principles in the secular poets of these reigns.

27. Give a very brief account of Bishops Jewel and Andrewes, pointing out how each was representative of his time.

28. A life of Hooker.

For Juniors.

25. Mention any great English Church writers of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I.

26. Make a list of any of their writings you remember, with a short account of one.

27. A short account of *one* of the following: Bishop Jewel, Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wootton, or Bishop Andrewes.

28. A life of Hooker.

Books recommended:—Walton's *Lives* (S.P.C.K.); Keble's edition of *Hooker's Works*, vol. i.; *Zurich Letters* (for Jewel); Perry's *English*

Church History (Series II.); *Cameos from English History;* Ward's *Counter-Reformation;* and Wakeman's *Church and the Puritans* (both in Epochs Series).

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by August 1st.

April Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda } Water Wagtail }	40	Honeysuckle	37	Gooseberry	34
		Ierne	36	Simple Simon	32

Class II.

Constans et Fidelis	29	Bashi Bazouk } Vicaria } Fidelia	25	Eleanor	20
Countess	26		24	Marguérite	22

Class III.

Twenty-one	16	*Four-and-twenty	10

(*Juniors*) *Class I.*

Elingar	36	Viola	35	Bo-peep	33

* Three answers only.

REMARKS.

13. *Etheldreda, Water Wagtail, Honeysuckle, Gooseberry* and *Simple Simon* make the best selection of events in French Church History at this period, and *Elingar and Bo-peep* give very good accounts of the Battle of Ivry. The conversion of Henri IV., his absolution by the Pope, which was delayed till 1595, and the passing of the Edict of Nantes are so important that none should have omitted them. *Fidelia:* Bog-Oak does not think the accession of Henri III. very important, as it inaugurated no immediate change of Church policy. The Holy League was founded in 1576, not 1585. *Twenty-one:* The Battle of Ivry was in 1590. *Twenty-one* says that Henri of Guise used the League as a stepping-stone to the throne, and that he attained this object. Does she think it was he who reigned as Henri IV.? Bog-Oak thinks on the whole the seven best chosen events were: (1) The Peace of Monsieur (involving the founding of the Holy League); (2) Assassination of the Guises; (3) Murder of Henri III.; (4) Ivry; (5) Acceptance of Decrees of Trent; (6) Henri IV.'s Absolution, etc.; (7) The Edict of Nantes.

14. The Holy League is very carefully done by *Etheldreda, Water Wagtail, and Honeysuckle,* and the Nemesis of St. Bartholomew by *Elingar. Marguérite* says the Holy League was formed in 1571, against Louis VII. (who died in 1180) by Julius II. (died 1513), Henry VIII. (died 1547), and others. She must correct her chronology. *Fidelia:* The Holy League was of national French growth, to begin with. Philip II. came into it afterwards. *Twenty-one and Four-and-twenty* have got the Holy League of seventy years earlier, a little more correctly than *Marguérite.* But as there was one during this period, Bog-Oak naturally would not go back to 1511. *Viola* might have included Henri III.'s murder among the punishment of the actors in the St. Bartholomew; he was murdered by the party of his accomplices, the Guises. *Elingar's* account is excellent, as she traces the punishment of the Parisians in the dreadful siege of Paris.

15. Among the celebrated persons, De Mornay, 'the Huguenot Pope,' is quite the favourite; the Flagellants, too, and the Paris 'Seize' seem to have proved interesting. *Fidelia:* It was Henri III., not Henri IV., who

brought the Flagellants into fashion. This question is best answered by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, and *Honeysuckle*, and Bog-Oak can hardly give enough praise to *Water Wagtail's* De Mornay, and *Honeysuckle's* Rosny.

16. Full and good accounts by *Etheldreda* and *Water Wagtail* of Henri's conversion and of the Edict of Nantes, the one the pacification of the Catholic party, the other of the Huguenot. *Viola* gives a very accurate account of the Edict. Both were politic steps, and there seems no reason for doubting the sincerity of Henri's conversion to a religion he manifestly preferred. If it was horrible that Rome should accept him 'In the blossom of his sins, with all his imperfections on his head,' it was also disgraceful that the Huguenots should have been more than willing to retain him, sins and all. In truth it was (and is) disgraceful when sin is condoned in high places.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 128.)

FIRST SHELF.

VARIETY SUBJECT.

MAY.

THE MATCHED HEROES.

Take three well-known heroes of modern fiction, and match them respectively with the three heroines whom you consider would be most suitable to them.

Well, really, on the whole, the authors seem to know best. Chelsea China expects that most of the banns here called would be forbidden by other admirers of the parties in question. She considers *Blue Wings* has made the best hits in the serious line, and *Mirabel* in the comic. *E.L.M.:* Sherlock Holmes—Becky Sharpe; Colonel Enderby—Molly Gibson; Seth Bede—Grace Harvey. *Lettie:* Dorothea Brooke—Robert Falconer (oppressive); Aunt Anne—Mr. Pickwick; Lydgate—Shirley. *Jon:* Robert Elsmere—Dorothea Brooke; Adam Bede—Jeanie Deans; the Little Minister—Margaret, in 'The Cloister and the Hearth.' *Theodora:* John Herring—Margaret Elginbrod; Jan Mairnach—Helen Ward; Charlie Scrope—Mona McClean (he'd have bored her). *A.F.G.:* Dodo's Jack—Dagmar; Alaric Lambourne—Erica (he was too contrary); 'Hero of Ships that pass in the Night'—Ethel May (she wouldn't have looked at him). *Indiana:* Portia—Lord Evandale; Dorothea Brooke—Aldous Raeburn (yes, perhaps); Cheriton Lester—Ethel May (oh no!). *Lancelot:* Lance Underwood—Sigrid Falck; Michael Burnett—Dagmar; Alick Keith—Jo March. *Editha:* Corona—Beauchamp (G. Meredith); Dorothea Brooke—John Harrington (an American politician); Cecilia de Noel—A Gentleman of France. *The Little Match Girl:* Pietro Ghisleri—Dodo; John Inglesant—Ethel May (he would have had to clear his views a good deal first); Dodo's Prince—Mrs. Proudie. *Mrs. Booth:* John Inglesant—Romola; Esmond—Di Vernon; Tom Thurnall—Mary Garth.

This is by no means so easy a matter as it looks. True, there are plenty of unmated or ill-matched heroines and heroes, but they do not suit one another, and I am not very happy over my couples as thus assorted.

1. Cecilia de Noel and Stephen Remarx. Cecilia is so very superior to any hero who is already unmarried. I think John Inglesant would have suited her well, but I hardly like to try the experiment of placing him among nineteenth-century people. I think Stephen Remarx would have allowed Cecilia scope and liberty in her life, and would have been benefited by her gentleness and kindness.

2. Ethel Newcome and Richard Feverel. This would be after Richard had got over his early troubles, and when Ethel's practical activity and

common sense might have roused him and taught him to live for others and to do his work for the world.

3. Dorothea Brooke and Ibsen's Brand. I have had to leave England to find Dorothea a husband, and think she would have flung herself heart and soul into Brand's mission, finding at last something to satisfy all her longings for action. I don't think Brand would much want a wife, but still Dorothea would have been a splendid comrade, and would have been able to guide him through his troubles by her strong personality and will; and had the end come as we now read it, she would have gladly endured martyrdom with him.

BLUE WINGS.

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1. Guy Livingstone and Dodo. This 'heavy-weight' hero might have convinced even the dauntless Dodo that she had at last 'met her match.'

2. Tom Tulliver and Amelia Sedley; he being a most satisfactory 'prop,' and she the embodiment of what we are led to infer was his womanly ideal.

3. Mr. Dombey and Mrs. Proudie. An unpleasingly well-matched couple.

MIRABEL.

VARIETY SUBJECT FOR JULY.

Take one of the couples here mentioned, and describe a scene in their joint lives.

SECOND SHELF.

VERSE COMPETITION.

MAY.

Chelsea China considers that *E. Y.* has succeeded best in the translation. She is the most literal, and has caught something of the intensity of the original, though the versification is sometimes a little rough. *Aneido*, the prize winner of last month, has, however, succeeded best with the beautiful last verse. We give her version. Her rendering is both easy and literal. *Dresden China*, *Rose*, good also.

1.

Since now my lip has touched thy full cup's rim,
And in thine hands my pallid brow been laid;
Since I have breathed, amid the shadows dim,
The perfumed air, that round thy spirit played;

2.

Since I have heard thee speak those words, erewhile,
Wherein the heart its mysteries makes known,
And I have seen thee weep, and seen thee smile,
Thy lips, thine eyes, drawn closely to mine own;

3.

Since on my favoured head a ray hath shone
From thy pure star, too rarely seen to shine;
And in the flood, that bears my being on,
Is fall'n a roseleaf, that was plucked from thine;

4.

I may say boldly to the years that roll,
'Pass on! Ye cannot make me old or dull!
Bear hence your faded flowers! Within my soul
There blooms a flower, no hand may ever cull.'

5.

Your wing may strike the vase in which I trust
To slake my thirst—its store be none the less.
My soul contains more fire than ye have dust—
My heart more love than ye forgetfulness!

ANEIDO.

Since I have set my lips to thy full bowl,—
  Betwixt thy hands my weary brow have laid,—
Have breathed of yore the sweet breath of thy soul
  Like perfumes rising mid th' ingulfing shade.

Since it was mine to hear thee speak erewhile
  Such words as from the heart's hid depths arise,
Since I have seen thy tears, have caught thy smile—
  Thy lips to my lips, eyes upon mine eyes.

Since once a ray lit mine enraptured head
  From thy bright star, now veiled in death's dark pall,
Since, snatched from out thy days before they fled,
  I saw one rose-leaf in my life-stream fall.

Now I may say to the fast hurrying years,
  Pass on, pass on, for ever young I stay;
Hence with your faded garlands, no man bears
  The flower that blooms within my soul away.

Ne'er may your beating wing the vase o'erturn
  Whose fulness to my thirst doth solace give;
Heap all your ashes—my soul's fire shall burn;
  Pour all your Lethe—my heart's love shall live!

E. Y.

PRIZE WINNER.

Mrs. R. S. Yorke, The Hall, Burley-in-Wharfedale.

VERSE COMPETITION FOR JULY.

We intend to acknowledge, mark, and classify all translations sent in in future for this competition. They will be set in the following order: Italian, French, German, Latin, French, German. Chelsea China offers a small extra prize to the translator who gains the greatest number of marks during the whole half year, whether he or she gains any monthly prizes or no.

I.

'L'INFINITO.'

Sempre caro mi fu quest' ermo colle
E questa siepe, che da tanta parte
Dell' ultimo orizzonte il guardo esclude.
Ma sedendo e mirando interminati
Spazi di là da quella, e sovrumani
Silenzi e profondissima quïete
To nel pensier mi fingo, ove per poco
Il cor non si spaura. E come il vento
Odo stormir tra queste piante, io quello
Infinito silenzio a questa voce
Vo comparando, e mi sovvien l'eterno,
E le morte stagioni, e la presente
E viva, e il suon di lei. Così tra questa
Immensità s' annega il pensier mio,
E il naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare.

LEOPARDI.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS TO MAY QUESTIONS.

1. 'Bran,' Raphael Aben-Ezra's dog. His master found the necklace on the field of battle, and hung it round the dog's neck. 'Hypatia' (CHARLES KINGSLEY).

2. Dr. Johnson (See BOSWELL'S 'Life').
3. Miss Bunion, the poetess in 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball' and 'Pendennis' (THACKERAY).
4. Mgr. Charles-François-Bienvenu-Myriel, Bishop of D——, gave his candlesticks to Jean Valjean. 'Les Misérables' (VICTOR HUGO).
5. (*a*) 'Comus' (MILTON), line 482; (*b*) 'Romeo and Juliet' (SHAKESPEARE), Act iii., scene 3.
6. In the city of Kôr, Holly and Leo Vincy found a beautiful statue of Truth. 'She' (RIDER HAGGARD).

Two solvers give Kashmir in TENNYSON'S 'Akbar's Dream,' in which these lines occur:

'And from the ruin arose
The shriek and curse of trampled millions even
As in the time before; but while I groan'd,
From out the sunset pour'd an alien race,
Who fitted stone to stone again, and *Truth*,
Peace, Love, and Justice came and dwelt therein.'

Half marks are allowed.

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR JULY.

1. What monarch made a cake that contained 5000 eggs and a ton of butter?
2. Who were Dirk Hatteraick, Jack Brimblecombe, 'the young man John'?
3. When did a gentleman appear at an evening party in a light blue suit with a coral pin?
4. Who, when her dog had bitten her, cauterized the place with a red-hot iron?
5. Who ordered his tent to be left behind because a bird had built her nest in it?
6. Where is this quotation?—

'O sorrow,
Why dost borrow,
Thy mellow ditties from a mourning tongue,
To give at evening pale
Unto the nightingale,
That thou mayst listen the cold dews among?'

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Feu Follet, 36; *Madge Wildfire, Old Maid*, 33; *Clio, Double-Dummy*, 27; *Klee, Rule of Three, White Lion, Willow Pattern*, 24; *Honeylands, Starling*, 22; *White Cat*, 21; *Helen*, 18; *Syndicate*, 15; *L. Halliday*, 9; *M. R. A.*, 3.

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Wanted.—Information as to landscape-gardening as an occupation for women.—QUERIST.

(Gardening is taught to women at 'The Women's Branch of the Horticultural College,' Swanley, Kent. Miss Goodrich-Freer, one of the honorary secretaries, will be glad to give all information on the subject.)

What is the best book to read in French on theology for one who wants to get up both French and theology?—META.

Quotations—

'Be the day weary or be the day long,
At length it ringeth to evensong.'

MAVOURNEEN.

'The rapture of pursuing is the prize the vanquished gain.'

'In the teeth of clenched antagonisms
To follow up the worthiest till he die.'

A READER.

ANSWERS.

A. Y. M.—Nobody seems to know the author of the poem, 'The Rights of Women,' but Chelsea China has had two poems sent her, beginning the same, but very different. They are too long to print, but if *A. Y. M.* will send an addressed envelope, they shall be forwarded.

A Subscriber.—The quotation was correct. Tennyson wrote 'the *bar* of Michael Angelo' (see 'In Memoriam,' Canto 87).

Delta.—In 'Strolling Players,' ch. ix., is this sentence: 'The monster described by a Board School boy as a Carbonicide.'
(The boy's mistake, of course, the carbonic acid gas in the carriage.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

ANSWERS.

I always thought Juliet's falling in love with a man she had only seen for a few minutes a silly proceeding; also her apostrophe to the night, and desire to cut him up in little stars, is not a model of wisdom. If Juliet is not silly she is very naughty, as I came to think when I looked her up to answer Miss Coleridge's challenge, the more so that her fibs are enacted under the cover of religion. (I once saw what I believe was an unconscious emendation on the Friar, when he was acted by a young man, and though it cannot be entirely borne out by the text, yet it made it much more natural, as the idea of the marriage making a reconciliation, and then of Juliet's supposed death, are what would commend themselves to a young mind sooner than to an older man.) Why had not Juliet more affection for her parents? She was evidently the child of their old age. The Nurse and the Friar seem to have come between her and her father and mother.—GRAY SQUIRREL.

Chelsea China refers *Gray Squirrel* to Professor Dowden's 'Shakespeare, his Mind and Art,' for the defence of Juliet's character. For the defence of Shakespeare's poetry she does not know where to refer any one who thinks 'Take him, and cut him up in little stars,' *silly*. She can't find any common ground of criticism. *Gray Squirrel's* other suggestions shall be considered.

Chelsea China invites correspondence on subjects treated of in the 'Monthly Packet.'

May a reader of 'Lot 13' be permitted to offer a protest? Should not the heroine's conduct in tampering with a public register be regarded as simply criminal, and the love which could prompt such an action as of very low type? Yet the author appears to consider both as heroic.—E. D.

Ted Russell's letter is too long for insertion. If it is meant as a specimen of the amount and kind of slang he wishes to use in the presence of girls, he may make his mind easy. Neither Arachne nor Chelsea China would be in the least shocked by any of the expressions which he has so skilfully introduced into it.

SIR ANDREW CLARKE.—One of Sir Andrew Clarke's addresses, called 'The Physician's Testimony for Christ,' with a preface by Sir Dyce Duckworth, has been published, price 6*d.*, by the Christian Evidence Society, and is well worth study.—F. M. P.

BOOK NOTICES.

Only a Drummer-Boy, by Arthur Amyand (Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.), is a lively story, in which the plot and characters are extremely hackneyed, and the local colouring and scenery equally fresh. The author's knowledge of the etiquettes and routine of a drummer-boy's life gives a novelty to the story; but the hero reminds us forcibly of our old friend the angelic chorister, in uniform, and his wicked uncle and deceitful companion are older acquaintances still. We wish he had been a real drummer-boy and not a baronet, and we wish he did not die. It would be an excellent story for young people but for the tone of the reference to the conduct of Douglas's parents at the beginning, which is a little doubtful; otherwise the tone is excellent.

Miss Lucy Soulsby's six little books on the various difficulties of the Girl-question, which her experience suggests, have been sent to us by Messrs. Parker. They put forward with great good sense the liberal and tenable view of the conservative side of the matter; and though we do not quite agree with all her remarks, they are all well worth consideration.

Our Paper, the organ of the Woman's Help Society, is a nice sensible little paper, very cheap at one halfpenny.

I am anxious to say a few words about *Barabbas*, by Marie Conelli, because it exercises so strong a fascination over many readers, and even the criticism in some religious papers has been misleading. It is true that the language is reverent, and often beautiful, and that the Divinity of our Blessed Lord is acknowledged; and if the subject were any other than the very greatest act that ever happened, and that on which our entire salvation depends, it would be a fine poem. But the faith can only be a partial one which allows the writer to exercise her fancy on the circumstances as she might on a half-known event. When every incident which has come down to us by Divine inspiration has a deep and ineffable signification, surely it is not well to see their order altered, or human narratives suggested, such as cannot fail, if by their force and beauty only, to occur to our minds at the most solemn seasons. Who would wish to think of Barabbas at the three hours on Good Friday? Womanhood has, too, a great complaint against this work, for never before has a woman been shown as taking part against the Blessed One; and when the Gospel dwells with the utmost tenderness on St. Peter's denial and repentance, rising again to strength and nobleness, what shall we say of the irreverence of making him a despicable character, and throwing all our interest upon the remorse that led to suicide? I write thus earnestly, because I am sure that admiration of the latent and *partial* faith of the work is liable to lead many aside from perceiving the inherent evils.—C. M. YONGE.

PRACTICAL LETTERS OF ADVICE.

From Country Rector's daughter to young friend whose father has just taken a country living after being Master of a Grammar School.

DEAREST MOLLY,—Don't be exclusive, socially, intellectually, or good-*workily*. Don't mind taking the lead, and don't be aggrieved if you find the lead already taken. Remember old inhabitants *do* know something about the people, but that new comers give a chance to another sort. Don't keep 'the parish' in a box in your mind by itself. Let all the ideas and interests and theories you have worked out in your clever set play upon its problems *in your mind*. Then you'll see that the little bothers belong to the big world. But oh, my beloved child, be very careful how you carry these theories out! Don't say you're a Socialist, or a Ritualist, or an 'ist of any kind. Wait and see how things apply. Don't let one person be a go-between between you and the place. Get impressions at first hand. Above all, remember you're 'only *a common* or *garden*' girl, like every one else, only you're

bound to be a good girl, not only for your own sake. On the other hand, don't pride yourself on being secular and frivolous. Don't pretend to scorn the parish when you don't really do so. You'll be frightfully dull if you do. And don't let being religious, or as you perhaps call it 'churchy' professionally, eat into your own spiritual life. It will, if you don't take care. I have done every one of these things in my time, and reaped the consequences. 'Be good, sweet maid,' and if you're half as clever as I think you are, you'll find plenty of work for your brains in the tiniest parish. Everything's there if you have eyes to see. And last, not least, try not to care twopence whether you '*belong to the county*' or not. If you do, there's no question of it; and if you don't, it doesn't much matter whether people pretend to think you do. Cheer up, you'll be happy—in six months or so. My blessing on your efforts.—Your loving—UNDINE.

Tobins Bay.

DEAR JOANNA,—Your letter reached me yesterday, having been forwarded on here, where I read it to the sound of the beating of the waves, and meditated upon it while walking through lanes bright with wild-flowers.

So my little North-country singing bird is coming up to London, and wants me, forsooth, to give her some hints about the future.

First of all, don't be anxious, dear one; take things calmly and trust that all will come straight, and do leave behind you that phrase about things 'coming of themselves,' which I see you use in your letter, and which is so much the fashion just now. Temptations come of themselves, as far as we are concerned, just as much as duties. And I fear the above phrase is ofttimes made an excuse for setting aside unpleasant duties and accepting anything to one's own advantage that offers.

I once knew a worker who never engaged in any new undertaking, however small, without first spending half a night in prayer. This is the other extreme, but perhaps the safest. I will just jot down the one or two things I think you may find difficulties, but, of course, I cannot go deeply into them now.

Education.—Doubtless your father will expect to hear from you about the other girls in the parish; do not put them down as ignorant, because their conversation seems to you vapid, society-twaddle. I have seen girls at school carry all before them, who afterwards to a stranger would have talked mere *nothings*.

Tact.—A great deal too much is said nowadays about tact, and young workers are often led into difficulties through it. People are much clearer-sighted than is supposed. Do not let the idea of acting with tact lead you to do anything which you feel would give the acted-on one a right to be indignant, did she understand your course of action. The people who believe they read character best, are often, after all, only being seen through themselves. The duty to one's neighbour in the Catechism is the truest manual of *tact*, rightly so called.

Tuft-hunting.—'Go to the poor, and the rich will come to you.' This has well been said. At the same time, remember some golden tassels hang over aching brows.

Agreements.—Let anything parochial which you have to arrange be put down clearly in black and white, so that all agreements may be understood and kept to. Nothing tells more on all classes and opinions than truth and justice in things great and small.

I believe in any struggle about disendowment the public opinion on the character of the clergy and their families for truth and justice will have untold weight.

Unbelief.—Do not put down as unbelief a spiritual colour-blindness which you may find among girls of your own age. If they are living quiet, Christian lives, despite a sense of want—knowing that others have a more lovely view

of religion than themselves—do not add to that suffering which they must bear by treating that colour-blindness as unbelief, and do not vex their hearts and try their faith by, as it were, waving in their faces some spiritual joy which you feel they cannot share. As well blame a cripple for not joining in a dance. See if you cannot give them joys which they *can* understand, and realise that their lot is necessarily a less bright one than that of those with fuller vision.

Business and Sympathy.—Do not let your talent for business develop so quickly as to choke your natural sympathy with suffering. A 'Sister' of great experience once told me she believed the religious worker's great temptation was to allow charity to become business.

Addio, dear; this is such a very jotty letter, I fear it will disappoint you. When I get back to town you must come and talk things over, and we will have muffins for tea.—Ever yours, with love,—ROMAN LAUREL.

St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green.

DEAR MADAM,—Many readers of the 'Monthly Packet' probably know that for ten years Oxford men have been making an organized attempt to meet, by all kinds of religious and social work, the needs of East London, at what is known as the Oxford House in Bethnal Green. About five years ago it was felt that their work among men needed the co-operation of the various kinds of work that only women can do for women; and, at first in combination with the Cheltenham Settlement, and now in what it is hoped will be more permanent quarters at St. Margaret's House, ladies are working with this object. The House is intended to be, in the first place, a place of residence for permanent workers, and, in the second, a centre for those who can only give occasional help, whether as visitors for a few weeks or months, or, when living in London, for one or more afternoons or evenings in the week. The work that is done there may be classified under the heads of (1) a Girls' Club, which meets in the House; (2) all kinds of parish work, for which, in the dearth of educated women in the Bethnal Green parishes, there is great need; (3) work for the various Societies which have branches in the district, such as the Charity Organization Society, the Society for Befriending Young Servants, and the Children's Country Holiday Fund; (4) Workhouse and Hospital visiting. More workers, permanent, temporary, and occasional, are greatly needed, and would find abundance of work and the help and stimulus of a common life; funds are also needed, especially in the form of annual subscriptions, as the payments of the residents only cover house-keeping expenses, and a sum of about eighty pounds a year is required, in addition to the present subscriptions, for rent, rates and taxes, and necessary repairs. Gifts of money, Hospital and Convalescent Letters, etc., are also much wanted for the relief of sickness and distress.

It is thought that if the existence and work of the House were more widely known, many, especially of those who care for Oxford, and who sympathise in the wish that what has made Oxford great should be shared, at least to some extent, by the hard-worked people of our crowded towns, would be willing to help on the work.

All inquiries and offers of help should be addressed to the head of the House, Miss Harington, St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, E.; subscriptions and donations to one of the treasurers—Henry Hussey, Esq., 5, Albert Street, Victoria Square, S.W.; and Miss Anson, All Souls' College, Oxford.—Yours faithfully,—MARY TALBOT.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address CHELSEA CHINA on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS—

Variety Specimens. Prize monthly, 5*s.*

Search Questions (*Who, When, and Where*). Prize, for six months taken together, £1 1*s.*

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Rules for the above—

(1) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co.; they must NOT be addressed to 'the Editors.' (2) Each envelope must be marked *outside* with the subject to which it refers. Papers under separate competitions or discussions must be in separate envelopes. (3) The correspondent's name and address must be written on every paper: the use of a *nom de plume* for the lists is optional. (4) If competitors fail to comply with any rule, their papers will be disqualified. (5) The real name of the prize-winner is published in each case.

There are no fees for any China Cupboard competitions. Unless otherwise stated, all readers of the Magazine may enter. No China Cupboard contributions can be returned.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.
NEW SERIES.

AUGUST, 1894.

MY LADY ROTHA.

A ROMANCE.

BY STANLEY WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF 'A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE,' 'THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF,' ETC.

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CHAPTER XXII.

GREEK AND GREEK.

WHAT my lady's thoughts were during her long ride back to the camp, I do not know. But I have heard her say that when she rode into the village, a day and a half in advance of the dusty, lumbering convoy, she could scarcely believe that it was the place she had left, the place in which she had lived for a fortnight. And this, though all remained the same. So much does the point from which we look at things alter their aspect.

The general had sent on the news of the Waldgrave's loss by messenger, that she might be spared the pain of telling it; and Fraulein Max and Marie Wort were waiting on the wooden platform before the house when she rode wearily in. The sight of those two gave her a certain sense of relief and home coming, merely because they were women and wore petticoats. But that was all. The village, the reeking camp, the squalid soldiery, the whining beggars filled her—now that her eyes were opened and she saw this ugly face of war stripped of the glamour with which her fancy had invested it—with fear and repulsion. She wondered that she could ever have liked the place and been gay in it, or drawn pleasure from the amusements which now seemed poor and tawdry.

Fraulein Max ran down into the road to meet her, and when she had dismounted, covered her with tearful caresses. But the Countess, after receiving her greetings, still looked wistfully round as if she missed some one; and then in a moment moved from her, and mounting the steps went swiftly to the dark corner by the porch whither Marie Wort had run, and where she now stood, leaning against the house with her face to the wall.

My lady, whom few had ever seen unbend, took the girl in her arms, and laid her head on her shoulder and stroked her hair pitifully.

'Hush, child, hush!' she murmured, her eyes wet with tears. 'Poor child, poor child! Is it so very bad?'

But Marie could only sob.

They went into the house in a moment after that; those three, with the waiting-women. And then such a change came over the Countess that Fraulein Max blinked to see it. For she who, outside, had been so tender, began, before her riding cloak was off, to walk up and down like a caged wolf; with hard eyes and cheeks burning with indignation. Fraulein Max spoke to her timidly—said that the meal was ready, that my lady's woman was waiting, that my lady must be tired. But the Countess put her by almost with an oath. For hours she had been playing a part, a thing her proud soul loathed. For hours she had hidden, not her sorrow only and her anger, but her anxieties, her fears, her terrors. Now she must be herself or die

Besides, the thing pressed! She had her woman's wits, and might stave off the general's offer for a few days, for a week. But a week—what was that? No wonder that she looked on the four helpless women round her, and realised that these were her only helpers now, her only protection; no wonder that she cried out.

'I have been a fool!' she said, looking at them with burning eyes. 'When Martin warned me, I would not listen; when the Waldgrave hinted, I laughed at him. I was bewitched like a silly child in her teens! Don't contradict me!' And she stamped her foot impatiently. Fraulein Max had raised her hand.

'I don't,' the Fraulein answered. 'I don't understand you.'

'Do you understand that empty chair?' my lady cried bitterly. 'Or that empty stool?'

Fraulein Anna blinked more and more. 'But war,' she said mildly—'a necessary evil, Voetius calls it—war, Countess——'

'Oh!' my lady cried in a fury. 'As carried on by these, it is a horror, a fiendish thing! I did not know before. Now I have seen it. Wait, girl, wait, until it takes those you love, and threatens your own safety, and then talk to me of war!'

But Fraulein Anna set her face mutinously. 'Still, I do not understand,' she said slowly, winking her short-sighted eyes like an owl in the daylight. 'You talk as if we had cause not only to grieve—as we have, indeed—but to fear. Are we not safe here? General Tzerclas——'

'Bah!' the Countess cried, trembling with emotion. 'Don't let me hear his name! I hate him. He is false. False, girl. I do not trust him; I do not believe him; and I would to Heaven we were all out of his hands!'

Even Marie Wort, sitting white and quiet in a corner, looked up at that. As for Fraulein Max, she passed her tongue slowly over her lips, but did not answer; and for a moment there was silence in the room. Then Marie said softly, 'Thank God!'

My lady turned to her roughly. 'Why do you say that?' she asked.

'Because of something I have learned since you left us,' the girl answered, in a frightened whisper. 'There was a man who lived in this house, my lady.'

'Yes, yes?" the Countess muttered eagerly. 'I remember he begged of me, and General Tzerclas gave him money. That was one of the things that blinded me.'

'He hung him afterwards,' the girl whispered in a shaking voice. 'By the river, in the south-east corner of the camp.'

The Countess stared at her incredulously, rage and horror in her face. 'That man whom I saw?' she cried. 'It is not possible! You have been deceived.'

But Marie Wort shook her head. 'It is true,' she said simply.

'Then Heaven help us—all!' the Countess whispered in a thrilling tone. 'For we are in that man's power!'

There was a stricken silence after that, which lasted some minutes. The room seemed to grow darker, the house more silent, the road on which they looked through the unglazed window more dusty, squalid, dreary—dreary with the summer dreariness of drought. One of the waiting-women began to cry. The others stood bolt upright, looking out with startled eyes, and lips half open.

'Yes, all,' the Countess presently went on, her voice hard and composed. 'He has asked me to be his wife. He has honoured me so far.' She laughed a thin, mirthless laugh. 'If I am willing, therefore, well. If I am not—still he will wed me. After that he will keep us here in the midst of these horrors. Or he will march to Heritzburg, and then God help Heritzburg and my people!'

Fraulein Anna passed her tongue over her lips again, and shifted her hands in her lap. She was paler than usual. But she did not speak.

'The child?' the Countess said presently, in a different tone. 'Has it been recovered?'

Marie shook her head; and a moment later threw her kerchief over her face and went out. They heard her sobs as she went along the passage.

My lady frowned. 'If we could get a message to Count Leuchtenstein,' she muttered thoughtfully. 'But I do not know where he is. He may return to seek the child; and that is our best chance, I think.'

They brought food in after that, and the council broke up It is to be feared that the Countess found herself little the better for its advice.

That evening the general called to learn whether she was much fatigued; and she fancied she detected in his manner a masterfulness and a familiarity from which it had been free. But her suspicions rendered her so prone to read between the lines, that it is possible that she saw some things that were not there. Her own feelings she succeeded in masking, except in one matter. He brought Count Waska with him; and it occurred to the Countess, in her fear and helplessness, that she might enlist the Bohemian on her side. Such schemes come to women; even to proud women; and though Waska, half sportsman and half sot, and in body a mountain of flesh, was an unlikely knight-errant, she plied him so craftily, that when the two were gone she sat for an hour in a state of exaltation, believing that here a new and unexpected way to safety might open. The Bohemian was second in command, though at a great interval. He was popular, and in some points a gentleman. Could she excite in him jealousy, discontent, even passion, her position was such that she was in no mood to stand on scruples.

But when the general came next day, *he did not bring*

Waska; nor the day after. And he showed so plainly that he saw through the design, and suspected her, that he left her white and furious. Indeed it was a question who was left by this interview the more excited, my lady—who saw the circle growing ever narrower round her, and read with growing clearness the man's determination to win her at all costs and by all means; or the general, whose passion every day augmented, who saw in her both the woman he desired and the heiress, and would fain, if he could, have won her heart as well as her person.

The possession of power tempts to the use of it; and he began to lose patience. He had a screw in readiness, he fancied, that would bend even that proud neck and humble those knees. A day or two more he would give her, and then he would turn it. Hate itself is not more cruel than love despised!

But he did not count on her influence over him. The day or two passed, and another day or two, and still she kept him amused and kept him at bay. Sometimes he saw through her wiles, and came to her vowing he would not give her another hour. Will she, nill she, she should wed him. But then the glamour of her presence and her beauty blinded him again. And so a week went slowly by; each day won, at what a cost of pride, of courage, of self-respect!

At the end of that time my lady's face had grown so white and drawn under the strain, that when she sat alone she looked years older than her age. The light still flashed in her eyes; they had grown only the larger. But her cheeks and her lips had lost their colour, her hair its gloss. When no one was watching her, she glanced round her like a hunted animal. When anything crossed her, she flew into fearful rages with her women. They were so useless, so helpless! She was like a scorpion I have heard of, that, ringed round with fire, stings all within its reach.

How many nights she tossed, sleepless; how often she went over the odds against her; grasped at this idea or that; thought of horses and roads, ways and means, the distance to Cassel or the chances of Leuchtenstein's return, I cannot say; but I can guess. At last, during one of these night vigils, something happened. She was lying, torturing herself with the thought that to this constant putting off there could only be one end, when she heard sneaking footsteps moving in the passage,

The wall which divided it from her room ran beside her bed, and, lying still, she distinctly heard the rustling of garments against the boards.

Something like this she had feared in her worst moments; and on the instant she sat up and listened, her heart beating, wildly. Since her return the two waiting-women had lain in her room. She could hear them breathing now. But besides and above that, she could hear the stealthy rustling sound she had heard before. Then it ceased.

She rose trembling. The windows were shuttered, and the lamp which commonly burned in a basin had gone out. The room, therefore, was quite dark. Without awaking the women she stole across the floor to the door. There she set her ear to the panels and listened. But she heard nothing except the distant shout of a reveller, or the mournful howling of one of the pack of curs that infested the camp; all was still.

Still she crouched there listening, and presently her patience was rewarded. Some one entered by the outer door, and went quickly along the passage, the boards creaking so loudly that it was a wonder the women were not aroused. The footsteps went straight to the room where Fraulein Max and Marie Wort slept. Some one had been out and returned!

There was a hint of treachery here; and my lady stood up, her face grown hard. Which of the two was it? In a moment she had her answer. A dozen times in the last week Marie had puzzled her. A dozen times the Papist girl's easy resignation had angered her. She had caught her more than once smiling—smiling childish smiles that would not be repressed. This was the secret, then!

The Countess grew hot, and in a moment was out of her room and at the door of that other room. A taper still burned there; its light still showed through the cracks. Without hesitation she thrust the door open, entered and surprised Marie Wort in the very act. The girl was standing in the middle of the floor taking off a cloak. Guilt and fear were written in her face.

'You wicked girl!' the Countess cried, her eyes blazing.

Then she stopped. For Marie, instead of retreating before her, pointed with a warning finger to a second empty pallet, and my lady looking round saw with astonishment that Fraulein Max was missing.

'What does this mean?' the Countess muttered in a different tone.

Marie, trembling and listening, put her finger to her lips. 'Hush, hush, my lady,' she whispered. 'She must not find you here! She must not, indeed. I heard her go out, and I followed. I have heard all.'

'All?' my lady muttered, beginning to tremble too.

'Yes,' the girl answered. 'Go, go! my lady.' She was shaking with agitation, and looked round as if for a way of escape. But there was no second door to the room. 'If she finds you here we are lost. Go back,' she continued, 'and in the morning——'

She stopped abruptly, and her eyes grew wide. The Countess listening too, and catching the infection of her fear, heard a board creak below.

For a moment the two stood in the middle of the floor, gazing into one another's eyes. Then Marie, with a sudden movement, thrust my lady down on her pallet, and with the other hand put out the light.

They lay, scarcely daring to breathe, and heard Fraulein Anna grope her way in, and stand awhile, silent and listening, as if she found something suspicious in the extinction of the light. But the taper—it was a mere rushlight—had done this before, and Marie stirred so naturally, that Fraulein Max's doubts passed away. She put off her cloak quickly, and presently—but not, as it seemed to the Countess, until an hour had elapsed—they heard her begin to breathe regularly. A few minutes more and they had no doubt that she slept. Then Marie touched my lady's arm, and the latter, rising softly, stole out of the room.

The adventure left the Countess's thoughts in a whirl. She hated double-dealing as much as any one, and she could scarcely contain herself before Fraulein Max. It was as much as she could do to wear a smooth face for an hour, until a chance occasion, which fortunately came early, left her alone with Marie. Then she turned, almost fiercely, on the girl.

'What is this?' she said. 'What does it all mean? Himmel! Tell me! Tell me quickly!'

Marie Wort looked at her with tears in her eyes. 'You should be able to guess, my lady,' she said sadly. 'There is a traitor among us.'

'Fraulein Anna?'

Marie nodded. 'She is in his pay,' she said simply.

'His? The general's?'

'Yes,' Marie answered, speaking quickly, with her eyes on the door. 'She met him last night, and told him what you feel about him.'

The Countess drew a deep breath. Her face turned a shade paler. She sat up straight in her chair. 'All?' she said huskily.

Marie nodded.

'And he?'

'He said he would have an answer to-day. Then I left. I heard no more.'

The Countess sat for a minute as if turned to stone. Here was an end of putting off; of smiles, and pleasant words, and the little craftinesses which had hitherto served her. Stern necessity, hard fate were before her. She was of a high courage, but her terror was fast mastering her, when Marie touched her arm.

'If you can put him off, only until this evening,' the girl muttered, 'I think that something may be done.'

'What?' my lady asked harshly.

'Something. I do not know what,' the girl answered in a troubled tone.

The Countess rose suddenly. 'Ah! I would like to choke her!' she cried hoarsely. She stretched out her arms.

'Hush, hush, my lady!' Marie whispered. The Countess's violence frightened her. 'I think, if you could put him off until to-night, we might contrive something.'

'We? You and I?' my lady said in scorn. But as she looked at the other's pale, earnest face, her own softened, her tone changed. 'Well, it shall be as you wish,' she said. 'You are a better plotter than I am. But I fear Fraulein Cat, Fraulein Snake, Fraulein Fox will prove the best of all!'

Marie's frightened face showed that she thought this very possible. But she said no more, and would give my lady no explanation, though the Countess pressed for it. It was decided in the end that my lady should plead sudden illness, and use that pretext both to avoid Fraulein Max, and postpone her interview with the general until the evening.

He came at noon, and the Countess heard his horses pawing and fretting in the road, and sat up in her darkened room with a white face. What if he would not accept the excuse? If he *would* see her? What if the moment had come in which his will and hers must decide the struggle? She rose and stood

listening, as fierce in her beauty as any trapped savage creature. Her heart beat wildly, her bosom heaved. But in a moment she heard the horses move away, and by-and-by Marie came in to tell her that he would wait until evening.

'No longer?' the Countess asked feverishly, hiding her face in the pillow.

'Not an hour, he said,' Marie answered, indicating by a gesture that the door was open, and that Fraulein Max was listening. 'He was—different,' she whispered.

'How?' my lady muttered.

'He swore at me,' Marie answered in the same tone. 'And he spoke of you—differently.'

The Countess laughed, but far from joyously. 'I suppose to-night—I must see him?' she said. She tried as she spoke to press herself more deeply into the pillows, as if she might escape that way. Her flesh crept, and she shivered though she was as hot as fire.

Once or twice in the hours which followed she was almost beside herself. Sometimes she prayed. More often she walked up and down the room like one in a fever. She did not know on what she was trusting, and she could have struck Marie when the girl, appealed to again and again, would explain nothing, and name no quarter from which help might come. All the afternoon the camp lay grilling in the sunshine, and in the shuttered room in the middle of it my lady suffered. Had the house lain by the river she might have tried to escape; but the camp girdled it on three sides, and on the fourth, where a swampy inlet guarded one flank of the village, a deep ditch as well as the morass forbade all passage.

She remained in her room until she heard the unwelcome sounds which told of the general's return. Then she came into the outer room, her eyes glittering, a red spot on either cheek, all pretence at an end. She withered Fraulein Max, who sat blinking in a corner with a very evil conscience, with a look. And to Marie Wort, when the girl came near her on the pretence of adjusting her lace sleeves, she had only one word to say.

'You slut!' she hissed, her breath hot on the girl's cheek. 'If you fail me I shall curse you. Begone out of my sight!'

The poor child, excited before, broke down at that, and, bursting into a fit of weeping, ran out. Her sobs were still in the air when General Tzerclas entered.

The Countess's face was crimson. Her bearing, full of passion and defiance, must have warned him what to expect, if he felt doubt before. The sun was just setting, the room growing dusk. He stood awhile, after saluting her; in doubt how he should come to the point, or in admiration; for her scorn and anger only increased her beauty and his feeling for her. At length he pointed lightly to the women, who kept their places by the door.

'Is it your wish, fair cousin,' he said slowly, 'that I should speak before these, or will you see me alone?'

'Your spy, that cat there,' my lady answered, carried away by her temper, 'may go! The women will stay.'

Fraulein Max, singled out by that merciless finger, sprang forward, her face mottled with surprise and terror. For a second she hesitated. Then she rushed towards her friend, as if she would embrace her.

'Countess!' she cried. 'Rotha! Surely you are mad! You cannot think that I would——'

My lady turned, and in a flash struck her fiercely on the cheek with her open hand. 'Liar!' she cried; 'go to your master, you whipped hound!'

The Dutch woman recoiled with a cry of pain, and sobbing wildly went back to her place. The general laughed harshly.

'You hold with me, sweetheart,' he said. 'Discipline before everything. But you have not my patience.'

She looked at him—angry with him, angry with herself, her hand to her bosom—but she did not answer.

'For you must allow,' he continued—his tone and his eyes still bantered her—'that I have been patient. I have been like a man athirst in the desert; but I have waited day after day until now, sweetheart, I can wait no longer.'

'So you tampered with my—with that woman!' my lady said scornfully.

The general shrugged his shoulders and laughed grimly. 'Why not?' he said. 'What are waiting-women and the like made for, if not to be bribed—or slapped?'

She hated him for that sly hit—if never before; but she controlled herself. She would throw the burden on him.

He read the thought, and in a moment he changed his tone. There was a gloomy fire in his eyes, and smouldering passion in his voice, when he spoke again.

Well, Countess,' he said bluntly, 'I am here for your answer.'

'To what?' she asked.

'To the question I asked you some time ago,' he rejoined, dwelling on her with sullen eyes. 'I asked you to be my wife. Your answer?'

'Prythee!' she said proudly, 'this is a strange way of wooing.'

'It is not of my choice that I woo in company,' he answered, shrugging his shoulders. 'My answer; that is all I want—and you.'

'Then you shall have the first, and not the last,' she exclaimed on a sudden impulse. 'No, no—a hundred times no! If you do not see that by pressing me now,' she continued impetuously, 'when I am alone, friendless, and unprotected, you insult me, you should see it! And I do.'

For a moment there was silence. Then he laughed; but his voice, notwithstanding his mastery over it and his laugh, shook with rage and resentment. 'As I expected,' he said. 'For I knew last night that you hated me. You have played a part throughout. You loathe me. Yes, madam, you may wince,' he continued bitterly, 'for you shall still be my wife; and when you are my wife we will talk of that.'

'Never!' she said, with a brave face; but her heart beat wildly, and a mist rose before her eyes.

He laughed. 'My legions are round me,' he said. 'Where are yours?'

'You are a gentleman,' she answered with an effort. 'You will let me go.'

'If I do not?'

'There are those who will know how to avenge me.'

He laughed again. 'I do not know them, Countess,' he said contemptuously. 'For Hesse Cassel, he has his hands full at Nuremberg, and will be likely, when Wallenstein has done with him, to need help himself. The King of Sweden—the brightest morning ends soonest in rain—he will end at Nuremberg. Bernhard of Weimar, Leuchtenstein, all the fanatics fall with him. Only the banner of the Free Companies stands and waves the wider. Be advised,' he continued. 'Bend, Countess, or I have the means to break you.'

'Never!' she said more faintly.

'So you say now,' he answered slowly. 'You will not say so in five minutes. If you care nothing for yourself, have a care for your friends.'

'You said I had none.'

'None that can help you,' he said; 'some that you can help.'

She started and looked at him wildly, her lips apart, her eyes wide with hope, fear, expectation. What did he mean by this new turn? Ha!

She had her face towards the window, and dark as the room was growing—outside the light was failing fast—he read the thought in her eyes, and nodded.

'The Waldgrave?' he said lightly. 'Yes, he is alive, Countess, and your steward also.'

'They are prisoners?' she whispered, her cheeks grown white.

'Yes, prisoners; under sentence of death.'

'Where?'

'In my camp.'

'Why?' she muttered. But alas! she knew; she knew already.

'They are hostages for your good behaviour,' he answered in his coldest tone. 'If their principal satisfies me, good; they will go free. If not, they die—to-morrow.'

'To-morrow?' she gasped.

'To-morrow,' he answered ruthlessly. 'Now I think that we understand one another.'

She threw up her hand suddenly, as if she were about to vent on him all the passions which consumed her—the terror, rage, and shame which swelled in her breast. But something in his gibing tone, something in the set lines of his figure—she could not see his face—checked her. She let her hand fall in a gesture of despair, and shrank into herself, shuddering. She looked at him as at a serpent, that fascinated her. At last she murmured—

'You will not dare. What have they done to you?'

'Nothing,' he answered. 'It is not their affair; it is yours.'

For a moment after that they stood confronting one another, while the sound of the women sobbing in a corner, and the occasional jingle of a bridle outside, alone broke the silence. Behind her the room was dark; behind him, through the open windows, lay the road, glimmering pale through the dusk. Suddenly the door at her back opened, and a bright light flashed on his face. It was Marie Wort bringing in a lamp. No one spoke, and she set the lamp on the table, and going by him

began to close the shutters. Still the Countess stood as if turned to stone, and he stood watching her.

'Where are they?' she moaned at last, though he had already told her.

'In the camp,' he said.

'Can I—can I see them?'

'Afterwards,' he answered, with the smile of a fiend; 'when you are my wife.'

That added the last straw. She took two steps to the table, and sitting down blindly, covered her face with her hands. Her shoulders began to tremble, her head sank lower and lower on the table. Her pride was gone.

'Heaven help me!' she whispered in a passion of grief. 'Heaven help me, for there is no help here!'

'That is better,' he said, eying her coldly. 'We shall soon come to terms now.'

In his exultation he went a step nearer to her. He was going to lay his hand on her hair, believing his evil victory won, when in a flash two dark figures rose like shadows from behind her chair. He recoiled, dropping his hand. In a moment a pistol-barrel was thrust into his face. He fell back another step.

'One word and you are a dead man!' a stern voice hissed in his ear. Then he saw another barrel gleam in the lamplight and he stood still.

'What is this?' he said, looking from one to the other, his voice trembling with rage.

'Justice!' the same speaker answered harshly. 'But stand still and be silent, and you shall have your life. Give the alarm, and you die, general, though we die the next minute. Sit down in that chair.'

He hesitated. But the two shining barrels converging on his head, the two grim faces behind them were convincing; and in a moment he obeyed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE FLIGHT.

ONE of the men—it was I—muttered something to Marie, and she snuffed the wick, and then blew up the light. In a moment it filled the room, disclosing a strange medley of levelled weapons, startled faces, and gleaming eyes. In one corner

Fraulein Max and the two women cowered behind one another, trembling and staring. At the table sat my lady, with dull, dazed eyes; looking on, yet scarcely understanding what was happening. On either side of her stood Steve and I covering the general with our pistols; while the Waldgrave, who was still too weak for much exertion, kept guard over the door.

The general was the first to speak. 'What is this foolery?' he said, scowling unspoken curses at us. 'What does this mean?'

'This!' I said, producing a piece of hide rope. 'We are going to tie you up. If you struggle, general, you die. If you submit, you live. That is all. Go to work, Steve.'

There was a spark in Tzerclas' eye, which warned me to stand back and crook my finger. His face was black with fury, and for an instant I thought that he would spring upon us and dare all. But prudence and the pistols prevailed. With an evil look he sat still, and in a trice Steve had a loop round his arms and was binding him to the heavy chair.

Then I knew that as far as he was concerned we were safe; and I turned to bid the women get cloaks and food, adjuring them to be quick, for every moment was precious.

'Bring nothing but cloaks and food and wine,' I said. 'We have to go a league on foot and can carry little.'

The Countess heard my words, and looked at me with growing comprehension. 'The Waldgrave?' she muttered. 'Is he here?'

He came forward from the door to speak to her, but when she saw him, and how pale and thin he was, with great hollows in his cheeks and his eyes grown too large for his face, she began to cry weakly, as any other woman might have cried, being overwrought. I bade Marie, who alone kept her wits, to bring her wine and make her take it; and in a minute she smiled at us, and would have thanked us.

'Wait!' I said bluntly, feeling a great horror upon me whenever I looked towards the general or caught his eye. 'You may have small cause to thank us. If we fail, Heaven and you forgive us, my lady, for this man will not. If we are retaken——

'We will not be retaken!' my lady cried. 'You have horses?'

'Five only,' I answered. 'They are all Steve could get and they are a league away. We must go on foot. There are eight

of us here, and young Jacob and Franz are watching outside. Are all ready?'

My lady looked round, and her eye fell on Fraulein Max, who with a little bundle in her arms had just re-entered and stood shivering by the door. The Dutch girl winced under her glance, and dropping her bundle, stooped hurriedly to pick it up.

'That woman does not go!' my lady said suddenly.

I answered in a low tone that I thought she must.

'No!' my lady cried—she could be cruel sometimes—'not with us. She does not belong to our party. Let her stay with her paymaster, and to-morrow he will doubtless reward her.'

What reward she was likely to get Fraulein Max knew well. She flung herself at my lady's feet in an agony of fear, and clutching her skirts, cried abjectly for mercy; she would carry, she would help, she would do anything, if she might go! Knowing that we dared not leave her since she would be certain to release the general as soon as our backs were turned, I was glad when Marie, whose heart was touched, joined her prayer to the culprit's and won a reluctant consent.

It has taken long to tell these things. They passed very quickly. I suppose that not more than a quarter of an hour elapsed between our first appearance and this juncture; which saw us all standing in the lamplight, laden and ready to be gone; while the general glowered at us in sullen rage, and my lady, with a new thought in her mind, looked round in dismay.

She drew me aside. 'Martin,' she said, 'his orderly is waiting in the road with his horse. The moment we are gone he will shout to him.'

'We have provided for that, my lady,' I answered, nodding. Then assuring myself by a last look round that all were ready I gave the word. 'Now, Steve!' I said sharply.

In a twinkling he flung over the general's head a small sack doubled inwards. We heard a stiffled oath and a cry of rage. The bars of the strong chair creaked as our prisoner struggled, and for a moment it seemed as if the knots would barely hold. But the work had been well done, and in less than half a minute Steve had secured the sack to the chair-back. It was as good as a gag, and safer. Then we took up the chair between us, and lifting it into the back room, put it down and locked the door upon our captive.

As we turned from it Steve looked at me. 'If he catches us after this, Master Martin,' he said, 'it won't be an easy death we shall die!'

'Heaven forbid!' I muttered. 'Let us be off!'

He gave the word and we stole out at the back of the house, Steve, who had surveyed the ground, going first. My lady followed; then came the Waldgrave; after him the two women and Fraulein Max, with Franz and Jacob; last of all, Marie and I. It was no time for love-making, but as we all stood a minute in the darkness while Steve listened, I drew Marie's little figure to me and kissed her pale face again and again; and she clung to me, trembling, her eyes shining into mine. Then she put me away bravely; but I took her bundle, and with full hearts we followed the others across the field at the back and through the ditch.

We found ourselves on the edge of the village, with the lights of the camp forming five-sixths of a circle round us. In one direction only, where the swamp and creek fringed the place, a dark gap broke the ring of twinkling fires. Towards this gap Steve led the way, and we, a silent line of gliding figures, followed him. The moon had not yet risen. The gloom was such that I could barely make out the third figure before me; and though all kinds of noises—the chorus of a song, the voice of a scolding hag, even the rattle of dice on a drumhead—came clearly to my ears, and we seemed to be enclosed on all sides, the darkness proved an effectual shield. We met no one, and five minutes after leaving the house, reached the bank of the little creek.

Here we paused and waited, a group of huddled figures, while Steve groped about for a plank he had hidden. Before us lay the stream, behind us the camp. At any moment the alarm might be raised. I pictured the outcry, the sudden flickering of lights, the galloping this way and that, the discovery. And then, thank Heaven, Steve found his plank, and in the work of passing the women over I forgot my fears. The darkness, the peril—for the water on the nearer side was deep—the nervous haste of some, and the terror of others, made the task no easy one. I was hot as fire and wet to the waist before it was over, and we all stood ankle-deep in the ooze which formed the farther bank.

Alas! our troubles were only beginning. Through this ooze we had to wade for a mile or more, sometimes in doubt, always

in darkness; now plashing into pools, now stumbling over a submerged log, often up to our knees in mud and water. The frogs croaked round us, the bog moaned and gurgled; in the depth of the marsh the bitterns boomed mournfully. If we stood a moment we sank. It was a horrible time; the more horrible, as through it all we had only to turn to see the camp lights behind us, a poor half-mile away.

None but desperate men could have exposed women to such a labour; nor could any but women without hope and at their wit's end have accomplished it. As it was, Fraulein Max, who never ceased to whimper, twice sank down and would go no farther, and we had to pluck her up roughly and force her on. My lady's women, who wept in their misery, were little better. Wet to the waist, draggled, and worn out by the clinging slime and the reek of the marsh, they were kept moving only with difficulty; so that, but for Steve's giant strength and my lady's courage, I think that we should have stayed there till daylight, and been caught like birds limed on a bough.

As it was, we plunged and strove for more than an hour in that dreadful place, the dark sky above us, the quaking bog below, the women's weeping in our ears. Then, at last, when I had almost given up hope, we struggled out one by one upon the road, and stood panting and shaking, astonished to find solid ground under our feet. We had still two miles to walk, but on dry soil; and though at another time the task might have seemed to the women full of adventure and arduous, it failed to frighten them after what we had gone through. Steve took Fraulein, and I one of the women. My lady and the Waldgrave went hand in hand; the one giving, I fancy, as much help as the other. For Marie, her small, white face was a very beacon of hope in the darkness. In the marsh she had never failed or fainted. On the road the tears came into my eyes for pity and love and admiration.

At length Steve bade us stand, and leaving us in the way, plunged into the denser blackness of a thicket, which lay between it and the river. I heard him parting the branches before him, and stumbling and swearing, until presently the sounds died away in the distance, and we remained shivering and waiting. What if the horses were gone? What if they had strayed from the place where he had tethered them early in the day, or some one had found and removed them? The thought threw me into a cold sweat.

Then I heard him coming back, and I caught the ring of iron hoofs. He had them! I breathed again. In a moment he emerged, and behind him a string of shadows—five horses tied head and tail.

'Quick!' he muttered. He had been long enough alone to grow nervous. 'We are two hours gone, and if they have not yet discovered him they must soon! It is a short start, and half of us on foot!'

No one answered, but in a moment we had the Waldgrave, my lady, Fraulein, and one of the women mounted. Then we put up Marie, who was no heavier than a feather, and the lighter of the women on the remaining horse; and Steve hurrying beside the leader, and I, Franz, and Jacob bringing up the rear, we were well on the road within two minutes of the appearance of the horses. Those who rode had only sacking for saddles and loops of rope for stirrups; but no one complained. Even Fraulein Max began to recover herself, and to dwell more upon the peril of capture than on aching legs or chafed knees.

The road was good, and we made, as far as I could judge, about six miles in the first hour. This placed us nine miles from the camp; the time, a little after midnight. At this point the clouds, which had aided us so far by increasing the darkness of the night, fell in a great storm of rain, that, hissing on the road and among the trees, in a few minutes drenched us to the skin. But no one complained. Steve muttered that it would make it the more difficult to track us; and for two more hours we plodded on gallantly. Then our leader called a halt, and we stood listening.

The rain had left the sky lighter. A waning moon, floating in a wrack of watery clouds to westward, shed a faint gleam on the landscape. To the right of us it disclosed a bare plain, rising gradually as it receded, and offering no cover. On our left, between us and the river, it was different. Here a wilderness of osiers—a grey willow swamp that in the moonlight shimmered like the best Utrecht—stretched as far as we could see. The road where we stood rose a few feet above it, so that our eyes were on a level with the highest shoots; but a hundred yards farther on the road sank a little. We could see the water standing on the track in pools, and glimmering palely.

'This is the place,' Steve muttered. 'It will be dawn in another hour. What do you think, Master Martin?"

'That we must get off the road,' I answered. 'Say that

they found him at midnight; the orderly's patience would scarcely last longer. Then, if they started after us a quarter of an hour later, they should be here in twenty minutes.'

'It is an aguey place,' he said.

'It will suit us better than the camp,' I answered dryly.

No one else expressed an opinion, and Steve, taking my lady's rein, led her horse on until he came to the hollow part of the road. Here the moonlight disclosed a kind of water-lane, running away between the osiers, at right angles to the road. Steve turned into it, leading my lady's horse, and in a moment was wading a foot deep in water. The Waldgrave followed, then the women. I came last, with Marie's rein in my hand. We kept down the lane about one hundred and fifty paces, the horses snorting and moving unwillingly, and the water growing deeper. Then Steve turned out of it, and began to advance, but more cautiously, parallel with the road.

We had waded about as far in this direction, sidling between the stumps and stools as well as we could, when he came again to a stand and passed back the word for me. I waded on and joined him. The osiers, which were interspersed here and there with unpolled willows, rose above our heads and shut out the moonlight. The water gurgled black about our knees. Each step might lead us into a hole, or we might trip over the roots of the osiers. It was impossible to see a foot before us, or anything above us save the still, black rods and the grey sky.

'It should be in this direction,' Steve said, with an accent of doubt. 'But I cannot see. We shall have the horses down.'

'Let me go first,' I answered.

'We must not separate,' he replied hastily.

'No, no,' I said, my teeth beginning to chatter. 'But are you sure that there is an eyot here?'

'I did not go to it,' he answered, scratching his head. 'But I saw a clump of willows rising well above the level, and they looked to me as if they grew on dry land.'

We stood a moment irresolutely, first one and then another of the horses shaking itself till the women could scarcely keep their seats.

'Why do we not go on?' my lady asked in a low voice.

'Because Steve is not sure of the place, my lady,' I said. 'And it is almost impossible to move, it is so dark, and the

osiers grow so closely. I doubt we should have waited until daylight.'

'Then we should have run the risk of being taken,' she answered feverishly. 'Are you very wet?'

'No,' I said, though my feet were growing numb, 'not very. But I see what we must do. One of us must climb into a willow and look out.'

We had passed a small one not long before. I plashed my way back to it, along the line of shivering women, and, pulling myself heavily into the branches, managed to scramble up a few feet. The tree swayed under my weight, but it bore me.

The first dawn was whitening the sky and casting a faint, reflected light on the glistening sea of osiers, that seemed to my eyes—for I was not high enough to look beyond it—to stretch far and away on every side. Here and there a large willow, rising in a round, dark clump, stood out above the level; and in one place, about a hundred paces away on the riverside of us, a group of these formed a shadowy mound. I marked the spot, and dropped gently into the water.

'I have found it,' I said. 'I will go first, and do you bring my lady, Steve. And mind the stumps. It will be rough work.'

It was rough work. We had to wind in and out, leading and coaxing the frightened horses, that again and again stumbled to their knees. Every minute I feared that we should find the way impassable or meet with a mishap. But in time, going very patiently, we made out the willows in front of us. Then the water grew more shallow, and this gave the animals courage. Twenty steps farther, and we passed into the shadow of the trees. A last struggle, and, plunging one by one up the muddy bank, we stood panting on the spot.

It was such a place as only despair could choose for a refuge. In shape like the back of some large submerged beast, it lay in length about forty paces, in breadth half as many. The highest point was a poor foot above the water. Seven great willows took up half the space; it was as much as our horses, sinking in the moist mud to the fetlock, could do to find standing-room on the remainder. Coarse grass and reeds covered it; and the flotsam of the last flood whitened the trunks of the willows, and hung in squalid wisps from their lower branches.

For the first time we saw one another's faces, and how pale and woe-begone, mudstained and draggled we were! The cold,

grey light, which so mercilessly unmasked our refuge, did not spare us. It helped even my lady to look her worst. Fraulein Anna sat a mere lifeless lump in her saddle. The waiting-women cried softly; they had cried all night. The Waldgrave looked dazed, as if he barely understood where he was or why he was there.

To think overmuch in such a place was to weep. Instead, I hastened to get them all off their horses, and with Steve's help and a great bundle of osiers and branches which we cut, I made nests for them in the lower boughs of the willows and well out of reach of the water. When they had all taken their places, I served out food and a dram of Dantzic waters; which some of us needed badly, for a white mist, drawn up from the swamp by the rising sun, began to enshroud us, and, hanging among the osiers for more than an hour, prolonged the misery of the night.

Still, even that rolled away at last—about six o'clock—and let us see the sun shining overhead in a heaven of blue distance and golden clouds. Larks rose up and sang, and all the birds of the marsh began to twitter and tweet. In a trice our mud island was changed to a bower—a place of warmth and life and refreshment—where light and shade lay on the dappled floor, and the sunshine fell through green leaves.

Then I took the cloaks, and the saddles, and everything that was wet, and spread them out on branches to dry; and leaving the women to make themselves comfortable in their own way and shift themselves as they pleased, we two, with the Waldgrave and the two servants, went away to the other end of the eyot.

'I shall sleep,' Steve said.

The insects were beginning to hum. The horses stood huddled together, swishing their long tails.

'You think they won't track us?' I asked.

'Certain,' he said. 'There are six hundred yards of mud and water, eel-holes, and willow shoots between us and the road.'

The Waldgrave assented mechanically. It seemed so to me too; and by-and-by, worn out with the night's work, I fell asleep, and slept, I suppose, for a good many hours, with the sun and shade passing slowly across my face, and the bees droning in my ears, and the mellow warmth of the summer day soaking into my bones. When I awoke I lay for a time

revelling in lazy enjoyment. The oily plop of a water-rat, as it dived from a stump, or the scream of a distant jay, alone broke the laden silence. I looked at the sun. It lay south-west. It was three o'clock then.

A light touch fell on my knee. I looked down, and for a moment stared in sleepy wonder. A tiny bunch of blue flowers, such as I could see growing in a dozen places on the edge of the island, lay on it, tied with a thread of purple silk. I rose slowly on my elbow, and beside me, with her cheeks full of colour, and the sunshine finding golden threads in her dark hair, sat Marie, toying with more flowers.

'Ha!' I said foolishly. 'What is it?'

'My lady sent me to you,' she answered.

'Yes,' I asked eagerly. 'Does she want me?'

But Marie hung her head, and played with the flowers. 'She only sent me to you,' she whispered.

Then I understood. The Waldgrave had gone to the farther end. Steve and the men were tending the horses half a dozen paces beyond the screen of willow-leaves. We were alone. A rat plashed into the water, and drove Marie nearer to me; and she laid her head on my shoulder, and I whispered in her ear, till the lashes sank down over her eyes and her lips trembled. If I had loved her from the first, what was the length and height and breadth of my love now, when I had seen her in darkness and peril, sunshine and storm, strong when others failed, brave when others flinched, always helpful, ready, tireless! And she so small! So frail, I almost feared to press her to me; so pale, the blood that leapt to her cheeks at my touch seemed a mere reflection of the sunlight.

I told her how Steve had made the guards at the prison drunk with wine bought with her dowry; how the horses he had purchased and taken out of the camp by twos had been paid for from the same source; and how many ducats had gone for meats and messes to keep the life, that still ran sluggishly, in the Waldgrave's veins. She listened and lay still.

'So you have no dowry now,' I said, when I had told her all. 'And your gold chain is gone. I believe you have nothing but the frock you stand up in. Why, then, should I marry you?'

I felt her heart give a great leap under my hand, and a shiver ran through her. But she did not raise her head, and I who

had thought to tease her into looking at me, had to put back her little face till it gazed into mine.

'Why?' I said; 'why?' And I drew her closer and closer to me.

Then at last the colour came into her face like the sunlight itself. 'Because you love me,' she whispered, shutting her eyes.

And I did not gainsay her.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MISSING!

WE lay in the osier bed two whole days and a night, during which time two at least of us were not unhappy, in spite of peril and hardship. We left it at last, because our meagre provision gave out, and we must move or starve. We felt far from sure that the danger was over, for Steve, who spent the second day in a thick bush near the road, saw two troops of horse go by, and others, we believed, passed in the night. But we had no choice. The neighbourhood was bleak and bare Such small homesteads as existed had been eaten up, and lay abandoned. If we had felt inclined to venture out for food, none was to be had. And, in a word, though we trembled at the thought of the open road, and my heart for one grew sick as I looked from Marie to my lady, and reckoned the long tale of leagues which lay between us and Cassel, the risk had to be run.

Steve had discovered a more easy though longer way out of the willow-bed, and two hours before midnight on the second night, he and I mounted the women and prepared to set out. He arranged that we should go in the same order in which we had come: that he should lead the march, and I bring up the rear, while the Waldgrave, who was still far from well, and whose continued lack of vigour troubled us the more as we said little about it, should ride with my lady.

The night seemed likely to be fine, but the darkness, the sough of the wind as it swept over the plain, and the melancholy plashing of the water as our horses plodded through it, were not of a kind to allay our fears. When we at last left our covert, and riding out on the road stood to listen, the fall of a leaf made us start. Though only the sounds of the night came to our ears—and some of those were of a kind to reassure

us—we said 'Hush!' again and again, and only moved on after a hundred alarums and assurances.

I walked by Marie, with my hand on the withers of her horse, but we did not talk. The two waiting-women riding double were before us, and their muttered fears alone broke the silence which prevailed at the end of the train. We went at the rate of about two leagues an hour, Steve and I and the men running where the roads were good, and everywhere and at all times urging the horses to do their best. The haste of our movements, the darkness, our constant alarm, and the occasional confusion when the rear pressed on the van at an awkward place, all tended to upset the balance of our minds; so that the most common impulse of flight—to press forward with ever-increasing recklessness—began more and more to possess us. Once or twice I had to check the foremost, or they would have outrun the rear; and this kind of race brought us gradually into such a state of alarm, that when the line came to a sudden stop on the brow of a gentle descent I could hardly restrain my impatience.

'What is it?' I asked eagerly. 'Why are we stopping? Surely the road is good enough here.'

No one answered, but it was significant that on the instant one of the women began to cry.

'Stop that folly!' I said. 'What is in front there? Cannot some one speak?'

'The Waldgrave thinks he hears horsemen in front,' Fraulein Max answered.

In another moment the Waldgrave's figure loomed out of the darkness. 'Martin,' he said—I noticed that his voice shook—'go forward. They are in front. Man alive, be quick!' he continued fiercely. 'Do you want to have them into us?'

I left my girl's rein, and pushing past the women and Fraulein joined Steve, who was standing by my lady's rein. 'What is it?' I said.

'Nothing, I think,' he answered in an uncertain tone.

I stood a moment listening, but I could hear nothing. I began to argue with him. 'Who heard it?' I asked.

'The Waldgrave,' he answered.

I did not like to say before my lady what I thought—that the Waldgrave was not quite himself, nor to be depended upon; and instead I proposed to go forward myself on foot and learn

if anything was amiss. The road ran straight down the hill, and the party could scarcely pass me, even in the gloom. If I found all was well, I would whistle, and they could come on.

My lady agreed, and, leaving them halted, I started cautiously down the hill. The darkness was not extreme; the cloud drift was broken here and there, and showed light patches of sky between; and I could make out the shapes of things, and more than once took a clump of bushes for a lurking ambush. But halfway down, a line of poplars began to shade the road on our side, and from that point I might have walked into a regiment and never seen a man. This, the being suddenly alone, and the constant rustling of the leaves overhead, which moved with the slightest air, shook my nerves, and I went very warily, with my heart in my mouth and a cry trembling on my lips.

Still I had reached the hillfoot before anything happened. Then I stopped, hearing quite distinctly in front of me the sound of footsteps. It was impossible that this could be the sound that the Waldgrave had heard, for only one man seemed to be stirring, and he moved stealthily; but I crouched down and listened, and in a moment I was rewarded. A dark figure came out of the densest of the shadow and stood in the middle of the road. I sank lower noiselessly. The man seemed to be listening.

It flashed into my head that he was a sentry; and I thought how fortunate it was that I had come on alone.

Presently he moved again. He stole along the track towards me, stooping, as I fancied, and more than once standing to listen, as if he were not satisfied. I sank down still lower, and he passed me without notice, and went on, and I heard his foosteps slowly retreating until they quite died away.

But in a moment, before I had risen to my full height, I heard them again. He came back, and passed me, breathing quickly and loudly. I wondered if he had detected our party and was going to give the alarm; and I stood up, anxious and uncertain, at a loss whether I should follow him or run back.

At that instant a yell broke the silence, and rent the darkness as a flash of lightning might rend it. It came from behind me, from the brow of the hill, and I started as if I had been struck. Hard on it a volley of shouts and screams flared up in the same direction, and while my heart stood still with terror and fear of what had happened, I heard the thunder of

hoofs come down the road, with a clatter of blows and whips. They were coming headlong—my lady and the rest. The danger was behind them, then. I had just time to turn and get to the side of the road before they were on me at a gallop.

I could not see who was who in the darkness, but I caught at the nearest stirrup, and, narrowly escaping being ridden down, ran on beside the rider. The horses, spurred down the slope, had gained such an impetus that it was all that I could do to keep up. I had no breath to ask questions, nor state my fear that there was danger ahead also. I had to stride like a giant to keep my legs and run.

Some one else was less lucky. We had not swept fifty yards from where I joined them, when a dark figure showed for a moment in the road before us. I saw it; it seemed to hang and hesitate. The next instant it was among us. I heard a shrill scream, a heavy fall, and we were over it, and charging on and on and on through the darkness.

To the foot of the hill and across the bottom, and up the opposite slope. I do not know how far we had sped, when Steve's voice was heard, calling on us to halt.

'Pull up! pull up!' he cried, with an angry oath. 'It is a false alarm, whatever fool set it going! There is no one behind us. Where is Martin?"

The horses were already beginning to flag, and gladly came to a trot, and then to a walk.

'Here!' I panted.

'Himmel! I thought we had ridden you down!' he said, leaving my lady's side. His voice shook with passion and loss of breath. 'Who was it? We might all have broken our necks, and for nothing!'

The Waldgrave—it was his stirrup I had caught—turned his horse round. 'I heard them—close behind us!' he panted. There was a note of wildness in his voice. My elbow was against his knee, and I felt him tremble.

'A bird in the hedge,' Steve said rudely. 'It has cost some one dear. Whose horse was it struck him?'

No one answered. I left the Waldgrave's side and went back a few paces. The women were sobbing. Franz and Jacob stood by them, breathing hard after their run. I thought the men's silence strange. I looked again. There was a figure missing; a horse missing.

'Where is Marie?' I cried.

She did not answer. No one answered; and I knew. Steve swore again—I think he had known from the beginning. I began to tremble. On a sudden my lady lifted up her voice and cried shrilly—

'Marie! Marie!'

Again no answer. But this time I did not wait to listen. I ran from them into the darkness the way we had come, my legs quivering under me, and my mouth full of broken prayers. I remembered a certain solitary tree fronting the poplars, on the other side of the way, which I had marked mechanically at the moment of the fall—an ash, whose light upper boughs had come for an instant between my eyes and the sky. It stood on a little mound, where the moorland began to rise on that side. I came to it now, and stopped and looked. At first I could see nothing, and I trod forward fearfully. Then, a couple of paces on, I made out a dark figure, lying head and feet across the road. I sprang to it, and kneeling, passed my hands over it. Alas! it was a woman's.

I raised the light form in my arms, crying passionately on her name, while the wind swayed the boughs overhead, and, besides that and my voice, all the countryside was still. She did not answer. She hung limp in my arms. Kneeling in the dust beside her, I felt blindly for a pulse, a heart-beat. I found neither—neither; the woman was dead.

Yet it was not that which made me lay the body down so quickly and stand up peering round me. No; something else. The blood drummed in my ears, my heart beat wildly. The woman was dead; but she was not Marie.

She was an old woman, sixty years old. When I stooped again, after assuring myself that there was no other body near, and peered into her face, I saw that it was seamed and wrinkled. She was barefoot, and her clothes were foul and mean. She had the reek of one who slept in ditches and washed seldom. Her toothless gums grinned at me. She was a horrible mockery of all that men love in women.

When I had marked so much, I stood up again, my head reeling. Where was the man I had seen scouting up and down? Where was Marie? For a moment the wild idea that she had become this thing, that death or magic had transformed the fair young girl into this toothless hag, was not too wild for me. An owl hooted in the distance, and I started and shivered and stood looking round me fearfully. Such things were; and

Marie was gone. In her place this woman, grim and dead and unsightly, lay at my feet. What was I to think?

I got no answer. I raised my voice and called, trembling, on Marie. I ran to one side of the road and the other and called, and still got no answer. I climbed the mound on which the ash-tree stood, and sent my voice thrilling through the darkness of the bottom. But only the owl answered. Then, knowing nothing else I could do, I went down wringing my hands, and found my lady standing over the body in the road. She had come back with Steve and the party.

I had to listen to their amazement, and a hundred guesses and fancies, which, God help me! had nothing certain in them, and gave me no help. The men searched both sides of the road, and beat the moor for a distance, and tried to track the horse—for that was missing too, and there lay my only hope—but to no purpose. At last my lady came to me and said sorrowfully that nothing more could be done.

'In the morning!' I cried jealously.

No one spoke, and I looked from one to another. The men had returned from the search, and stood in a dark group round the body, which they had drawn to the side of the road. It wanted an hour of daylight yet, and I could not see their faces, but I read in their silence the answer that no one liked to put into words.

'Be a man!' Steve muttered, after a long pause. 'God help the girl. But God help us too if we are found here!'

Still my lady did not speak, and I knew her brave heart too well to doubt her, though she had been the first to talk of going. 'Get to horse,' I said roughly.

'No, no,' my lady cried at last. 'We will all stay, Martin.'

'Ay, all stay or all go!' Steve muttered.

'Then all go!' I said, choking down the sobs that would rise. And I turned first from the place.

I will not try to say what that cost me. I saw my girl's face everywhere—everywhere in the darkness, and the eyes reproached me. That she of all should suffer, who had never fainted, never faltered, whose patience and courage had been the women's stay from the first—that she should suffer! I thought of the tender, weak body, and of all the things that might happen to her, and I seemed, as I went away from her, the vilest thing that lived.

But reason was against me. If I stayed there and waited

on the road by the old crone's body until morning, what could I do? Whither could I turn? Marie was gone and already might be half a dozen miles away. So the bonds of custom and duty held me. Dazed and bewildered, I lacked the strength that was needed to run counter to all. I was no knight-errant, but a plain man, and I reeled on through the last hour of the night and the first grey streaks of dawn, with my head on my breast and choking sobs of despair in my throat.

(*To be continued.*)

STORY-WRITING.

BY MRS. MOLESWORTH.

THERE is a curious fascination in going back to the beginning of one's own life, in trying to recall one's very earliest recollections. And these very earliest recollections are doubtless important factors in the history of one's self. Their very existence shows that the impressions they record were deep and lasting.

'What is the very first thing I can remember?' is always a question of peculiar interest.

A dreamy vista opens out at the words—vague outlines in a long, misty avenue, of which, slowly and gradually, some take recognisable shape, while others grow yet more cloudy and intangible the longer you gaze, refusing to define their delicate forms at the bidding of what we call memory. Yet possibly enough—paradoxical though it may sound—like those essences whose very subtilty is their strength—in the perfect analysis of the future life we may come to estimate at juster value the unseen importance of their work.

In this, as in so many other directions, the 'last,' according to our present limited judgments, may prove the 'first'—the first, last.

But speculation of this kind is not just now what we are concerned with. It may be of interest to others, we are told, to trace the conscious influences that have been at work to direct the literary capacity—gift, whatever it may be called—which so many men and women, though in degrees so enormously varying, possess. A gift, which indeed it sometimes seems to me, no normally complete human being can be entirely without, and which the great extension of education, in the conventional sense of the word, by placing the 'technique' required for its expression within the reach of so many, has in our days often been brought to light where formerly its existence would scarcely have been suspected.

Viewed in this way, it is to be hoped that a few reminiscences bearing upon the development of even the most humble of 'gifts,'—the one talent—the rushlight amidst the world's grand galaxy of illuminators—may not be too trivial or commonplace to entertain an idle quarter of an hour.

I think—yes, I am almost sure—that the very first thing I remember is a storm of wind. Probably enough it was but a passing blast, but it left a strange and awe-inspiring impression upon me—the realization of an actual power I had not till then known of; for it lifted me off my feet. I felt that it was something I could not resist, though it was formless and invisible. I was terrified, but far more astounded. I never forgot it; I never shall forget it.

Next comes a vision I have never, curiously enough, been able to localize. I am walking along an unevenly paved road; the large round cobble stones are trying to my little feet, and very slippery. I think they are wet with a coating of greenish seaweed; and though I cannot recall any consciousness of the sea, I think it must have been near, for the strong scent of tar is over all, and in front of me at one side stands the chief feature of the scene—rows and rows of masts stretching up, up, till to my fancy they are lost in the clouds. I hear voices beside me—remarks made by the maids in charge of us children, no doubt—which seem to tell me that these wonderful poles belong to invisible ships. I must have arranged the ideas afterwards, when I knew what ships were, but at the moment I seemed to myself to be alone, quite alone, with the masts stretching up to the sky, and the tar scent in the air. I have always loved the scent. Perhaps the whole combined to prepossess me towards pine-woods!

After these two earliest remembrances, others—though with a distinct gulf between—crowd upon me. From the time I was four I can recollect things consecutively. But I could not vouch for any memory save these two, referring to a time before I was three.

And there are some things as to which my absolute blank of memory is perhaps more significative than recollection would be. I cannot in the very least remember learning to read, nor can I recall a time at which reading stories was not my greatest delight, nor can I remember ever being unable to understand French or to speak it after a fashion—a very queer fashion, I dare say. I had never been in France, but I did not live in

England till I was nearly two, and my first childish romances were connected with the country where I was born—Holland—which became to my imagination a land of unspeakable and mysterious delight, a child's paradise—mainly, I think, because every Christmas some unknown friend—there is no one now living who can tell me who he was—sent us a case of the most entrancing toys. Perhaps I should not now think them quite so wonderful; still, they must have been very good, for I remember some details of their beauty. One, I know, was a miniature chariot drawn by four greys, which pranced as we made it run along. And the doors opened, and little steps let down, and inside sat a doll gentleman and lady who always irritated me because they were only shaped to *sit*, and could not stand upright.

We kept these best toys behind a large sofa in my mother's drawing-room. That corner of the room was a very wonderful place. Some years later, another friend, a Belgian gentleman this time, whom I remember personally, gave me a miniature cabinet, part of which opened to show unsuspected drawers and recesses inside. Many years afterwards, in a relation's house, I saw a very much larger cabinet—a Japanese one—of a somewhat similar construction, though far more elaborate. It recalled to me my own old tiny one, and I think these are answerable for my little story of 'The Nodding Mandarins,' and for some parts of 'The Cuckoo Clock.'

Though, for all I can remember to the contrary, I learnt to read without the slightest difficulty or distress, this was by no means the case with writing. It was wretchedness and misery to me. I can even now feel sorry for my poor little cramped fingers, toiling away at a periodical letter in large round hand to 'My dear Grandpapa'—'dear,' while those letters were in process, he assuredly to me was not.

From this difficulty in writing it perhaps came to pass that my first stories were not committed to paper. I think I was past ten before I ever 'wrote out' anything, and then only little plays, which *had* to be so treated, for convenience' sake; and not till I was fourteen did I ever attempt anything of the kind 'seriously,' even from a child's point of view. I am inclined to think that this was an advantage. I made up stories in plenty, some of them coming to have a permanent existence, so as to be told over and over again, some in parts or chapters supplied according to the nursery demand. So that my fancy

and invention were called into play and kept active without my troubling about pen and ink, which to the child author is almost equivalent to the 'rushing into print,' so often to be deprecated in later years. It never occurred to me in the vaguest way that I should come to 'write books;' I was *absolutely* free from self-consciousness on the subject, and as far as my opinion of my own intellectual powers went, if ever I thought about them at all, I thought them *decidedly* inferior to those of my companions, nor was I to any great extent mistaken as to this—I was *not* a clever child. But oh, I am often so glad of it, nowadays, when precocity, too frequently superficial and misleading, is the rule; simple, unselfconscious, ingenuous childishness the exception!

I did not take kindly to Latin; I was intensely dull at arithmetic, and yet I loved it. Figures have always meant something inexpressible to me—every number had its individuality.

When I did begin to write—'compositions' was the comprehensive term for our productions—it was as task-work *pur et simple.* There was no connection between my essays (even when they sometimes took the form of narrative) and my loved, my adored 'stories.' And the best work I ever did, up to the age of seventeen or so, was translation. For this, too, I have always been grateful. It taught me—thanks to the exceptional excellence of the teacher, himself a perfect master of style, a writer far less known by name than he deserved to be—it taught me, by really thoughtful effort, command of language, just appreciation of words, unconfused with any attempt at using my own crude and immature material, till years and developed imagination had improved my powers of invention; and to my delight, not unmingled with surprise, I found the means of expression ready and full-grown, waiting to be used.

I never cared much for big dolls—single, individual dolls, so to say. I liked dressing them, making or helping to make their clothes, but no big doll ever became a dear friend to me. What I loved was little ones, really very small ones, of which I could have enough to group them into families, or to make them act dramas. And if my collection of small dolls ran short, I was never at a loss for other puppets—reels of cotton of varying sizes, which I borrowed from my mother's workbox on condition of 'putting them all neatly back again,' did admirably. Or shells, of which we happened to have a large collection, were charming for this purpose. I almost think I preferred these

substitutes for dolls, at one time, to the dolls themselves. They allowed, the shells especially, such unlimited scope for the imagination, the only advantage of the reels being that I could dress them, by tying bright-coloured silks or ribbons round them. The shells, I think, gained my greatest affection. I have sobbed for hours at the loss or breakage of some special favourite, a *prima donna* of my baby dramas.

In those days, as everybody knows, children had far fewer story-books than now, though I well remember my mother and grandmother and aunts telling us how large was our repertory compared with what *theirs* had been. We valued our books greatly; in some cases, perhaps, more than they deserved. I had a good many which had been my mother's and even my grandmother's—'The Fairchild Family,' 'The Twin Sisters,' and 'Ornaments Discovered' among them. Of these 'The Fairchild Family' was my favourite by far, excepting for the prayers and hymns at the end of each chapter. These I was too conscientious to 'skip,' but they were a sore trial, till at last I hit upon the plan of *reading forward* a certain number of them, so that I could then go back and enjoy the story straight on for several chapters without the uncongenial break! I was never *very* fond of Miss Edgeworth's stories—there was something hard and dry about them, and something wanting, which I could not define. They were too 'sensible.' Among more modern books the one I loved the best by far was 'The Wide, Wide World.' I adored it, and read it over and over again, though never without tears. Nathaniel Hawthorne's 'Wonder Book' was a great revelation to me. Till I read it, I had never associated anything classic, anything of 'ancient history,' or mythology, with interest and charm. I had looked upon it all as 'lessons.'

As a very little child, I read some curiously unchildlike literature. Before I was six I had patiently perused 'Sir Charles Grandison,' Miss Burney's 'Wanderer,' and, I imagine, some of Richardson's, though I forget which. I really enjoyed 'Sir Charles Grandison.' I suppose, nay, I am certain, that none of these did me any harm, but the time I spent over them might have been more healthfully employed. I used to kneel before a sofa in a small book-room, lined with these old volumes, for hours and hours together. Between six and ten I had read most of the Waverleys. I remember crying because I found 'Peveril of the Peak' confusing! My favourites were of course 'The Talisman' and 'Ivanhoe.'

Later on, with Miss Sewell's books, and still more with Miss Yonge's, a mine of untold treasures seemed to open before me and from that time onwards the ever-increasing rush of fiction for the young makes it difficult to recall special impressions. Up to fourteen or fifteen, however, I feel sure that my most perfect felicity was found in fairy tales, though the first taste of this delight was not given to me by books or reading, but by the story-*telling* of my already aged grandmother—a grandparent on the other side from the awe-inspiring receiver of our periodical round-hand letters. This grandmother was a genius at story-telling, often illustrating her narrations by pictures that she drew for us 'out of her head.'

I have often wondered how it was that, when it first occurred to me to try my hand at writing, I did not at once choose children's stories. I knew far more about children and child-life than about anything else, for till late years I have *always* lived with children, being an 'elder one' at home to begin with, and always, I think, in sympathy with little people. Nevertheless, it was not till I had three or four children of my own that I began to *write* for them, and even then, this was owing to the suggestion of a friend with a clearer instinct than I had myself as to what I could do best. To him I shall be for ever grateful.

'Better do a small thing *well*,' he said, 'than a greater thing indifferently,' when he had been criticising one of the novels that were my first launches into literature.

'And then, I suppose,' it is often said to me, 'you felt you had found your groove, and it all came as easily as possible.'

No, it is never 'all easy.' No *work* is at all times congenial. There are days when one is far from 'inclined' to write even the simplest child's story—almost more disinclined for such than for more important work. For life is often very sad and very trying, and we must not prematurely unfold such experience to the innocent, happy creatures whose very innocence and happiness furnish the strength they too will surely require for their own struggles and difficulties. Children must have sunshine if they are to grow, and the background of all one gives them should be bright and hopeful. Nor is this in reality misleading. The sunshine is there—the everlasting beyond and above, though it is sometimes so veiled to us.

Nor have I any faith in 'waiting for inspiration,' as it is called. Concentration of thought, even mechanical regularity—the

sitting down at a certain hour to your work, the very feeling of the pen in your fingers—help to bring the material. And *generally*, I find, the interest and fresh pleasure come before long as the reward, though of course there *are* times when to persist would be wrong, unfair to your readers and yourself. And if the responsibility of writing *any* book is grave, surely the gravest of all is that of writing for children? Indeed, I often have felt that if I could thoroughly realise the possible effect of any carelessness, any *unwisdom* in what I write—when I recall the depth of impression made upon myself as a child by some injudicious passage, some little-intended suggestion of harm—I should hesitate to write at all.

The whole position is strangely complicated, much more so than outsiders imagine. You have to be yourself, with your experience, your knowledge of good, and alas! of evil too; and at the same time you must be the child, or at least in the child's place, and that, again, without any *apparent* stepping down. The very writing that appeals to its own feelings and sympathies, that makes the boy or girl conscious of being 'understood,' should have a reserve of something more—something higher and yet deeper. While you amuse and interest, you should all the time be *lifting;* yet, above all, without preaching. Children's stories should be like the pure bracing air of some mountain height—unconsciously strengthening towards all good, while assimilated with no realised effort.

Even the choice of language partakes of this double position. I have come to think it a mistake to avoid all words that would not be at once understood by the child. They must of course be regulated by the age for which one is writing, but some variety of expressions in the story need not be feared; above all, words *which best tell what you want to tell* should not be avoided because they are long. The context should guide towards the meaning, and in this way the childish vocabulary gains in richness and accuracy.

I have been able but to glance at my own experiences as a writer for children; to succeed as such, it always seems to me, the *great sine quâ non* is sympathy with one's audience, a memory ever kept fresh and vivid of one's own childhood—so happy in many ways, but so keenly sensitive to sorrow and disappointment—so trustful, so pathetically patient, so grateful! For these are, I believe, the characteristics of all normal childhood, however the shades of circumstance and character may vary.

I feel that I have scarcely said enough as to the delight of it all—the inexpressible gratification of being told that my life-work has given joy to many, the love and affection it has drawn forth on the part of some whom I shall never in this world meet. I love them in return—I can scarcely picture to myself a really *unlovable* child! The tears are not very far from my eyes when I look over their dear letters—letters, many of them, from boys and girls now men and women grown, who have forgotten that they ever wrote them, I dare say—though to me they will always seem the 'little ones' whom, in so many, many ways, we would all do well to resemble.

THE STORY OF THE HUNCH-BACKED BROWNIE.

BY ROMA WHITE.

ONCE upon a time there was a little brownie with a hump.

He had come into Fairyland in a very strange and wonderful fashion, one summer evening, after a day of blue skies and sunshine. It had been a very hot afternoon, and the moon had risen, fair and silver, after the sun had gone home to bed. And, as soon as the moon rose, the dew-brownies hurried out into the meadows to distil the dew.

Do you want to know how they did it? Well, they all of them had little silver pails over their arms, and little silver caps on their heads, and little silver bells on their toes, like the lady who spent her life riding to Banbury Cross. And they were most delightfully pretty little brownies, not at all unlike dew-drops themselves. And they came out when the moonbeams came, and climbed up the long, slanting, shining rays, and sat down cross-legged on them, when they had climbed high enough, and began to dip their little buckets down on one side, and draw them up and empty them out on the other. And when they let the pails down on one side they were quite empty; but as they drew them up, and up, and up, the fairy silver of which they were made drew all the moisture from the air; and by the time the brownies had drawn them to the top, they were quite full of shining limpid dew. And then the busy little elves emptied out the clear dew on the other side of the moonbeam, and it fell to the ground, and hung like diamonds upon the petals of the flowers, and sparkled brightly among the long grass.

Well, five little brownies started out together on this particular summer night, and began climbing up a very long bright moonbeam, to make their evening supply of dew. Their names were Rose-Bloom, Bee-Sting, Honey-Drop, Heather-Bell, and Silver-Cap. Silver-Cap was a particularly delightful little

brownie, and almost as brisk about his business as the other four put together. He sat on the highest point of the ray, and dipped his pail to and fro, talking and laughing as fast as he could. And the dew fell in glittering drops from his pail as he worked; and the breeze blew tenderly about his hair and forehead, and set the little bells upon his shoes ringing with a tinkle-tinkle that was like nothing else in the whole world.

He was always so happy, was Silver-Cap, that his pail never seemed heavy nor his evening's work long. And so, when he had dipped the silver bucket down into the fragrant air for about the fiftieth time, he was very much surprised to find that, on trying to draw it up again, it was a most unusual weight upon his tiny wrists; so heavy, indeed, that he nearly fell right off the moonbeam, and rolled head-over-heels upon the green moss below.

'Bless me! Silver-Cap,' said Honey-Drop, 'what have you got in your pail?'

Silver-Cap said he couldn't think; but he would be very much obliged if Honey-Drop would help him to draw it up, whatever it was, or he should certainly have to let it fall. So Honey-Drop hung his own pail round the neck of a dragon-fly—who very kindly hovered in the air, quite still, for the purpose—and helped Silver-Cap to draw up the tiny gleaming pail. And when they got it into the moonbeam, what do you think they found curled up inside it?

Not a chrysalis, nor a green-moth, nor a grandfather cock-chafer, nor a blue sparrow's egg, nor a green caterpillar. No, they found a wee brownie baby, wrapped up in a sweet-smelling pink rose-leaf, and holding, tightly clasped in its baby-fingers, a silver feather.

You may imagine how astonished the dew-brownies were. They all hung their pails up and gathered round the baby in the little bucket, touching him with the tips of their fingers, poking him softly to see if he were alive, speaking to him in the most correct brownie-baby language, and wondering if he wanted anything to eat. And as for Silver-Cap himself, he was quite excited. He got quite pink in the face, and said the baby was *his* baby, because it had been found in *his* silver pail; and he was going to carry it home to Mrs. Silver-Cap, and ask her to get it some baby-clothes made out of thistle-down immediately.

So Honey-Drop and Bee-Sting said they would finish Silver-

Cap's work for him that evening, and they hoped he would very soon let them hear if the baby were getting on all right. And then they all helped him down the moonbeam—as the baby made the pail so heavy—and Silver-Cap lifted his burden and marched sturdily off. The baby in the bucket never cried—not a bit of it! It just sucked its thumb, and sometimes its silver feather, and smiled up at the moon as if she were an old friend. And Silver-Cap thought the wee thing looked so pink and pretty in its rose-leaf that he often stopped to take a peep at it, and offer it all sorts of funny things to eat, such as sorrel-leaves, wild strawberries, or acorns. But the baby went on sucking its silver feather and smiling at the moon.

Well, when Silver-Cap was very nearly home, his arms ached so that he was almost ready to drop; and if it hadn't been for a linnet who was passing, and who very kindly offered him a lift, I don't believe he would have got that baby home at all. But the linnet carried them both the last bit of the way, and, when the brownie would have thanked her, would not hear of gratitude, saying she had 'five children of her own,' and flew off home in a great hurry to tell Mr. Linnet all about it.

Mrs. Silver-Cap, who was a very pretty little lady-brownie, was busy getting supper ready in the old tree-trunk in which she and Mr. Silver-Cap had set up housekeeping. They were having all sorts of nice things, but the moment that she saw the pink baby in the silver pail she forgot to finish preparing supper, and clapped her hands together with delight. For Mrs. Silver-Cap, like a great many other wise and sensible people, thought that babies were quite the nicest and most beautiful things in the whole world.

Well, she and Mr. Silver-Cap carried the dew-pail into the inside of the tree, and set it down upon a little bed of moss. And a stray moonbeam crept in through a little hole in the trunk, and bathed the tiny bucket in light as silvery as itself. And then Mrs. Silver-Cap, very carefully and very tenderly, lifted the baby, rose-leaf and all, out of the pail.

It was, oh! such a beautiful little baby. Its little fingers and little toes were like pink wax, and its eyes were as blue as the sky, and its hair as golden as the stars. But when Mrs. Silver-Cap unrolled it from its fragrant rose-leaf, she quite cried out in sorrowful astonishment. For the lovely little baby had, between its shoulders, a lump almost as big as itself.

Now, was not that a very sad thing to see? Poor Mr. and

Mrs. Silver-Cap almost sat down and shed tears when they found that this poor wee moon-baby had such a dreadful hump. They had never seen anything like it before, and they put the baby softly on a bed of thistle-down, and covered it over with honeysuckle petals, and talked of it in whispers, as if it were something about which they must always feel very sorrowful. Only the baby did not seem very sorrowful, at all. He lay as contentedly on his bed of thistle-down as he had lain in the dew-pail, and went on sucking his silver feather and smiling at the little stray moonbeam that crept in through the hole in the tree.

Well, presently Mr. and Mrs. Silver-Cap decided that it was no use making themselves unhappy any longer about what could not be helped; so they gave the baby its supper, and ate their own supper, and went to bed. And when the morning came, and Mrs. Silver-Cap jumped up very hurriedly to see if the baby were warm and comfortable, she found it lying smiling in a ray of sunshine, which bathed its cradle as lovingly as the moonlight had bathed it the night before.

Mr. Silver-Cap had to hurry out early that morning, for he had his day-work as well as his evening-work to do. So he hastened off to one of Mother Carey's workshops to make dragon-fly wings. But Mrs. Silver-Cap stayed at home, making a frock for the new baby out of gossamer and forget-me-not petals.

However, she was not allowed to work very long in quietness. For the story of the baby which Mr. Silver-Cap had found in his dew-pail the evening before, soon got noised abroad through the whole length and breath of Fairyland. And all the brownies came hurrying to pay their respects to Mrs. Silver-Cap, and to leave their cards upon her, made of daisy-petals, with 'To Inquire' written in the corner in golden ink. For that is quite the proper thing to do in Brownieland when Mother Carey sends a new baby to make everybody feel young and glad again.

Of course Mrs. Silver-Cap had to show the baby to all her friends, and ask their advice about the sad and painful thing that she had discovered. There had never been a brownie with a hump in Fairyland before, and everybody talked a great deal, and advised all sorts of management. Mrs. Bee-Sting, who had been married three thousand fairy years, and had had eleven hundred and forty-five brownie babies, thought she knew

a great deal about the matter; and told Mrs. Silver-Cap just how to hold the baby, and what to feed it on, and when to take it out of its long gowns and put it into short frocks. And she and Mrs. Honey-Drop, who had only had two hundred and eighty babies, had quite an argument as to whether rocking were *really* good for a brownie-baby or not. Mrs. Bee-Sting said *she* had always rocked her babies to sleep, and, as she had had eleven hundred and forty-five, she ought to know something about it. But Mrs. Honey-Drop declared that quantity had nothing to do with it; it was a matter of common sense and experience; and *she* had always found that the more you rocked a baby the more it grew to expect it, and when, on the occasion of her own ninety-seventh, she had had to engage the services of the west wind on purpose, she had determined to do no more of it, and had never regretted her resolution.

Well, Mrs. Silver-Cap was a very polite little brownie, and she listened to all that her older married friends told her, and listened with especial respect to her mother-in-law. But she found that she had no sort of trouble with her little dew-baby after all. He never cried, and never fretted, and never seemed to feel uncomfortable because of his hump. He just lay and sucked his silver feather, and smiled with his sweet starry blue eyes. And, after a few days, Mrs. Silver-Cap discovered that, whatever sort of weather there might be in Fairyland, her little brownie-baby always had a ray of sunlight or a ray of moonlight shining tenderly over his cradle.

When she and Mr. Silver-Cup found this out, they somehow felt very glad indeed. They knew then that Mother Carey must love the hunch-backed baby better than other babies; and they stopped being unhappy about him, and taking everybody's advice as to the way to bring him up; and they just let him grow up his own way, which was such a merry, sunshiny way that nobody could possibly have found fault with it, even if they had wanted to.

And so the fairy years went on until the baby had become quite a grown-up brownie. He had gone to school with the other little brownies, and had learnt the things that all the fairies learn—wind and wave music, sunset-painting, twig-carving, bud-moulding, and cloud-weaving. But he was always a very lame and delicate little fairy, and as he grew older his hump seemed to grow larger, so that by the time he was old enough to marry, he was hardly able to do anything except sit

on the moss in the sunshine, singing songs and fanning himself with his silver feather, and always smiling with his wonderful starry eyes.

Well, just about this time another very strange and wonderful thing happened in Fairyland. The summer was over, and the winter had come on, and all the brownies had had to put on their warm frocks. And one evening the grey clouds crept over a blue sky, flushed pink with the sunset, and began to snow softly and silently, covering the world with a big white blanket.

And as the snowflakes stole down, thicker and faster every moment, the brownies were very busy indeed, as they always are in the winter weather. And three of them were hard at work tucking up some wood anemones, who said that the snowflakes were their first cousins, and they really thought the brownies might introduce them to the pretty, shining, feathery things, instead of making them go to bed until the warmer weather. And the brownies were trying to explain to the anemones that the cold wind would soon shrivel them up altogether, when they heard a little low sigh in the snow-filled air; and, looking up, they saw something coming down that might have been an extra large flake, or might have been a windflower itself, or might have been a pure white butterfly; but as it came nearer, it turned out to be none of these things, but a lovely little snow-fairy, dressed all in shining white, with a sparkling crown on her head, and a sparkling wand in her hand, and a pair of sparkling wings growing out of her pretty little shoulders.

You can guess how surprised the brownies were! They all took off their caps and made her a low bow, and asked her if she had come from the sky-fairies; and she smiled at them very sweetly, but rather sadly, and said 'Yes, she had; and didn't they find it cold?' And they agreed with her that it certainly might be called chilly weather, and asked her if it were warmer up among the stars. And she said, with a deep sigh, that it was always warm and hushed and calm up there, but that her godmother, who was the oldest and wisest of all the sky-fairies, had sent her to earth to look for some one she must love. And when she had found him, they were to fly away together to sky-fairyland, and live among the stars for ever.

Well, I expect you know that the moment they had seen her all these three little earth-brownies had fallen in love with her, for she was the prettiest, most sparkling little snow-lady in the

world. And they took her away with them into the very heart of Fairyland, and built her a palace of icicles, and said she should be their queen. And then they fetched three more brownies to look at her and do her homage; and these three fetched three more, and then three more, until they came in crowds, kneeling at her feet, and kissing her hand and calling her 'your Snow-Majesty.' And last of all the brownies, limping along on two daisy-stalk crutches which Mrs. Silver-Cap had made for him, came the poor little brownie with the hump.

And when he saw her in her white gown and shining wings and sparkling coronet, and read all the pity in her eyes, he fell in love with her more deeply than any of them had done. But he did not kneel to her, because he could not. And he did not call her 'your Snow-Majesty,' because he found in her something better than her queenliness. And he offered her no open homage, for that was not his way of loving her. He just limped on his two crutches behind her throne, and loved her without speaking a word.

Out of all the brownies who had come to do homage to the little snow-lady, twelve presently made themselves her councillors, and sat down, a wise little parliament, to talk over this important question of finding her a husband. She said, herself, that she could not help them. She only knew that her godmother had told her there was, on the earth, a brownie she must love. And she thought perhaps she would know him when she saw him, for her godmother had told her he would be the brownie who had the most beautiful pair of wings. For, she said softly, this brownie she must learn to love had once been a sky-fairy, and with him she was to fly back to her home among the stars. And she added that it was a very strange thing altogether, for, although all the brownies about her were so dainty and lovely, not a single one of them had a pair of wings.

And when the brownies heard this they were, for a time, a little sad. Because, they said, there had never been a brownie yet with a pair of wings. But they were very brave little fellows, and always full of love and hope, so they said each unmarried one among them should try and make himself a pair of wings on which he could fly away to sky-fairyland. And the one whom their little Snow-Queen should say had made the most beautiful pair, should be chosen by her as the brownie she must learn to love.

All the brownies were very much pleased with this arrangement, and they all hurried away into the forest to make themselves the loveliest wings they could—all, that is, except the poor little brownie with the hump-back. He just looked at his own reflection in the long ice-mirror, and knew that no wings could be fitted on to his hump. But he said nothing; only sat still behind the Snow-Queen's throne, and went on loving her in silence.

But she felt by-and-by that she was not alone in her palace of ice. And she turned round on her white throne, and spoke softly to the little brownie who sat behind it.

'Why do you not go, too?' she asked him. 'Do you not care to try?'

The brownie smiled. And his smile seemed to go right down into her heart and stir something there into life. And then he answered her.

'I cannot go,' he said. 'I am hunch-backed and lame.'

'I should like you to try,' she said wistfully, watching him with troubled eyes.

But he only shook his head.

'It would be of no use to try,' he told her gently, 'but I shall always love you.'

'*Do* you love me?' she asked him.

'Yes,' he answered softly; 'nobody will ever love you so much.'

The little Snow-Queen turned back on her throne with a sigh, for the brownies were coming again into the shining moonlit hall. These were the brownies who had carved themselves wings of diamonds and rubies and pearls. And the wings shone and glittered most beautifully, but the brownies who wore them could only fly a very little way. And the Snow-Lady, when she saw them, shook her head.

'I am so sorry,' she said sadly, 'but wings like these would never carry you to sky-fairyland. You would fall to the ground, and perhaps hurt yourself and die.'

So the brownies, telling each other not to be downhearted, but to hope for better luck next time, trotted away back into the forest to try again. And the little hunch-backed brownie sat on behind the Snow-Queen's throne, and went on loving her in silence.

She turned back to speak to him when the palace was empty, and her eyes were more wistful and pitiful than ever.

'I wish you could try,' she said again. 'None of them are like you.'

'None of them love you as I do,' replied the brownie, softly, playing with his silver feather.

'What makes you love me?' asked the shining Snow-Lady.

'I think I have loved you always,' said the brownie, dreamily.

The Snow-Queen sighed again, and then her eyes fell on the feather.

'Where did you get your feather from?' she said gently. 'It is like the feathers in my fairy godmother's wings.'

'I have had it all my life,' the brownie replied.

And then they were obliged to stop talking, for the other brownies were running back into the hall.

This time they had fitted the petals of the Christmas roses to their little shoulders, and they managed to fly just a very short way. And they flew about through the pillars of the palace, and looked very happy and proud. But still the Snow-Fairy sighed and shook her head.

'It is cold among the clouds; before you reach the warmth and stillness of sky-fairyland,' she said, 'your petal wings would wither and drop away, and then you would fall to the ground, and I should have to go home to my godmother alone.'

The brownies began to be sad and discouraged, but they said they would try yet another time. So they passed away through the white doors of the palace, and went into Fairyland again, to try and find a pair of wings that would carry them as far as the stars. And once more the Snow-Queen was left alone with the hunch-backed brownie, who sat silently loving her behind the throne.

'Are you going to do *nothing* to try and win me?' she asked, very sorrowfully indeed.

'There is nothing I can do,' he told her again. 'I can only love you.'

'But you would never be able to fly away to sky-fairyland,' she said, the tears brimming over in her eyes, as she looked at his grave, contented face and wonderful smile.

'No,' he agreed gently.

'Then are you happy?' she asked him.

'Yes, quite happy,' he replied, 'for I have always loved you. I loved you long ago, in my dreams. And I shall go on loving you when you have flown away from here, and have gone home to your fairy godmother among the stars.'

The little Snow-Queen was silent. Such love seemed to her a more beautiful thing than a pair of wings. She stooped to the little hunch-backed brownie, and put her hands in his own.

'I think I love you too,' she said.

'Do you?' he whispered; and something wonderful shone in his face and sparkled in the depths of his eyes.

'Yes,' she told him gravely; and still left her hands in his as the other brownies came flocking, for a third time, into the shining palace of ice.

This time they had waked up all the poor sleepy butterflies, and had begged them to lend them their wings for a day or two. And the butterflies had consented, grumbling a little, for they didn't like being roused in midwinter. And then the brownies had fastened the beautiful powdery wings to their shoulders, and now came flitting through the ice-pillars on pinions of crimson and yellow and blue. But, although they looked so pretty and gleaming, the little Snow-Queen still shook her head. Only this time there was no sorrow in her voice and eyes.

'There are storms above the clouds; before you come to the still shining of the stars,' she said softly, 'your butterfly wings would soon be bruised and torn. No, I must stay on earth with *you*, for I shall never find anybody to fly away to sky-fairyland with *me*.'

And then all the brownies, who had been saddened when first she had begun to speak, clapped their tiny hands together with delight.

'Will you really stay on earth with us, and be our queen?' they cried in chorus. But the brownie with the hump went on loving her in silence as usual. Only he had her hands in his own.

'Yes, I will stay,' she said, 'if you will let me choose my king.'

'You shall choose your king,' agreed the brownies readily, standing before her and beginning to straighten their little caps and pull up their little stockings.

Then the Snow-Queen stepped down from her throne, and she herself knelt upon the floor of the palace of ice. And she took off her sparkling crown and lifted her sparkling sceptre, and laid them in the hands of the little hunch-backed brownie who still waited silently behind the throne.

'He could do nothing for me, only love me,' she said softly, 'but I found out that it was better than a pair of wings.'

The brownies were quite quiet and still with astonishment, and she rose from her knees, and took the crown and put it upon the brownie's head. And the moment it touched his hair, what do you think happened?

Why, the hump between his shoulders seemed to move and grow, and silver shining feathers came upon it, as thick and soft as down; and it parted in the middle, and stretched itself out on either side, and almost hid the brownie in its gleaming shade. And his crutches fell away from him, and he grew straight and tall, until he was a fairy-foot taller than any of them. And so he stood in the midst of them, a sky-fairy himself, with a pair of wonderful, strong, shining, silver wings.

And when the little Snow-Queen saw what had happened, she went closer up to him, with a great joy lying in her eyes. And she looked up at his wings, and spoke reverently.

'You are the one my fairy godmother meant,' she said. 'You told me you had loved me all the time.'

'Yes, I am the one,' he said softly.

'Yes, he is the one,' agreed all the brownies in whispers, looking wistfully at the beautiful sky-fairy and his little Snow-Queen. But they were not jealous, only glad in a hushed way at his joy.

'Come,' said the little Snow-Queen then, 'come, let us fly away to sky-fairyland together.' And she put her hand into his, and drew him down the glittering palace of ice.

'Must you go?' asked all the brownies, sorrowfully, taking off their caps as the two beautiful fairies passed.

'Yes, we must go,' they said. And they smiled so wonderfully in their happiness that all the other brownies could not help smiling too. And then they kissed them, and said good-bye, and went with them to the very edge of the forest, and said good-bye all over again. And then they went quite contentedly back into the Fairyland of earth, talking of the wonderful things that happened in Brownie-world.

But the hunch-backed brownie, who had been a sky-fairy all the time, spread out his wide white wings, and lifted his Snow-Queen into his bosom, and flew with her upwards into the shadowed blue sky of night. And as they went he said the same thing to her that he had said when he sat so patiently and lovingly behind the throne.

'I could do nothing but love you,' he whispered. 'I have loved you all the time.'

TWO ANCIENT DANCES AND THEIR MODERN SURVIVAL.

BY E. C. VANSITTART.

IN the rush and hurry of this nineteenth century, few have leisure or inclination to pause and examine the ancient origin of rites, ceremonies, or even of ordinary every-day habits forming part and parcel of the present state of society. With unreasoning egoism and ignorance, most of us are apt to take it for granted that the manners and customs of our day are the natural outcome of the high state of civilisation we have reached, and many would be much surprised to be told that the greater part are but corruptions and survivals of those practised by the 'benighted heathen' ages ago. Thus: the modern carnival of Southern lands is but a remnant of the old Roman *Saturnalia*; the foreign habit of exchanging mutual good wishes and gifts at the New Year corresponds to the *Calendæ Januariæ* of the Latins; even the Saxon 'Christmas-tree,' now regarded as in keeping with the celebration of our Saviour's birth, may be traced back to the mystical *Weltesche*, the gigantic ash-tree of the primitive Germans, which was supposed to cover the whole earth with its immense leaves. We may also recall the fact that in the fabulous paradise of India there is a tree called *Kalpadruma* which possesses the virtue of satisfying every desire. Such instances might be multiplied to prove, in more ways than one, the truth of the saying that 'history repeats itself.'

A very remarkable and perhaps but little known instance of this survival was brought into prominence lately on a bright May morning, as we drove out of Rome by the Porta Portese, bound for a spot known as the Vigna Jacobini. The first part of the road was dreary and dusty, but presently it developed a beauty of its own, lying alongside the Tiber, where picturesque dip-nets revolved slowly and regularly in the yellow water, and goats watched by *contadini* browsed on the banks. The scene

grew lonelier and more desolate as we advanced, till five miles beyond the city walls we came upon the great paving blocks of the old Roman road (Via Campana), and, turning in at an iron gate, found we had reached our destination. Leaving the carriage, we climbed a hillside by a narrow path among vines, to the primitive little Christian cemetery of Generosa, which dates from the first century, and where, in the long grass, lie broken columns and tombstones with half-effaced inscriptions. The origin of this lonely 'God's acre' is touching and pathetic, for we learn from the Acts of the Martyrs that during the persecution which took place under Diocletian, two Christian youths, Simplicius and Faustinus, having refused to renounce their faith, were thrown into the Tiber from the Ponte Lapidus (the present Ponte Rotto), and how their sister Beatrice, anxious to recover their bodies, followed them along the banks of the river, accompanied by the priests Crispus and John, till at the fifth milestone from Rome she was able to accomplish her pious purpose, and bury the forms of her beloved brothers in the field of a Christian matron named Generosa. Beatrice herself, having subsequently suffered martydom, was laid by their side through the loving care of the matron Lucina, as were also Crispus and John. Thus, gradually, a little burial-ground spread round the graves of the five martyrs, near which Pope Damasus afterwards erected the small Basilica, of which now only a few ruins remain.

The spot is singularly lonely. Overhead larks were singing, in the blue, and all round waved a glory of scarlet poppies, together with purple thistles, blue burridge, pink vetches, and yellow broom—one flame of brilliant colour in the sunshine. The dark mass of building of *La Magliana*, Pope Leo X.'s hunting-box, where he first caught the fatal fever of which he died, made a marked feature in the distance, near the sluggish river winding through the plain. The lowly graves at our feet appealed to us strangely. The faith of those who were laid there eighteen centuries ago has triumphed over the heathen gods whose worship was once celebrated on this very spot, long before it became a Christian burial-ground, for on the slope of this hill extended the sacred grove of the *Fratres Arvales*, one of the noblest and most famous orders of the ancient Roman priesthood. Here was the temple of the fruit-giving goddess, in which her feasts and ceremonies were wont to be celebrated with lavish pomp of banquet and song. As we stood there

among the red poppies in the long waving grass, we tried vainly to conjure up another scene—a vision of white-robed priests engaged in solemn dance accompanied by prayers and chants; but around us reigned unbroken silence and desolation. Not a trace remains of the hoary trees which the iron was not allowed to touch; hedges of wild roses and clinging vine-tendrils cover the ground, sacred in bygone times to a Pagan divinity. The vineyard, which belongs to the Ceccarelli family, was carefully excavated in 1868 and 1869, under the direction of Professor W. Henzen, at the expense of the Empress Augusta of Germany, and the actual temple of the Dea Dia, a round marble building standing on a raised platform, as well as the *tetrastylum* (banqueting hall) of the Brotherhood were discovered under the site occupied by the present vineyard.

The history of this priesthood is full of interest, its origin so ancient as to be lost in the mists of age. Probably it was imported into Rome together with that of the Vestal Virgins, which it strangely resembles, by settlers from Alba Longa, B.C. 754. For a certainty we know it dates back to the time of Romulus, the founder of Rome. Tradition would have us believe that the Order was originally composed of the twelve sons of Acca Larentia, foster-mother of Romulus, who took the place left vacant by the death of one of the brothers. In pursuance of their legendary origin, the Arvales never exceeded the number of twelve, retaining also the title *Fratres*, never adopted by any other Pagan community, though used by Christians centuries later in a totally different sense. Till the year A.D. 14, ancient writers make few allusions to this Order of priests, renowned as they were; but from that date onward we have fuller particulars and minuter details of this society than of any other.

The Arvales were chosen from amongst the noblest patrician families, and were elected for life, each election ending with banqueting. On the death of a member, the assembled college nominated a successor by oral votes, the absent members sending in theirs *per tabellas* (by writing). A wreath of corn-ears and a white *infula* (scarf) constituted the distinctive badge of this wealthy and luxurious priesthood, which, like the Vestal Virgins, enjoyed exalted privileges, places of honour being assigned to them at the Flavian amphitheatre and other places of amusement, where each had his own reserved seat. The head of the Order, or high-priest, went by the name of *magister*

(master), and was annually elected on the second day of the great feast in May, entering on his duties the following December, and was eligible for re-election at the expiration of his twelve months of office. When he was prevented by illness or any other cause from assisting at the functions of the college, he nominated a *pro-magister* to represent him. Together with the *magister* was elected a *flamen*, whose duty it was to assist the former in the religious ceremonies and rites, and who, in his turn could substitute a *pro-flamen*, the emperor himself, who was always present at the meetings of the Arvales, frequently acting for *magister* or *flamen*. Besides these, four youths of noble birth, sons of senators, with both parents living, were called to fill the office of *camilli*, or servers, taking part in the sacred rites of the college. Lastly, each brother had a *calator* assigned to wait upon him as his special attendant. Besides these higher grades, a numerous staff of menials was attached to the Order.

The principal divinity worshipped by the Arvales was the goddess Dia, to whom they yielded a service full of minute rules and regulations resembling that of Ceres. Her feast, always held in May, when the wheat began to ripen and the first harvest to approach, lasted three days, and took place on the 17th, 19th, and 20th, or on the 27th, 29th, and 30th of the month, the exact date having been previously fixed at a meeting of the college held, originally in the Pantheon, but in later times in the Temple of Peace. This annual festival comprised a complex series of sacrifices, ceremonies, prayers, banquets, and processions, in the course of which the priests were continually changing their garments (or, as we should now express it, their 'vestments'). The first and third days were passed in the town-house of the *magister*, or, should this for any reason be considered unsuitable, at the house of some other member of the Brotherhood, on the Palatine, or in the temple of a deified emperor.

On the morning of the first day the Arvales assembled, clothed in purple-striped togas, with wreaths of corn ears bound round their heads by white scarves. They first poured a libation of wine and burnt incense before the goddess; then, having taken their places on the *cathedræ* (seats), the *panes laureati* were brought to them; whether these were merely loaves garlanded with bay-leaves, or a particular kind of cake ornamented or flavoured inside with fine scrapings of laurel wood

(the recipe for making which is given by Cicero), we cannot be sure. These loaves, together with samples of wheat, *old* and *new* grain (being fruits of the past and present years), they touched in the act of blessing; next, having anointed the statue of the goddess, they broke up, only to meet again after the bath, when, having exchanged their purple-striped robes for the *cenatoria*, and washed their hands, they lay down on the couches of the *triclinium*, where a gay banquet awaited them, served by the four noble youths above-named. The cost of this banquet was defrayed by a State allowance, allotting a sum equal to £3 5*s.* per head for each Brother, and 16*s.* for each of the assistant *pueri*. Between the *mensa prima* and *mensa secunda*, that is to say, towards the middle of the dinner, the religious part of the ceremony recommenced; once more lamps were lit, incense and wine offered to the deity, and new fruits borne by the *pueri* from the table to the altar and back again; once more the Arvales laid their hands on the 'fruits of the earth,' which were afterwards carried home by their servants. According to Pliny, no one was allowed to taste of the annual produce of the ground till this consecration had taken place. When the banquet was over, the Brothers exchanged bouquets of roses, and having saluted each other with the solemn good wish with which the Romans closed all public as well as private gatherings, the feast ended and they separated.

The second day, however, was the chief, and its ceremonies, by far the most important, were held in the sacred grove that covered the slope of a hill situated at the fifth or sixth milestone on the Via Campana. The temple of the Dea Dia rose in the midst of ancient trees; lower down, nearer the Tiber, was the *tetrastylum*, a square building, in the centre of which was a hall surrounded by marble columns, serving as the *triclinium* (banqueting-room), and which was also used as a temple dedicated to several deified emperors, whose statues adorned the interior. At a short distance from the grove was a circus or hippodrome for chariot or horse races.

At daybreak, the high priest having performed a certain number of expiatory sacrifices on the outskirt of the grove, the Brothers breakfasted off the remains of the sacrificial victims, and the most solemn part of the festival did not begin till after midday, when the Arvales, again robed in their purple-striped *togas*, and wearing the ritual crown of wheat, came out of the *tetrastylum* in procession, preceded by servants to keep order

through the crowd that had gathered. Having ascended the hill, and crossed the sacred wood, they entered the temple of the goddess. Here, after a fat sheep, *agna opima*, one of the favourite offerings to agrarian divinities, had been immolated by the *magister*, the *thesauri*, monies collected from the people present, were placed on the altar, and the Arvales prayed before the sacred vessels of unvarnished terra-cotta, said to resemble those used by Numa in his sacrifices to the gods. This ceremony went by the name of *ollas precari*, and we may, in passing, note that one of the most precious relics preserved in ancient Rome was the drinking-cup of Numa Pompilius, which is described by Juvenal as a simple terra-cotta tazza of dark colour, made by hand, and answering to the description of pottery found at Alba Longa. This cup was worshipped till the fall of the Roman Empire. The Vestals' fire was also kept in earthenware vessels, and we may trace a connection between such worship, and this rite of the Fratres Arvales, often referred to in their engraved record as *Ollas precati sunt* ('they have addressed their prayers to earthen jars'). This fact was further confirmed when, in 1870, no less than eighteen prehistoric cups were found at the foot of the temple of the goddess Dia in the sacred grove, which, though in fragments, were clearly identified with the pottery of Alba Longa. But to return to the Arvales. Their prayers being ended, they now stood in a line, with an attendant at each end. He on the left received the samples of grain and fruit (which the people present had brought to be touched and blessed) and handed them to the nearest, who in turn passed them to his neighbour, till they reached the attendant at the other end, who restored them to their owner. The crowd then dispersed, the doors of the temple were closed, and the Arvales being left alone, proceeded to the strangest part of this curious service. Slightly lifting up their robes, they began a solemn dance before the altar, to the accompaniment of a most ancient religious song chanted from a book, with prescribed gestures and rhythmical movements, according to time-honoured custom. This famous Arval hymn, is one of the finest specimens of poetry in the Old Latin tongue, and its interpretation has given rise to many researches and controversies among learned men. In it the *lares*, that is, protective gods of hearth, home, and family affections—to whom it was customary annually to offer the firstfruits—were invoked, then Mars, the tutelary god of Rome and her armies, was entreated

to defend the country and crops from all plagues that might befall.

The singing and dancing being concluded, servants re-entered the temple, bringing the Brothers wreaths of flowers with which to adorn the statues of the gods. This accomplished, the Arvales left the grove, and repaired to the *tetrastylum*, where, after changing their robes, they sat down to a sumptuous banquet, served with great state. At its conclusion, wreaths of roses were placed on their heads, loose slippers on their feet, and they adjourned to the neighbouring circus, where the laborious day was brought to a close by distributing the prizes won by the competitors at the races. It is needless to speak of the third day's ceremonies, which were a repetition of the first, held in the town, and closed with a supper at the Master's house, where lamps and candles were lit, while sweets, wreaths, and gifts were distributed.

Besides this great annual festival in May, the Arvales—in common with all the great colleges of priests—had others of minor importance, such as the *Decennalia*, which the emperors celebrated with games every tenth year of their respective reigns; the annual *Conceptio votorum*, on the 3rd of January, when special prayers were said for the reigning emperor, and sacrifices offered to a number of the deities—male animals to gods, female to goddesses; the return of victorious princes; birthdays, preservation from dangers, departure from or return to Rome of any members of the Imperial family, or the beginning of a consulate, were generally solemnized by a meeting of the Brotherhood, who were also in the habit of sacrificing two sheep to the unknown divinity of the place of their assemblies, which accounts for the fact that, among the objects discovered during the excavation of the sacred grove, was a round altar adorned with the image of a snake, and with a dedicatory inscription *Sive deo, deæ in cujus tutela hic lucus locusve est* ('To the god or goddess, whichever it may be, to whose protection this spot and the surrounding wood is confided'), reminding us in a strange manner of 'the altar to the unknown god' which St. Paul noticed at Athens.

Fastened to the walls of the temple of the Dea Dia were the 'Acts' of the college of the Arvales, upon which were minutely registered not only the feasts and ceremonies celebrated by the community, but also the greatest events in the world's history. Those portions which have come down to us begin with the

reign of Augustus and end with the Gordians, embracing a space of two hundred and fifty years, so that we may look upon these records as one of the richest sources of ancient history we possess. Apparently from want of space, these 'Acts' were not only affixed to the temple and other buildings belonging to the Order, but also to the backs of the seats behind the sanctuary, and to the balustrades adorning various portions of the grove. After the suppression of the Arvales these precious marble tablets were dispersed, but have come to light of late years in different parts of Rome, such as in the foundations of the sacristy of St. Peter's, in the catacombs, the Ghetto, along the Via Appia, and on the Esquiline. From them we learn the famous hymn sung by the Arvales during their solemn dance on the second day of the May feast, and the command against the use of iron. So stringent was this prohibition that no iron implements were allowed to be brought into the sacred grove, except when absolutely necessary for the cutting down of a tree, or for the annual task of engraving the 'Acts,' and even then the sin had to be instantly expiated by propitiary sacrifices. We know from various sources that the use of iron was strictly forbidden in connection with many ancient religious ceremonies, and held to be a profane innovation highly displeasing to the gods. Priests were absolutely forbidden to shave or cut their hair with iron razors or scissors, and were obliged to use a special instrument made of bronze. No iron entered into the construction of the oldest bridge in Rome, the Pons Sublicius, built by Ancus Marcius, and the custom was always maintained in the various restorations of this bridge.

The college of the Fratres Arvales flourished till the reign of the Gordians A.D. 338, and the latest inscription on the 'Acts' is of that date, though it is possible that the sacrifices in the sacred grove to the goddess Dia were continued for some time longer. The Arvales were finally incorporated with some other Order of priesthood, probably that of the *Salii*, which greatly resembled their own, being composed of twelve patrician youths specially dedicated to Mars, on whose feast in March they paraded the city singing hymns and dancing, clothed in gaily embroidered robes, with purple cloaks and circular hats, holding lances in their right hands and shields in their left. According to tradition, the peace and prosperity of Rome depended upon the safe preservation of the 'sacred shield,' said to have fallen from heaven in the eighth year after the foundation of the city,

and to have caused the instant cessation of a plague by which it was then being devastated. To ensure the safe keeping of this relic, Numa Pompilius ordered eleven facsimiles, and instituted the college of the Salii for their guardianship, thus destroying the identity of the original.

The temple of the goddess Dia was preserved long after Rome was governed by Christian emperors, but the sacred grove was confiscated, the trees cut down, with the intention of abolishing heathen superstition, and the ground given by Gratian to the Church; but though the splendour of the Arvales ended, and their worship fell into disuse, such was not the case with the annual custom of blessing the fruits of the earth, and of offering sacrifices for a prosperous harvest, in which labourers and agriculturists were firm believers. Long after the laws of Christian rulers forbade idolatrous practices, we learn from a well-known passage in Strabo, that the sacrifice known as *Ambarvalia* was held every May at a spot called *Festi*, at the fifth or sixth milestone from Rome, which recent researches have proved to be no other than that once occupied by the sanctuary of the Arvales.

There is a strange resemblance between this yearly festival of the old heathen priesthood and the Jewish 'feast of firstfruits,' most interesting to analyze. According to the Mosaic law, as enjoined by the Rabbis, no offerings were to be made before Pentecost, and the feast has been described as follows: 'The practice was for companies of twenty-four persons to assemble in the evening at a central station near Jerusalem, and pass the night in the open air. In the morning they were summoned by the leader of the feast with the words: "Let us arise and go up to Mount Zion, the House of the Lord our God." On the road to Jerusalem they recited portions of Psalms cxxii. and cl. Each party was preceded by a piper and a sacrificial bull, having the tips of his horns gilt and crowned with olive. At their approach to the city they were met by priests appointed to inspect their offerings, and were welcomed by companies of citizens proportioned to the number of pilgrims. On ascending the Temple Mount each person bore his basket containing the firstfruits and an offering of turtle-doves on his shoulders, and proceeded to the court of the Temple where they were met by Levites singing Psalm xxx. 2. The doves were sacrificed as a burnt-offering, and the firstfruits presented to the priest with the words appointed in Deut. xxvi. The baskets of the rich

were of gold or silver, those of the poor of peeled willow. The baskets, as well as the offerings they contained, were presented to the priests, who waved them at the south-west corner of the altar; the more valuable baskets were returned to their owners. After passing the night at Jerusalem, the pilgrims returned next day to their homes. Such were the directions added and deduced by the Rabbis from the law given to Moses. It is mentioned that King Agrippa bore his part in this highly picturesque national ceremony by carrying his basket like the rest to the Temple. Among the byelaws was the following: "he who ate his firstfruits elsewhere than at Jerusalem, and without the proper form, was liable to punishment." *

We know that dancing entered largely into the worship of antiquity. The first instance on record, long centuries before the existence of the Fratres Arvales or the Salii, is to be found in the scriptures themselves, where we are told how, after David had 'sacrificed oxen and fatlings,' he sang and 'danced before the Lord with all his might, clad in a linen ephod.'

In the early Christian Church special provision was made for dancing, in the choir. The Bishops went by the name of *Præsules*, because they led this 'grave measured minuet' on feast days. Some of the ancient Fathers describe the angels as always dancing, and the Apostles as a chorus of dancers! but in the Middle Ages the practice was abolished, though even into the latter half of the eighteenth century traces of religious dancing were found in Spain and Portugal, especially in the Mus-Arabian Mass of Toledo.

At the present day only one instance of the custom survives, and that in the cathedral of Seville. It has been well described by a recent spectator in the following terms: 'The license and disorder of Carnival has always led the clergy to look upon it with a certain degree of disfavour, and it has long been the custom to open churches for special devotions during the three days preceding Lent, in reparation of the scandals of the streets and public places. In Seville, as elsewhere, the Sacrament is exposed during this season, and the churches are filled with worshippers. But there is one custom peculiar to Seville which now really forms the prettiest scene to be viewed during the Carnival, though it is religious, not secular, and is a protest

* The custom of asking for a blessing on the fruits of the earth, was continued in the Christian Church in the solemn processional litanies and fast of Rogation-tide.

against the licentious gaieties of the times, instead of being a part of them. This custom is the dancing of the little choirboys of the cathedral before the Host every evening at five o'clock. Above the high altar blazing with wax tapers, the Host is exposed in a magnificent silver *ostensorium* surmounted by a huge silver crown. The illumination of the Sanctuary is completed by a row of tall and massive candelabra standing outside the rail. As soon as vespers, compline, and matins are ended, the Archbishop ascends to his throne at the north side of the sanctuary. The canons, in their purple mantles, follow and kneel in rows on each side; then, in the space before the altar, ten little choirboys (*seises*) take their stand in two ranks of five, facing each other. They are dressed as pages of the seventeenth century, with jackets of red and white in stripes, white knee-breeches, stockings, and satin shoes; in their hands they hold white hats, broad-brimmed and high-crowned, with drooping plumes of red and white feathers. After the *Tantum Ergo* has been sung, to the accompaniment of a full orchestra, the boys begin a hymn in Spanish to a bright and charming air. When this is ended, they genuflect, put their hats on their heads, and begin to dance, still singing to the accompaniment of the orchestra. The dance is slow and stately, like the old minuet, with a pause between each step; the boys wind in and out, form various figures, and end with a pirouette. At the completion of the hymn, the orchestra continues the air, and the boys accompany it with castanets, still dancing. The ceremony is then repeated with another hymn and different music, and the whole performance lasts twenty minutes. At its conclusion, the *Tantum Ergo* is again sung, while every one kneels, the Archbishop gives his benediction, and departs with his attendants, the people crowding round as he goes down the church to kiss the episcopal ring. Many Protestants, and even Roman Catholics, may be scandalized when they hear of dancing as part of a church service; above all, of dressing in fancy costume and with covered heads. Such, at any rate, was the feeling of a former Pope, who sent a commission to inquire into this ceremony, unknown except at the cathedral of Seville, and there only practised at the Carnival, the festival of the Conception in December, and that of Corpus Christi in the summer. The Papal Commission, however, reported that the whole thing was decently and reverently performed, and that the covering of the head was simply an ancient Spanish custom, and so the supreme

authority of the Church could only give its approval to a harmless and charming ceremony. . . . The origin of the dancing is not attested by any documentary evidence, but is believed to date from the conquest of Seville by St. Ferdinand from the Moors. It is a survival, in fact, of the miracle plays, accompanied by music and dancing, in honour of the Sacrament, which are chiefly known to European readers outside Spain through the beautiful compositions of Calderon. Not only boys, but also women, used to dance before the Host, until this part of the ceremony was suppressed by authority. The music employed at the church dances at Seville is the property of the Chapter, and strangers are not, as a rule, allowed to see the scores.'

A VILLAGE HEROINE.

THAT Mrs. Halliday had a temper of her own everybody knew. She even admitted this herself after any sally more lively than usual, and laughed at herself while she made the admission.

'I dinna mean ony harm by it,' she used to protest, 'an' I wish fouk wadna think so muckle aboot it.' People forgave her a great deal, for if she had a sharp tongue she had a warm heart; but they could not forgive others who took up her swift, arrowy speeches and repeated them without the provocation which occasioned them originally.

Mrs. Halliday's house had been pointed, the door grained to imitate a timber unknown to nature, and the paling that fenced her front garden from the road freshly painted. Mason Tosh had promised himself ten days' easy work, and found to his surprise he accomplished the pointing within a week; and Painter Neaves did the painting in half the time he contemplated, and left the paling to the care of a small apprentice, while he thankfully took his flight.

But the apprentice painter proved as great a trial as his master had been. With eyes glowing and features quivering with indignation, Mrs. Halliday watched him, over the window-screen, trample down her carnations and wall-flower, and checked herself a dozen times as she rushed to the door to pack painter and paint-pots about their business. She had borne stoutly; but when she saw him deliberately stand on her choicest carnation, before she was aware of what had happened she found herself at the door, shouting in a high-pitched voice—

'Laddie, ye dinna need to wade amon' my flowers like a cattle beast!'

The boy replied saucily—

'Do ye think I'm to turn into an angel, an' walk on air to paint your palin'?'

'I ken ye hinna wit to look after four feet; but ye micht look

whar ye put doon the twa your Maker has lippened ye wi',' she retorted hotly.

The boy afterwards confessed, 'I was gey frichtened at the wifie; but I span the job oot a day langer than I was bidden, for she gied me my dinner ilka day—an' it was a gude ane!'

At last even the small apprentice was gone, and Mrs. Halliday looked woefully at the *débris* left behind, at the garden path filled with chips of stone and fragments of lime, at the walls blotched with paint, at the flower-plots trampled out of all likeness to a garden, and at her favourite plants, ruined for one season at least. But she was not a woman to be overcome by ordinary difficulties, and buckling her skirt about her, she set to with brush and shovel, and before darkness came order had begun to appear.

Next morning at dawn she stood on her doorstep, and with an exclamation of delight sniffed the fresh air. She looked to right and left, but the thoroughfare was an empty stretch of dew-darkened dust; she scanned the line of grey houses that formed the village street, but only from one chimney there arose a column of smoke into the quiet air. At five o'clock of an April morning few of her neighbours were astir. The dew hung thickly on shrub and flower, and across the lea opposite her door Mrs. Halliday could follow the bright green track of a hare through the wet grass to the wood beyond, which as yet was leafless, but so alive with song that one would have supposed every twig and swelling bud was become a bird whose heart was full to overflowing.

'A' thing's sweet an' caller,' she said, thinking of a well-aired room; 'a' thing's bonny—dew sheenin', birds singin', air clear, and the sky as blue as though it were new washed. Eh, sirse, the early mornin's the jewel of the day.'

She swept her garden path again, and a good half of the road before her door, lest any offending particle of lime or drop of paint should have escaped her vigilance the previous evening. Then she turned to her flower-plots, and when she saw the havoc there a cry of dismay escaped her.

'That sinner o' a laddie! gin I were at the lug o' him,' she exclaimed, as she lifted the crushed twigs of a plant of wall-flower in full bloom. She amputated broken limbs, tied up the bruised and maimed, and with a garden-trowel set herself to soften the earth which the boy had trodden hard. After a more than usually hot remark, she laughed, saying—

'After a' the craitur had to set his feet some way; an', as he said himsel', he wasna an angel.' Apparently the association of the imp of brushes and paint-pots with angels was a ludicrous combination of ideas to her, for she again laughed merrily.

She had no difficulty in noting the progress of the morning. At half-past five the quarriers, stained with red sandstone, passed, swinging their dinner-pitchers in their hand; at ten minutes to six the bobbin-turners, grey and dusty, and the bleachers, white and speckless, made their way to the turning shop and the bleach field; at six o'clock the mill whistle blew; at seven the crocuses, making the borders of the plot a mass of saffron, began to open; and at eight straggling bees paid their first visit to the flowers. A quarter of an hour later Mrs. Halliday fought a losing battle with an enemy that was being reinforced every moment, and that was utterly dauntless. She fought in vain, grew red with indignation, and if she could have spoken, she would have said something memorable. But there she stood in her garden plot, erect, hotly on the defensive, protecting her face with one hand, and with the other holding her trowel, with which she savagely hit the air, while a couple of bees, as indignant as Mrs. Halliday herself, sang about her ears their fierce battle-song.

She was in this attitude when a bent old woman, limping along the road on a staff, saluted her.

'Ay, Mistress Halliday, an' what, think ye, are ye doin'?'

'Oh, Betty, is that you?' she answered, not daring to change her position, or relax her efforts to beat off the enemy. 'I'll be driven oot o' my ain garden yet wi' thae bees. There hae I——'

Throwing the trowel from her in desperation and covering her head with both hands, she fled to the house, while Betty Seggie, depositing her basket, sat down on it to laugh. Returning to the doorway, Mrs. Halliday joined heartily in the laughter at her expense, protesting—

'It's nae mock when half a hunder bees hum roond your heid, Betty; there, I'll no get anither hand's turn dune amon' the flooers till afternoon. I maun speak to Jeems Tosh to keep his bees at hame, for this an' better may do, but this an' waur 'll never do. Ye are early on fit, Betty.'

'I'm thinkin' ye hae been earlier at it than me,' Betty remarked, as she arose from her hastily improvised seat and leaned over the paling, while Mrs. Halliday, venturing cautiously

forth, took her stand on the garden path, and looked down on the withered little woman, whose dingy skin always suggested to her the psalmist's description of himself as a bottle in the smoke.

'Wark, Betty; what ither wad it be?' the other replied emphatically, a mirthful smile creeping into her clear grey eyes. Mrs. Halliday regarded Betty as a sort of natural curiosity, not to be taken too seriously, yet, in a sense, to be guarded against, for she could do mischief when opportunity arose.

'An' what for need ye fash yoursel' wi' wark?' Betty asked sharply. 'There's your son married i' the lang length, an' doin' weel, they say; an' it's no sax weeks yet since your dauchter married an' set off to America. Ony word frae her, Mistress Halliday?'

'She hadna reached her destination when I heard last, for ye see she's weel west,' Mrs. Halliday said diplomatically. She did not wish to give Betty any news the village did not already possess, for Betty, like many another gossip-monger, never could discriminate between what she heard and what she imagined.

'Then what need you fash yoursel' wi' gettin' up at a' hoors o' the mornin', when ye have a son an' a dauchter baith weel married? Ye hae fended [provided] lang for them; let them fend for you noo.'

'I hae been so lang accustomed helpin' mysel', Betty, that I wadna see ithers i' my wey,' Mrs. Halliday replied, with so much patience that she surprised herself. However, Betty's next remark quite dispelled any hope of Mrs. Halliday's becoming a saint right off, for that excellent lady tingled to the finger-tips.

'I was hearin' that ye were gaun to London to bide wi' your son and his braw wife, an' to set up for a brand new leddy, Mistress Halliday.'

'Yea, Betty; that's news to me, an' to a hantle mair fouk, I'm thinkin'. Whar got ye that information?' her companion asked, with a crispness in her tone which did not daunt Betty, who like the bees was nothing if not courageous.

'It's the common clash,' the wizened old woman said coolly. 'They say John's richt weel aff in London, and noo that Maggie's married an' awa', it's no to be thocht that an auld, dune umman like you is to bide here her lane when she culd gang an' be a leddy in London.'

Mrs. Halliday looked down from her height on the spiteful little woman before her; and she was no more like Betty Seggie, than a tall, well-preserved and dignified folio is like a worn, squab duodecimo. Quite ten years Betty's junior, she carried her years lightly, and was still a handsome woman. Now, Betty at her best was not even passable; and at the approach of seventy years, with clothes untidily put on, a grimy skin, and a limp which added greatly to her decrepitude, Betty dared face Mrs. Halliday with such a speech! Mrs. Halliday, of all people, vigorous, alert and capable, doing her own work and lending a willing hand wherever there was need, to be described as 'an auld, dune umman!' She was tall and thin, with a broad, open brow, a fair skin, wrinkled after nearly sixty years of toil, but preserving still much of the delicate colour of youth. Her nose was thin and slightly aquiline, and her thin lips were capable of expressing a great variety of feeling from sharpest indignation to deepest tenderness. The painter's apprentice knew two Mrs. Hallidays; one whose grey eyes flashed wrath upon him for trampling down her favourite flowers; the other, caressingly tender in speech and manner, as her heart overflowed toward the small unfortunate, who with great good humour prepared to make his dinner off a wash of cold tea.

'"Deed,' she admitted laughingly to a neighbour, 'I'm not a single body but a committee, I think; an' it's no aye the same chairman, so ye maunna ca' me a hypocrite although I'm no aye alike.'

She glanced angrily at Betty Seggie, and retorted with more truthfulness than love—

'Betty, ye're an object for soap an' compassion;' but seeing the angry flush struggle for a place on Betty's dingy skin she relented, and added more gently, 'So ye heard I was to leave the Glen for London, Betty?'

'Is it no the case?' the other asked. Betty was mistress of the art of putting questions, and would have been invaluable in Parliament and on Select Committees.

'Think ye, Betty, I wad get my hoose newly pointed an' painted to gang awa to London? I hae still some wit left,' Mrs. Halliday retorted, looking wrathfully at her small enemy.

'Just the likeliest thing i' the world, Mrs. Halliday! It's exactly what you wad do. Gin ye kent ye were to die the morn's mornin', ye wad spend the rest o' this day in reddin' up.

But they say John has bawbees an' is doin' weel in London,' she added, returning to the charge.

'That may be, Betty; an' if the fouk o' the Glen wad gie half the attention to their ain affairs that they gie to ither fouk's, they wad be better aff than they are.'

Betty Seggie did not disturb herself over this bit of temper, but renewed the conflict with as good a will as the bees had done a quarter of an hour before.

'Did he mak' his siller, ken ye, or did he marry it?' she pursued with childlike simplicity.

'I ken naething aboot it, Betty; but John an' his wife are comin' here this summer, an' ye can spier at them when they come.' Mrs. Halliday, in her annoyance, drew down her sleeves with nervous haste, and Betty, encouraged by her success, renewed the attack.

'An' *that's* hoo ye hae been reddin' up at sic a rate! But ye needna get angry wi' a puir auld craitur like me, Mrs. Halliday. The like o' me shuldna mak' a fine leddy like you, up nor doon.'

'Vermin can cause an annoyance oot o' a proportion to ony worth they hae,' her companion said tartly; and Betty lifting her basket replied meekly—

'Weel, weel, Mistress Halliday, I'll be stappin' i' the noo;' and the old woman limped along the road talking rapidly to herself. 'An' so I'm vermin, am I? Weel, weel; an' she says she's no gaun to London. She'll gang gin she gets the chance; an' gin she dinna gang it 'll be because she hasna been bidden. An' her to houk amon' the earth wi' a glove on! Did ever mortal ken o' the like. She's apin' the leddy here as hard as she can. We a' ken Bell Halliday, an' can mind the day when she was as puir as ony o' us; but I'll gie my chaft teeth gin she dinna gang to London when she gets the chance.'

Betty's 'chaft teeth' were unfortunately only a figure of speech, but they served to emphasise the depth of her convictions regarding Mrs. Halliday's intentions, who had retired to the house feeling too sore to work in the garden any longer.

'What atween Jeems Tosh's bees an' Bettie Seggie's ill tongue, I hae haen a mornin' o't!' she exclaimed hotly; and she felt sore and out of spirits all day.

Betty was not the woman to let her tongue rust for want of use, and that afternoon Jean Whamond rushed unceremoniously into Mrs. Halliday's, plumped herself down on a seat, and spreading her hands on her knees, exclaimed in deep distress—

'An' so we are to tine ye, Mistress Halliday; ye are to gang awa' an' leave us, an' whatever will we do withoot ye?'

'Leave ye, Jean? gaun awa' say ye? An' whar may I be gaun till, pray?' the old lady asked sharply.

'I didna mean to offend ye, but Betty Seggie mentioned that your son an' his wife were comin' for ye in summer; mebbe I shuldna hae turned it ower, but I was so vexed at the thocht o' your gaun awa', that I was as ill to please as a cat lookin' for her drooned kittens; an' I cam' in to see ye, for we wad miss ye gin ye gaed awa'.'

Jean's concern was real, and by this time she was wiping her eyes with her apron and making herself otherwise ridiculous.

'Dinna greet, Jean; ye're ill-faured eneuch withoot makin' yoursel' ony waur,' her neighbour said impatiently; then in a kindlier tone she added, 'I'm no awa' yet, an' hinna been so muckle as askit to change my abode; an' although I did gang, it's nae greetin' matter surely.'

'I dinna ken,' Jean said, looking anything but cheerful. When Rob Whamond was lying at death's door with small-pox and Jean was worked off her feet, Mrs. Halliday had come to her assistance, when Rob's own relatives had fled, and between them they pulled Rob through. From that day Rob and Jean fetched and carried for Mrs. Halliday, and felt that all the Glen was right when she was comfortable.

'What do ye no ken, Jean?'

'Ae thing I ken, an' that is Rob 'll be in a gey swither when he kens ye're gaun awa.'

'But wha said I was gaun, Jean?'

'Betty Seggie said it.'

'An' do ye heed what Betty Seggie says? Ye'll tell ilka body ye meet, that Betty's a leein' carlin.'

Jean left far from satisfied, murmuring ominously, 'Rob 'll be in a gey gale when he hears o't.'

'The idea!' Mrs. Halliday said when alone, half in amusement, half angrily, 'the ae half o' the Glen to hae me packit oot o't whether I will or no, an' the ither half no to let me turn my fit as I like.'

For nearly three months Mrs. Halliday toiled in her garden plot, and had a rich profusion of blooms, but she was not satisfied. The wealth of the tropics would not have pleased her. Her son and his wife were coming to see her in July, and her ambition soared so high that there was no pleasing her. She

toiled late and early, and the neighbours noticed she was more crabbed than usual. She had a secret trouble that preyed on her night and day—she lived in dread of the visit of her English daughter-in-law.

A hundred times a day she told herself, 'Here am I, a crabbed, auld Scotch wife and her a thochtless young English ane; what can we hae in common? She'll never ken what I say, an' I'll no ken what she says, an' she'll be sure to lauch at my auld-farrant ways. I dinna ken that I'll like to be lauchen at.' This was a sore point with the old lady, who was sure she would be laughed at, and her pride revolted.

A few days before the arrival of her visitors, she received a note from her daughter-in-law, written in a large, bold hand, and Mrs. Halliday settled down to the belief that she was to entertain a huge, masterful woman like the lady of Baldowie; and the only consolation left her was contained in the reflection, 'The suner they come, the suner they'll be awa'.' Her visitors were more terrible to her than an epidemic.

On the day of their arrival the sun shone brightly, flowers could not have bloomed better, and yet she was dissatisfied; she never saw the Glen so dusty or her flowers so much in need of watering. But she could do no more; so, arraying herself in her black stuff dress, she waited in the best room with a beating heart. She heard a sound of footsteps at the door, and next moment she stood confronting her son and daughter. Scarcely seeing them, she led them in, uttered a few commonplace courtesies, looked stealthily at the sweet young face before her, whose dark eyes were lifted timidly to hers. A rush of memories overwhelmed her: she remembered the day when she herself was a bride looking forward to the vast plains of life, which in company with her husband she was to cross with heart undaunted, but which had proved a road of thorns to be faced alone; and as she thought of the possible hardships and sorrows that that fair flower before her might be called to bear, tears filled her eyes, she clasped her daughter in her arms, and kissing her said huskily—

'God bless ye, my dear; God bless ye! An' ye're richt weel-faured,' she added, a smile suddenly breaking through her tears as she held the young wife at arm's length and admired her with undisguised satisfaction.

'You are not so plain as mother expected to find you, Jennie,' her husband explained in reply to his wife's puzzled look.

'Plain, John Halliday, plain! ye hae a gude impidence. Ye're richt bonny, Jeanie;' and thinking she would make herself more intelligible if she spoke louder, Mrs. Halliday shouted, 'Ye're beautiful—beautiful; an' I'm sure culd hae made mony a better match than John there; but I maun awa' to get something for ye to eat, for ye maun be famishin'.'

Mrs. Halliday went off with a light heart, and when the two were together, Mrs. Halliday, junior, said enthusiastically—

'Your mother has been a very handsome woman, John. She has a lovely complexion even yet, and eyes brighter than most maidens in their teens. You are not a bit like your mother.'

John laughed: 'It is easily seen, Jennie, we have been married six months; what sort of compliment is that to pay your husband?'

The young wife laughed merrily in reply.

The two women got on so well together that John Halliday was left very much to his own resources, and spent the time in hunting up old schoolmates and companions among the quarriers and bleachers, while his wife and his mother seemed not to find time enough to say all they wished to say.

One subject Jeanie Halliday was determined to be at, and the older woman, suspicious of it, dreaded its coming. At last it came.

'John and I wish very much that you would come south and stay with us; we would do our best to make you comfortable,' she said anxiously. Her husband had warned her she would speak in vain on that subject.

Mrs. Halliday smiled, looked steadily from the window at the fleecy clouds sleeping in the blue sky, and replied deliberately—

'Na, Jeanie, that wad never do. Ye hae nae idea hoo ill I am to put up wi'. Just you ask John.'

'But we get on delightfully I am sure,' the other answered eagerly.

'Ou, ay; because I'm mistress here; but in your hoose you wad be mistress, an' then ye wad see what like a leddy ye had to put up wi'. Na, Jeanie, I wad br'ak your hairt an' my ain too afore a month was oot.'

'But you could get everything your own way.'

'I wad think little o' my son's wife gin she werena to be mistress in her ain hoose, an' sair affrontit o' mysel' that wad

prevent her; but I hae my ain weys, Jeanie, an' I'm ower hard i' the horn noo to learn new anes.'

'But you would have nothing to do.'

'An' that wad *no* do wi' an auld wife that hasna kent an idle hoor since she can mind o' hersel'.'

'You are so lonely here, not a creature to——'

'Lonely, Jeanie Halliday!' the old lady screamed, lifting her hands in astonishment; 'lonely, do ye say? I hae the hail Glen for company. There's Jean Whamond an' Rob; ye hinna met Rob yet; he digs the garden an' has as mony news as wad set up a newspaper; and there's auld Betty Seggie that sets me dancin' wi' anger at her. Na, Jeanie, I hae nae lack o' company; mair than I want sometimes.'

Jeanie was silenced and looked distressed; but after a short pause she said, with disappointment in every word—

'We should both like—I should like to have you beside me. I would——'

'Noo, Jeanie, dinna vex yoursel' or me, like a lass. Dinna press me, lest I say "Yes," an' never pass a contented day ahent it. Ye kenna what ye ask; ye kenna what the Glen is to me. I'm ower auld a tree to uproot, craitur; I wad never strike root again, but I wad dwine an' dwine awa' till I creepit, a discontented thing, into the grave. A' my memories are here: the plantin an' the moor I played in, an' the burn I waded in when I was a bairn; the graves o' my father an' my mither an' my man are here, an' some day my cranky banes 'll be laid aside theirs to sleep till the great waukenin'. I houp I'll no rise so cankered as I sometimes do,' she added with a laugh; but growing serious again she added, 'My wark's here, an' my company's here. Jeanie Halliday, ye maunna think o' askin' me to leave the Glen. 'Deed, the Glen wadna be itsel' withoot me.'

More distressed and perplexed than ever, her daughter-in-law said, 'We felt you are getting old and——'

'I hae been as young as you in my day, Jeanie, an' there's naething comin' ower me waur than a stoond o' rheumatism at a time,' she said sharply; but in a more conciliatory tone she remarked, 'The morn's Wednesday; Peter Fisher doesna kill till Thursday; we'll get his flesher's spring-cart an' drive to some o' my favourite spots, an' gin ye tak them to London too I'll come wi' ye; but if no', I'm bidin' whar I am.'

That night Jeanie Halliday told her husband of her defeat and of the projected journey to-morrow, and asked somewhat

anxiously about the 'flesher's spring-cart.' She was not at all sure about it.

'What, Jeanie!' her husband exclaimed with well-feigned horror, '*you* take a journey in a butcher's meat van! How will you ever look your friends in the face after it? Suppose it gets into the papers—*Punch* for instance!'

'What is it like, John?' she asked, alarmed.

'It is like a cats'-meat man's barrow with a small grey pony in it, not unlike a donkey for size,' he said maliciously.

'But I can never travel in that!'

'I should think not; only if you do not go, mother will never forgive you.'

'Whatever am I to do?'

'Sleep over the matter, and in the morning make choice of being laughed at in every newspaper in England, or of enduring my mother's wrath for ever and ever. You are a prime favourite just now.'

'I would not give twopence for what you say,' she answered defiantly; but in spite of her brave speech she had serious misgivings over the cats'-meat man's barrow, and dreamed all night of whipping up a donkey that backed persistently on an approaching train.

Next day the two were ready for Peter Fisher; but to their surprise Peter appeared in person, dressed in his Sunday clothes, with his newly painted gig and his big horse.

'Ay, Peter, ye hae made a grand turn oot the day,' the older lady said, and Peter replied gallantly—

'An' what for no, gude-wife; it's no ilka day I get leddies to hurl aboot.'

'That's John's doing,' the younger said to herself; and all three were very well pleased with themselves.

The old lady was dressed in her black stuff dress, and her daughter-in-law in a grey easy-fitting tweed; and when Peter drove them along the village street, with children playing in the dust, to the quiet country between moors and fields, they were very differently occupied: old Mrs. Halliday with a life's memories passing in swift review before her, and her youthful daughter-in-law charmed with all she saw and heard—the broom, the larks' song, the flight of linnets, boys wandering in the moor in search of young birds and rabbits.

'Ay, Jeanie lass, look an' look weel,' the old woman said gravely; 'the sunsheen an' the caller air are like a benediction

the day, an' bring naething but laughter an' joy wi' them. Twenty year after this ye'll see the same picture in your mind, but instead o' laughin' ye'll want to greet. Life to look forrit to is a beautiful thing, but to look back upon it's waesome.'

They turned from the moor, crossed the Bruar Burn, climbed a steep brae, and Peter Fisher pulled up at the gate of a small country churchyard.

'Ye'll just wait here, Peter, an' we'll be back in a mament or twa,' Mrs. Halliday exclaimed; and the two wandered away among the tombstones.

They paused before two carefully kept graves, and the elder resting her chin on her hand said, with a quiet cheerfulness—

'My father an' mither, an' my man sleep here, Jeanie lass; an' week by week I deck their graves wi' flooers, for I wadna hae them forgotten. I hae dune that for mair than thirty year; an' when my time comes—it canna be lang noo—I'll lie doon an' sleep beside them. I hae toiled a' my life, Jeanie, an' the rest 'll be welcome.'

The old Scotchwoman looked placidly at the quiet resting-places, but tears gathered in her companion's eyes and her bosom heaved. They sauntered leisurely among the tombstones, and studied the quaint emblems setting forth the shortness and uncertainty of life—the hour-glass, the scythe, the skull and cross-bones—with which 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet' had decked their memorial tablets.

Then they drove between high hedgerows up hill, and when they reached the top they dismounted once more. The gable of an old ruin stood by the roadside, and scrambling up a whinny bank the two entered the ruin of rough field boulders cemented with clay.

'In this hoose I was born, Jeanie, an' here I spent my early days wi' my father an' mither. This is the road to the well; ay, it's here still, an' a saugh bus growin' beside it yet, but it maun be anither ane shurely. Mony a day hae I laughed an' sung at this doorstep, an' watched the sunsheen an' the rain, the frost an' the snaw come ower the hill. An' this is a' that's left, Jeanie, that red ruin, an' mysel' a grey ane. But they were brave days; they mak' me a bairn again when I remember; an' I'm pleased the auld wa's within reach an' still standin'. But we maun be stappin', or Peter 'll tine a' patience wi' us.' The speaker hated any display of feeling, and to conceal her emotion turned sharply away, and hailed their Jehu.

'Noo, Peter, ye'll drive through the Muirside to the cross roads o' Monrimmont, an' syne hame,' she said, giving Peter his final instructions.

'But she's a michty rough road, gudewife.'

'Ye'll no' coup us out, Peter?'

'I wadna mind that, but I'm feared for my newly painted gig. I dinna want to rub the paint aff her the first off-go,' Peter replied honestly.

'Ou, weel, please yoursel'; only I wad think it's a hantle nearer a road than gaun by the toll.'

They drove between high hedges, along cartways deeply rutted and filled in parts with stones gathered off the fields. The vehicle pitched from side to side, and the two women clutched each other in dread.

'Dinna ye be feared, Jeanie,' her mother-in-law said encouragingly, 'Peter 'll no coup us; we hae gude hostages in his ain skin an' his newly painted gig.' So they comforted themselves, as along a couple of miles of country road they pitched and tossed, and succeeded in not tumbling out.

Monrimmont wood, a great stretch of Scotch firs, spread along the northern upland; and entering a well-made road with forest on every side, they soon reached their destination, a snug gamekeeper's dwelling nestling in the corner of the wood.

'That was my first hame when I was married, Jeanie; here John an' Maggie were born. I mind yet as though it were yesterday o' my man walkin' doon that rood i' the mornin' wi' the birds singin' an' the sun sheenin'. He took Johnny on his shouther, an' carried him, laughin' wi' glee, to the end o' the hedge, whar he set him doon, an' sent him back; an', seein' the craitur fairly started, my man waved his hand to me afore he entered the wid. I never saw him livin' ahent that. Three o' them were walkin' in single file through the wid, my man leadin', when the second keeper's gun gaed aff, and shot him deid. My joy days ended that day!'

Mrs. Halliday paused, and her daughter-in-law clasped her hand and pressed it in mute sympathy.

'Drive hame noo, Peter Fisher, as fast as your horse's feet 'll carry ye,' the old lady said, when she had taken another look of the cottage and the road that led to the forest.

'I shall not urge you again to come with us,' her companion said gently.

'No, Jeanie, no. What fragment o' my life yet remains is here, an' I'll ken nae hame but this till I reach my long hame.'

The drive finally removed any desire Jeanie Halliday had to carry off her mother-in-law with her, and apparently her decision to leave the old lady to the Glen had given a satisfaction in quarters she had not dreamt of.

She was returning from a lonely saunter in the moor one evening, when she met a rough, shock-headed quarrier, who planted himself in front of her and addressed her—

'An' so ye're no' to tak' auld Mistress Halliday wi' ye, aifter a'?'

'No,' she replied, looking half-alarmed, half-amazed at her interrogator.

'That's as it shuld be. It wad never do to tak' her awa' frae the Glen. We culdna do withoot her. Gin onybody's ill, it's "Rin for Mistress Halliday;" an' gin any neebour's no weel aff, it's "Does Mistress Halliday ken?" No a body can die i' the Glen, indeed, a body can scarcely get born withoot her. Na, na, we culd want mony a ane, but we culdna want her, an' I houp we'll hear nae mair o' her gaun awa'. But ye'll no ken me?'

'No, I do not.'

'That's strange, noo; I thocht a' body kent me. I'm Rob Whamond.'

Jeanie Halliday smiled, and confessed, 'I have heard about you, and I have met Mrs. Whamond.'

Rob looked puzzled, but a sudden gleam of intelligence enlightening his dusty visage, he exclaimed—

'Ou ay, I hae ye noo, it's Jean ye're meanin'; but that's a gude ane—Mistress Whamond! Sal, she'll be up wi't. I maun tell Jean that ane. Weel, I'm just plain Rob Whamond, an' a' body kens me; but gin it hadna been for Mistress Halliday, I wad hae been feedin' the worms in Baldowie kirkyard lang ere this. I beg your pardon, mem, for stoppin' a leddy to speak to her,' he added with sudden confusion; 'yet I was so concerned about kennin' if Mistress Halliday was really bidin' that I culd hardly help mysel'.'

The rough quarrier blushed like a girl and moved awkwardly away, leaving the young Englishwoman more amused over this adventure than any she had yet encountered, and also discerning better the place her mother-in-law held in the affections of the Glen folk.

Most emphatically Mrs. Halliday's place was the Glen, and the passing years made it more and more her only home on this side the grave. But after ten years, gathering frailties limited her activity, and it looked as if soon she would need others to tend her instead of her helping others. Rheumatism had almost bent her double, and she had other cares which the Glen folk did not know of. Disturbing news had come from her daughter in America, and for a whole year she had carried with her a load of apprehensions which weighed her to the earth. 'My mither left a widow with three helpless infants, mysel' left a widow wi' twa; can it be God's will to tak' awa' my lassie's man, an' leave her to fecht the battle single-handed wi' four puir craiturs that canna put on their ain claes!' Mrs. Halliday's heart was breaking, although neither by word nor deed did she show her grief.

Yet Jean Whamond divined there was something sore amiss, but she kept her surmisings to herself. She saw the auburn hair grow white and the keen, eager face grow haggard, and knew that no ordinary trial was crushing that valiant spirit.

At last the news was out. Maggie Halliday, in a land of strangers, was left a widow. The sorrowing daughter wrote to the no less sorrowing mother in a spirit of meek resignation; she was to remain in America beside her husband's relatives, who had been more than friendly to her in her bitter struggle, and only one comfort she longed for—her mother's presence. If the journey had not been so long, if her mother had not been so frail, she would have wished her to come to her; her presence would have been a comfort and strength.

Mrs. Halliday pondered the words and repeated them night and day. 'I wad be a comfort to her; my presence wad be a comfort! Can I bide here and my lassie in a strange land, sighin' for a mither's word, the touch o' a mither's hand?' She cried from the darkening down of night to the dawn of a new day; but even then she could not overcome the obstacles that lay between her and her heart's wish. 'I'm auld, an' I wad fain lay my crazy banes beside my man's; I aye thocht I wad sleep in his arms at the close, an' hoo can I live and die a stranger in a strange land?'

The misery was beyond bearing; her beloved dead claimed her and bade her stay; the living, no less beloved, added sorrow to pleading. And after the struggle of a week, night and day, Mrs. Halliday had decided.

She called to her aid that unfailing ally, Jean Whamond.

'Jean,' she said solemnly, 'I'm gaun east-by to the kirkyard, to visit the graves for the hainmost time, an' when I come back I want ye to hae my fire in an' a cup o' tea ready, for I'll be needin' 't.'

'Hoot, no, Mistress Halliday, ye're no gaun for the hainmost time yet,' Jean said, with the air of a hardened optimist.

'Haud your tongue, Jean, an' no' crack aboot things ye are ignorant o'! Just do as I bid ye,' she commanded.

Feeble and lame, she limped on a staff to the churchyard, and from the manse window one of the minister's children saw an old woman, dressed in black, kneel by two graves. She bent down till her brow touched the earth, and she sobbed so bitterly that the child, becoming alarmed, ran to her mother, who explained it was old Mrs. Halliday weeping for her father and mother, whom God had taken away.

When she returned, Jean Whamond said—

'Ye're mair fit for your bed than your tea, I'm thinkin'.'

'Ye're aboot richt, Jean; help me aff wi' my claes, an' I'll lie doon, for I'm wearied baith in mind an' body,' she said, sighing.

Before Jean had tea ready, she was sound asleep, and Jean, hastening home to Rob, explained—

'Mistress Halliday's awa' to her bed richt dune, puir stock, an' I'll bide an' watch till she wauken. I'm feared onything come over her; she's growin' strange.'

'Ay, do that, Jean,' Rob replied with glistening eyes; 'do that. I wad never forgie mysel' gin onything happened, an' us no ken.'

For hours Jean sat patiently behind Mrs. Halliday's bedroom door, listening to the regular breathing of the sleeper. When all was dark she turned and sighed, sat up in bed for a moment or two, and remembered. In her weariness she had omitted her usual devotions. She got up, lit a candle, got her Bible, read a portion, and knelt down to pray, asking forgiveness for the sin of forgetting her heavenly Father and His Word, and pleading that His mercy would be extended to her in her journey over the deep and amid perils by land. Jean waited to hear no more, but rushed home to Rob, exclaiming—

'Mistress Halliday's gaun to America!'

'No possible!' Rob said, rubbing his eyes, his red hair standing on end.

'She's gaun to America, an' whatever's to be dune?' Jean repeated.

Next day all the Glen knew, and when Jean remonstrated, the old lady replied—

'An' what for no, Jean Whamond? My duty lies there noo, I hinna the least doubt. An' gin I can speak ae word or but stretch oot my hand to comfort my lassie, though it shuld be my last word an' my last act, I'll gang.'

'Weel, weel,' Jean replied, wiping her eyes.

'But ye were to live an' die i' the Glen,' Rob protested.

'"Man proposes, God disposes," Rob; it's ordained otherwise,' she replied.

So there was much packing and stowing away of goods, and Rob was enjoined—

'For the love ye bear to me, Rob, ye'll look after the graves as lang as ye're able to crawl the length.'

'I will,' Rob replied, holding up his right hand like a man taking an oath.

Jean Whamond accompanied Mrs. Halliday as far as Inver, but the Bruar Road was lined with natives, who shook hands with the traveller, and wished her a safe journey. Rob, after shaking hands with her, got up a cheer, waved his cap, and rushed into the house; the crowd took up the cheer, and waved caps and shawls and everything that would wave. And the brave old woman turned, with a smile on her face and the tears in her eyes, and exclaimed—

'I'll mebbe be back to die among ye yet, sirse.'

But——

FERGUS MACKENZIE.

THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT: A POPULAR LECTURE.

BY A. F. HORT.*

PART I.—THEIR CHARACTER.

THERE is probably a certain amount of vagueness in the popular conception of the nature of a Biblical manuscript beyond the dim notion that it is something yellow and dusty and not nicely written: it is possible to have risen above the half-defined idea that the Bible was written in English, its composition being in some mysterious way associated with the learned Prince James I., and yet to be unable to give a clear answer to such questions as these: From how many languages was our English Bible translated? What sort of difficulties confronted the translators? What were the manuscript books like, which were used for the earliest printed text? and, in particular, How old were these written copies? how and where had they been preserved? How far could they be taken to present the actual words written down by the writers of the New Testament?

It may even be that to some these questions have not occurred: we are apt to forget that there was ever any difficulty about it.

The Bible has become so integral a part of the civilisation in which we live that we are liable to take its history for granted; if so, we are guilty of ingratitude; for, if we acknowledge our debt to the English translators, we are apt to ignore that which we owe to the scholars whose labours are a necessary prelude to the work of translation, but whose very names, if I mistake not, are for the most part unknown save to professed

* The following authorities have been freely used:—Westcott and Hort: Introduction to Critical Text; Introduction appended to small School Edition of the Text. Scrivener: 'Introduction to the Study of the New Testament Text.' B. B. Warfield: 'Textual Criticism of the New Testament.' J. Paterson Smyth: 'How we got our Bible.'

students. I shall endeavour then to describe the materials on which these men have had to work, and to sketch the methods which they employ. The history of the *printed* Bible will not concern us; our subject is the *written* documents on which our printed texts are founded, and the processes by which what is called a 'pure text' is constructed from these materials; for the critical study of the text no printed edition is of any value, since we possess the manuscript authorities on which all printed texts are founded; the latter therefore afford no independent testimony.

By way of preface it may not be out of place to try to imagine with what kind of food the appetite of the reading public was fed before the mighty revolution effected by the invention of printing; what did to 'read a book' mean in those days, when there were no pocket volumes or newspapers or circulating libraries? The modern man with a taste for printed matter, if not for literature, may learn almost without an effort in a twenty-minutes railway journey everything that has happened, with a good deal that has not, up to the small hours of the day in which he still lives; and having absorbed a mass of varied information, he leaves the document to which he is indebted in a mangled heap on the seat of the carriage, confident that if some event or rumour of yesterday has escaped his eye, he can recover it from his *Pall Mall* in the evening. Suppose even that he gets beyond the newspapers and cares to read the books he reads about, undaunted by puffs and critiques, by reviewers and reviewers of reviewers; still it is likely that the volume when done with, despite its gay cloth back and its superior paper, will be before the end of the week returned to Mudie, or lent to a friend, or given decent burial on the shelf in the best bedroom. This is a fancy picture, but what I wish to bring out is this: that with all our interest in everything and everybody in this tremendously interesting modern world of ours, and with all our real desire for knowledge and not least for book-knowledge, still a book cannot mean to us precisely what it meant to a mediæval reader. Of making books there is no end, and there are, of course, books and books; there are even books that are no books; but the end of it all is that for a variety of causes a book cannot now always be what in Milton's grand description it should be, 'the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.' The effects of the change both for good and

evil form a most interesting subject for study and speculation; indeed in the whole history of civilisation there can hardly be any story of development more fascinating—unless perhaps it be the story of the *spoken* word—than the history of the written word, from the first scrawling of figures on shells and potsherds to the complex machinery of modern printing and publishing. But I have already digressed: the important point for our present purpose is to imagine a world, and a civilised world too, in which printer's ink is unknown, to think of books apart from all the associations of *printed* books. The documents from which the text of the Bible is derived are all directly the work of human fingers, so that their virtues and their faults are those of scribes and not of compositors. It may seem superfluous to insist on such an obvious fact, but I believe that its significance is liable to be missed by many whose imagination is of necessity bounded by their nineteenth-century surroundings. Let us think, then, what books were like before the invention of printing, and turn first to the materials.

Our word 'library' records the fact that a book meant once the bark of a tree scratched with a pointed instrument, or stilus, whence our word 'style,' or 'manner of writing;' to 'write' meant originally to 'scratch,' a fact of which even the most modern inventions in stationery occasionally remind us. Bark, however, is a primitive material; the word 'Bible' recalls that which was the favourite material in classical times—the byblus or papyrus-reed of Egypt. Strips of this reed, flattened out and dried, were gummed together lengthways, and, with other strips gummed across them for greater firmness, formed a page. This material was, of course, thin and brittle; it was written on, with pen and ink, like paper, not scratched. To make a papyrus-book, several pages were gummed together, forming, in fact, one very wide page. As this was sometimes, it is said, as much as a hundred yards long, and so not very convenient for arm-chair reading, one end was fastened to a stick and the book rolled round it, like a wall-map or a window-blind. The reader held the roller in his left hand, and unrolled with the right as he read, rolling it up again the reverse way as he got on with his book, and the amount to hold in the hand became unmanageable. These rolls had the advantage of being easily stored. They were kept in wrappers and laid on a shelf, from which one end of the stick projected, carrying a label with the title and the author's name. Such a book was called a

'volumen,' or roll, whence our 'volume.' There were many different qualities of papyrus; it was usually only written on one side, but the reverse of old papyri was sometimes used for schoolboys' exercises and the like. The writing was in columns, parallel generally to the stick to which the end of the roll was fastened. These papyri were the favourite form of book in the ancient world, and manuscripts of this kind dating from classical times are in existence, such as the charred rolls found in a library at Herculaneum, or those recently brought to light from the tombs of Egypt, including the now celebrated find of a lost work of Aristotle. Many of these, such as fragments of Homer's poems, dating from the second century B.C., are of great interest and value to the classical scholar, as preserving the readings adopted by men to whom classical Greek was still a spoken language. But for our present purpose they are unimportant, since only a few fragmentary papyri of the books of the New Testament have been found. Papyrus—whence our word 'paper'—was gradually superseded as a writing material by prepared sheeps' skins or parchment, the Greek form of which word, περγαμήνη, comes from a town in Asia Minor, the inhabitants of which, we are told, were driven to invent a new writing material when, in the second century B.C., the export of papyrus from Egypt was forbidden. Parchment was used for writing from very early times; archæologists differ as to the time at which people began to make it up into books. The manufacture of papyrus ceased with the Mohammedan conquest of Egypt in the seventh century, and it is probable that parchment had come to be used pretty generally for books as early as the third century A.D.

This material is, of course, of far tougher fibre than papyrus, and can be written on both sides; books were formed of it by fastening sheets together in the shape of a modern book. This kind of book was called a 'codex,' the name being transferred from a similar arrangement of thin sheets of wood, which were coated with wax and scratched with a stilus. The parchment codex was an improvement on this, but preserved the name, which properly means 'wood.' We have in English its diminutive, 'codicil,' which should mean therefore properly 'a small wooden tablet.'

In speaking then of a New Testament manuscript, we mean generally a codex, that is, a large parchment book, the pages divided into columns, and written on both sides; moreover, not

infrequently, parchment being dear, one book was written *over* another, the underlying text being imperfectly rubbed out. Such a manuscript is called 'palimpsest,' which means, 'scraped again.' By the use of chemicals, classical texts are often recovered from beneath the lucubrations written over them by monks who cared little for pagan literature, and even copies of highly valued books were used the same way; thus there would be no hesitation in using the leaves of a Bible in this way, if parchment were scarce, and there were plenty of other copies of the Bible available for use.

So much for the external appearance of manuscripts. Our text of the New Testament—I mean, of course, the Greek text adopted by the English translators—is derived from a comparison of documents such as I have described, parchment codices for the most part. The evidence thus obtained is of two kinds—direct and indirect. By direct evidence is meant that supplied by Greek manuscripts of the New Testament books; by indirect, the testimony of early translations into languages other than Greek, which are called *versions*, and further by quotations, either from Greek or from a version, occurring in the works of early Christian writers. Of each of these three sources of our Greek text—Greek manuscripts, versions, quotations—I wish to give some description.

I. First, Greek manuscripts. These are, of course, by far the most important, and it will be well to get a clear idea of their character. None of them, I need hardly say, is or professes to be in the handwriting of the evangelists or apostles, or we should be able to dispense with the study of copies. They vary in date a great deal, the oldest being assigned to the fourth century. The oldest Greek manuscript, then, which we possess is probably the result of repeated copyings, made through a period of some three centuries, such copying being the only means then possible of making a book widely known. Now our texts of classical Greek and Latin writers are, with few exceptions, derived from copies made not earlier than the eleventh century, the originals of which have since disappeared. So that the direct evidence for the text of the New Testament is by some centuries older than most of the direct evidence for the text of the classical writers. It will be well to bear this fact in mind, and, on the other hand, to remember, what is often imperfectly realised, that there is the gap of which I just now spoke in the direct line of evidence for the New Testament text; that this gap is

partly filled by the *indirect* evidence will be presently seen. Greek manuscripts are of two kinds, called respectively, from the character of the letters, Uncials and Cursives or Minuscules. Uncials are those written in an alphabet slightly altered from the capitals, which were the oldest form of the alphabet, and which are found in inscriptions. The name is said to mean 'inch-long' letters, from uncia, an inch, but this is uncertain. I may perhaps mention in passing that the Greek alphabet of capitals was derived from the Phœnicians, who probably obtained it by simplifying the abbreviated form of hieroglyphics used by the Egyptian priests, and it is, through the Latin alphabet, the ancestor of our own. Modification of the uncial alphabet produced minuscules or small letters, and these, when written rapidly and run together, produced 'cursive' or running hand. All manuscripts written in small hand are called, for convenience, though not quite accurately, cursives. Naturally this latter class of manuscripts presents far more diversity in the forms of the letters than is seen in the stiff uncial characters. The uncial manuscripts of the New Testament are, generally speaking, the oldest. One hundred and fifty of them are in existence. They are usually referred to by capital letters, the cursives by small Arabic numerals. It will be of interest to give some description of a few of the most important, since these are, of course, the primary authority for the New Testament text. I will select five, as in different ways representative —the Vatican Codex, the Alexandrian, the Sinai, and those called after Ephraem and Beza. Of these the first four are also the four most important of all, and *none* of these was available for the translators of 1611, a fact which has to be reckoned with by those who were inclined to deny the need of a revised translation in our day. We may note, on the one hand, how much richer we are in evidence than the translators of the Authorised Version who had *no* manuscript as early as the fourth century; and on the other, how few, comparatively, are the changes necessitated by the discovery of this new material, so that the transmission of the text has been on the whole remarkably free from corruption.

The Codex Vaticanus, designated B, was written in the fourth century, and has for many centuries belonged to the Vatican Library at Rome, where it was very jealously guarded till quite recent times. It is only in our own day, in the papacy of Pius IX., that its readings have been made accessible. It is written

on vellum, the finest kind of parchment. The writing is in three columns, the letters well formed, but faint. The whole has been inked over by a careful scribe; but his care seems to have been needless, since parts of the original writing which he omitted to retouch are still quite legible after the lapse of fifteen hundred years. The manuscript is defective at the beginning and end, and omits the last twelve verses of St. Mark; a blank, however, is left at the end of this gospel, indicating that the scribe apparently knew of the existence of these verses. The letters, as in all uncial manuscripts, are all distinct, never run together, as in cursives, and there is no division between the words, and no regular stops. The appearance of the letters is, by the way, always important evidence in the hands of an expert for determining the date of a manuscript. On the whole, the oldest manuscripts are those in which the letters are nearly as broad as they are high, and are without flourishes or other ornament. The earliest *dated* manuscript is of the ninth century, so that such indications become valuable for manuscripts earlier than this date.

The history of the magnificent book before us, probably the oldest, and certainly the most interesting, manuscript in the world, is obscure for the period before the establishment of the Vatican Library. This took place in the fifteenth century, and there the Vatican Codex has rested from that day to this. It may have been brought from the Eastern or Greek part of Christendom at that time, like so many Greek books which were rescued from the barbarous conquerors of Constantinople. Where it was *written*, eleven centuries before it came into the Vatican Library, it is, of course, impossible to say. Recent opinion inclines to the view that it, as well as the Sinai Codex, of which I shall next speak, was written in the West, perhaps at Rome itself.

The Sinai Codex (designated by aleph, the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet) closely resembles the Vatican, and so calls for no detailed description. It is apparently of about the same date, and has the same omission at the end of St. Mark's gospel. The exciting story of its discovery, less than fifty years ago, by Dr. Tischendorf, is tolerably familiar. He first saw fragments of it in 1844 in a basket full of old parchments, apparently designed for lighting the fires, in the convent of St. Catharine on Mount Sinai. On this occasion he could only get hold of a few sheets, the value of which he became fully aware of after his return to Germany. It was not till 1859, after much anxiety

and disappointment, that he was able to obtain the rest. On that occasion he was about to leave the convent without hearing anything of the object of his search, when the steward suddenly produced the whole manuscript, containing, with parts of the Septuagint, the whole of the New Testament and some of the apocryphal books. Through the influence of the Emperor of Russia he secured it, and it rests now at St. Petersburg.

I need only add that the value of this, the most important manuscript find of this century, is now generally recognised, and that the day for contemptuous allusions to the 'monk's waste-paper basket' seems to be past.

My account of the three other uncial manuscripts which I mentioned must be briefer. Having described two manuscripts of this class at some length, I will only mention points of difference or of special interest in the others.

By an odd coincidence, while the Roman Church possesses one of the principal codices, and the Greek another, the third belongs to our nation. The Alexandrian Codex (A) lies open in the British Museum for all to see, having been presented to Charles I. by the Patriarch of Constantinople: it thus arrived in England a few years too late to be used by the translators of the Authorised Version.

Each page is divided into two colums only, not three or four, as in the Vatican or Sinaitic respectively. This point of difference is not so trivial as it might appear: two columns is the natural number for a codex, and the larger number of columns found in older codices is thought to be an imitation of the form of the old papyrus-rolls, and so to point to a date at which the parchment codex—at least in men's memories—had not yet wholly supplanted the papyrus-roll. This manuscript is named from its residence at Alexandria from the eleventh to the seventeenth century; it is likely that it was written there in the fifth century, when Egypt was still Christian.

I mention the Ephraem Codex (C), because it is an example of the kind called 'palimpsest'—Greek translations of the works of Ephraem the Syrian being written over the partially obliterated text. The text was recovered in this century from its burial-place under the learned Father's discourses, by the use of chemicals. Naturally this codex has not the simple and stately appearance of the other three. It is now at Paris. Like the Alexandrian, it belongs to the fifth century, and was probably written at Alexandria.

Of the remaining uncial manuscripts, none seem to have belonged to a complete Bible. I select for mention here the Codex of Beza (D), which is of the class called 'bilingual,' that is, a Latin translation is included in parallel columns with the Greek. It dates from the sixth century, and was presented to the University of Cambridge in 1581, by Beza, a disciple of Calvin. It is conspicuouly exhibited in the university library, and lies open at the most famous of its many interpolated passages, the story, inserted in the sixth chapter of St. Luke, of our Lord's interview with a man whom he found working on the sabbath.

The cursive manuscripts are very numerous, amounting, perhaps, to three thousand and ranging in date from the ninth to the fifteenth century. Many have not yet been 'collated,' that is, critically examined, in order to compare their readings. Here, perhaps, is the right place to mention a subordinate class of documents, the Lectionaries, or books of extracts from the New Testament, chosen to be read in the Greek Church. Many of these are in uncial character, but none perhaps earlier than the eighth century.

II. Of the second great class of original documents—the Versions, or ancient translations from the Greek—time will only permit me to mention those of the greatest historical interest. Their value is due to the fact that translations of the Bible were made *before* the date of the earliest *Greek* manuscripts now extant. A Version is valuable as evidence in proportion to its literalness. Thus the worst translation, in a literary point of view, may be the most useful here, if it adheres closely to the words of the gospel. Such a version is one of the Syriac ones, which preserves even the Greek idiom under the Syriac words. There are three principal groups of versions—Latin, Syriac, and Egyptian. The Latin are of various types; it would only be confusing here to enter into their differences and relationships. The celebrated Latin version, the Vulgate, is the result of a revision of the existing Latin texts, accomplished by Jerome in the year 385, a date probably not long posterior to the writing of our two oldest Greek manuscripts, the Vatican and the Sinai. Jerome also translated the Old Testament from the Hebrew, a wonderful feat for the scholarship of that day; and his great 'revised Bible' gradually supplanted the existing texts. It is possible that he had access to Greek manuscripts far older than any that now survive. The old uncritical Latin texts had, however, their devoted adherents. Perhaps we may note here a

historic parallel, making due allowance for the different circumstances of that age and of this. There was an outcry that the reviser had tampered with the Word of God; the cry of heretic was raised, and it was long before it ceased. We may, perhaps, congratulate ourselves on some improvements even in the methods of controversy, when we read that the learned Father did not scruple to call his bigoted opponents, among other things, two-legged donkeys, a term which, we may reasonably believe, was not used of their conservative critics by any of the revisers of 1881, even in the seclusion of his study. The tide turned at last, and, as is well known, the Vulgate of Jerome, finally sanctioned by the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century, holds in the Roman Church the position of an original authority, the Greek original being slighted on the ground that the Greek Schismatic Church may have perverted the text to their own uses. The extreme of prejudice is reached by a certain famous Polyglot Bible, in three columns, in which the Vulgate appears in the central column between the Hebrew and the Greek, its position being compared by the editors to that of Christ between the two thieves at the Crucifixion. It is fair to remark that the editors would not have printed the Greek and Hebrew at all, unless they had considered them worthy of notice, and the comparison is perhaps rather a piece of grim humour than of seriously meant criticism.

Of the Syriac version it must suffice to say that the oldest is at least as old as the oldest Latin Version, and that here too an authoritative revision seems at some time to have reconciled the differences in existing texts. A manuscript of one of the old Syriac versions on which this revision was based, is one of the discoveries of this century.

The third great group of versions, the Egyptian, comprises the texts used by Christians in Upper, Lower, and Middle Egypt respectively, and with them may be classed the Ethiopic, or version of the ancient Abyssinian Church.

Of versions not included in any of these three main groups, a bare mention must suffice. There is the Armenian, the text of the Asiatic Christians of Armenia, and the Gothic, the work of Ulfilas, the great missionary, who in the fourth century brought intellectual and spiritual light to the wild Goths. Manuscripts of this version are extant, written on purple parchment with silver letters. This kind of lavish ornament was also frequently bestowed on copies of the Vulgate.

Besides these ancient versions, there are others of great *historical* interest, which from their late date and second-hand character, are of no *critical* value; such are the Anglo-Saxon versions of parts of the Bible, made from the Latin, not from the original Greek, by various hands. The story of the Venerable Bede's translation of the Gospels, completed on his death-bed, is well known. This translation, like that of Wycliffe, six hundred years later, was based on the Latin Vulgate of Jerome. Such translations as these might be called versions of versions.

III. The third class of documentary evidence, it will be remembered, consists of quotations from Scripture in the works of the early Fathers. This class of testimony is third in order of importance, but has considerable tributary value. The Revised Version, it should be said, was the first to take account of all three classes of evidence in determining the text. The quotations naturally vary in value as in kind; sometimes they consist of whole passages copied out; sometimes they are mere allusions, even unconscious allusions to the words of Scripture. Nor in cases of actual citation was verbal accuracy prized even as highly as it is now. It will therefore be seen that the textual evidence supplied by the two Fathers may, on the one hand, be almost as direct as that of a Greek manuscript of the New Testament; or, on the other hand, we may only be able to *infer* what reading was familiar to the writer in question. The same variety of practice may be observed in the works of such a writer as Mr. Ruskin, whose mind from early education is so steeped in Scriptural phraseology, that he probably quotes more from the Bible than he knows, certainly more than the number of quotation marks would indicate. The Fathers in whose works quotations are most valuable, are, of course, the oldest, as they quote presumably from purer texts than those available at a later date. Besides the early Greek Fathers, such as Irenæus, Clement, and Origen, the works of Latin Fathers are also valuable, when critically used, although they quote from a version and not from a Greek manuscript. It must be remembered always that quotation, even from inferior texts, is invaluable as evidence for the history of the text. This point will become clearer when we come to the subject of Textual Criticism.

BROKEN WINGS.

Ah me! When I would soar,
As bird, towards heaven's door,
And sing as free bird sings,
I can but flutter low,
Then drop to earth below,—
Alas! my broken wings.

Ah me! When I would fly
To purer air and sky,
And hearken at heaven's gate
To angels' songs of love,
My wings scarce rise above
Earth-sounds of grief, and hate.

Ah me! When I would rise
Above this land of sighs,
To one where Peace is King,
Some tiny height I gain,
With struggle and with pain,
Then drop with broken wing.

Ah me! When I would mount
To Light's Eternal Fount,
Scarce through earth's clouds I pass,
When slacker grows my flight,
'Tis past, that glimpse of light,—
My broken wings, alas!

Ah me! When I would raise
My tribute to God's praise
At heaven's own gate that He
Should catch my feeble song,
Though beating upward long,
I fall to earth,—ah me!

Ah me! When my soul yearns,
And heart within me burns
To win some high behest,
My wings scarce spread to lift,
When, lo! they flutter swift
To dusty earth, distrest.

Ah me! So low to lie,
With will, yea, power to fly
Were wings not broken so!
Ah me! If this were all,
To flutter, and to fall,
Heart-crushing were the woe.

Ah me! Why gave God wings,
To break them? Hush! there sings
Within a Heaven-sent hope;
The gifts we are restrained
From using here, regained
Hereafter, find full scope.

Ah me! Perchance, one day,
In God's own time and way,
His hand will mend my wings.
And I shall upward fly,
As lark in summer sky,
And sing as free bird sings!

Ah me! When God shall give
Such power to do, to live,
To soar as angels soar,
These mended wings, all fleet,
Shall bear me to His Feet,
To serve Him evermore!

E. M. D.

SHAVEN CROWN.

CHAPTER V.

THE BEDDINGS' PLOT.

To a superficial view, one township of English settlers was so like another that it might not have been supposed that there would be much difference between the settlements of the Addings and the Beddings; but nevertheless there were important differences between the two. The Addings were the more civilized; to them life was not entirely confined to the interests of their own tribe, but they were linked with the larger life of the little realm of Kent, through their allegiance to Ethelbert. The Beddings, by repudiating any persistent connection either with Kent or Wessex—for any homage they paid to either king was merely nominal—had isolated themselves from the currents of the growing civilisation of the country. They were a hundred years behind the Addings in many respects, and more especially in their belief in the ancient gods and adherence to the old customs of their continental ancestors, which were far more marked among them than among the Addings. Whenever any country seriously contemplates a change of religion, it is found that the life has mostly died out of the old one; and among the Addings there was no temple to the old gods, nor any recognised priest for their service. Among the Beddings, however, there was a wood-built, straw-thatched edifice where the ancient rites were still carried on regularly, under the charge of a Wise Woman, who was looked upon with great awe by the tribe.

Another sign of the less advanced condition of the Beddings was this. When the tribes had originally come from over seas, they had appropriated the ground then in cultivation to the common use of the tribe, dividing it into three parts—one-third for pasture, one for plough-land, and one for fallow-land, the last two alternating; and the plough-land was allotted every year

to the different households of the tribe. Besides this, however, any household that liked might make its own clearing from the uncultivated land, and this remained its own private property. Among the Addings nearly every household had its own clearing in addition to the common land; but among the Beddings this was seldom the case, and those for whom there was not a share of the common land earned a precarious living in the forest, by hunting or small marauding on their neighbours.

The Beddings held an assembly round their Tree of Meeting, a day or two after the loss of the dun bull, to consider what steps to take in revenge for their loss. The arrangements of the meeting were much the same as those of the Addings, except that the place of highest honour was given, not to Walram son of Hamond, Lord of the Beddings, but to his aunt, the Wise Woman, Wolfhild daughter of Worm.

Wolfhild sat on the high wooden stool under the great oak, among whose leaves swung many more horse-head skeletons—as well as a few human ones—than were to be found among the Addings. She was an elderly woman at this time, no longer as tall and upright as she had been in her youth. Her face was mapped out with wrinkles, her thick snow-white hair fell over her shoulders, and the only things about her which remained young were her keen diamond eyes, and the strong white teeth which had never needed dentist or dentifrice. On her shoulder sat a raven, which was supposed to bring her messages from the other world; and at her right sat her nephew Walram, the Bedding lord, a stalwart bearded man of thirty or so, whose aspect was that of physical strength rather than of extreme mental acuteness.

Wolfhild listened at first in silence while the Beddings discussed first this and then that plan of revenge for the dun bull, saying the same things over and over again and asking much the same questions each time. Warmund made what we should now call a far better chairman than Walram, and in his place at the head of the Adding meeting, would have kept the speakers to the point when they wandered off it, to discuss, for instance, the superiority or inferiority of the points of all the other bulls in the tribe to that particular dun bull of Hogg's which had been carried off.

At last Wolfhild rose up impatiently and waved her hand, at which all the warriors were silent. They were afraid of Wolfhild, for no one knew what harm she might not do them or theirs if

she were offended. Then she spoke, in a strong contralto voice, wonderfully powerful and full to come from such an old woman. But she was not nearly as old as she looked, only aged by hardship and exposure.

'Boars of Bedd, I have listened to your talk till it seems to me that all men are fools. Hear the plot of a woman's wit, and see if it is not better than all your stupid words without reason.'

'Speak, mother,' said Walram.

'Walram, your wife is dead, and laid in the earth these four months.'

Walram's face changed a little. He had loved in his way that pretty young Ethelgiva, who had borne him three sons who had all died, and who had then died from the cold fog of the water-meadows, and perhaps from yearning after the cry of her dead babies. But he only said—

'It is true.'

'You must wed again. Why not wed the girl who is heir to the Adding lord? Young she is, and well made, and fair enough for any man. She has a cousin, Warmund's daughter's son, but he is a puny weakling, and can easily be put out of the way.'

'But Warmund would not give her to me. She is betrothed to that long stripling they call Strong-arm,' said Walram.

'Nor do I propose that you should ask him for her, fool my nephew,' said Wolfhild. 'Where would be the vengeance in that? No! They lift our cattle; we will lift their women, By fair means or foul, we will rob them of the girl Swangift, and your son shall be heir to the lordship of the Addings as well as of the Beddings.'

'Then he would have to marry her when he had lifted her. Lady,' said one of the Beddings.

'Of course he would, with all honour, morning-gift, and the rest. There must be no flaw in his title to the inheritance. We may have to wait for our vengeance to be full; but Woden grant me to keep alive till I see the proud Addings feeling the yoke of a Bedding lord on their necks!'

'And how is the girl to be got at, mother?' said Walram, while the warriors laughed and shouted their approbation of the plan.

'Trust me to manage that. Wolfhild, daughter of Worm, is no longer young or fair, but her head has not lost its wiles nor her hand its cunning.'

'Yea, yea, we will leave Wolfhild to do it all,' said the

warriors; and the meeting broke up by their walking away in groups of twos or threes, chuckling over Wolfhild's plan.

It was not a bad thing, they owned, to have a Wise Woman in the tribe, though sometimes they had wished her anywhere else when she made them look foolish among their fellows with her sharp tongue, to which they neither could nor dared retort.

Wolfhild, though she had been a wife for a few years in her youth, had never been a mother; but there were twin brothers in the Bedding tribe to whom she acted as foster-mother, and over whom she had unbounded influence. Their names were Thunstan and Wolf, sons of Grim, and it was to all the tribe a proof of Wolfhild's supernatural powers that once or twice when she had needed her foster-sons, they had felt the impulse to leave their work or their hunting and go to her at once. Nowadays people would say that Wolfhild had mesmeric power in her keen diamond eyes, and that Thunstan and Wolf were receptive natures over whom she had established control; but then such powers were thought to stamp her as Woden's accredited messenger, just as a thousand years later they might have caused her to be burnt as a witch. Thunstan and Wolf were keener-witted men than most of the Beddings, good fighters, and the best hunters in the tribe; and it was held that it was not lucky to quarrel with them, for none could tell what might happen to you if Wolfhild cursed you, as she would probably do if you injured her foster-sons.

It was therefore pretty well understood that Thunstan and Wolf were the instruments who would carry out anything Wolfhild saw to be good; and when they were called by Wolfhild into her own little wood-built house, and the door barred after their entrance, it was well surmised that Wolfhild and they were to discuss their plans for obtaining possession of Swangift.

'Now, my sons,' began Wolfhild, 'among all the Addings whom you have come across in the wood, know ye one who might be bought with gold? or one who has a grudge against Warmund and his house?'

The brothers considered for a while. Then Wolf suggested to Thunstan: 'That Cole the Forester is a mean churl—the one who lives in the forest and who sold us the ram with the twisted horn.'

'Yes,' said Thunstan, 'the time when you, mother, needed the blood of a ram with a twisted horn to compound the magic brew you gave to Ethelgiva that her next babe should not die.'

'And it was not much use,' said Wolf, 'for she died herself.'

'Ay. It was written in the rune of the Weird women,' said Wolfhild, 'that so it should be, and no magic holds against their decree. But now to the question. How does this Cole live? is he poor or is he prosperous? I doubt there are few Addings that would trade with Beddings, if they were true men.'

'He lives in a mean way in a hut in the forest,' said Wolf, 'and his wife Ebba is greedy of silver. He is too lazy to plough, or hew wood, and not skilful enough to do much with hunting. He is a man who does not look you straight in the eye. I doubt little but that he can be bought.'

'It is well,' said Wolfhild. 'Now see, there are two things to be done; but the second had better be left alone for the present. That is the slaying of young Witgils. For that you twain can watch your opportunity, any time within the next two or three years. What is now in hand is the lifting of the girl Swangift. I will tell you shortly how that is to be done. Speak not, for I would listen to the inner speech of the gods.'

She drew her mantle over her head, folded her arms, and sat motionless. So did the two men. After about ten minutes she put her mantle back and stood up.

'The gods have spoken, and it is mine to deal with Cole and his wife Ebba; it is yours to lie in wait hidden near Cole's hut, and to carry off the girl when they have enticed her there. When the moon rises to-night I will cross the forest to Cole's hut. You twain shall come with me and sleep in the forest; the nights are warm and dry. Bring food, and a strong rope to bind the maiden if she struggles, and a horse to carry her.'

'I love not fighting with maidens,' said Thunstan. 'Either they bite and scratch like wild cats, or you hurt their tender flesh without knowing it, and they scream to waken the dead and bring a wasp's nest about your head. Give me men to deal with.'

'Perhaps the foster-mother can lay a spell on her to keep her still,' said Wolf.

'I will see what I can do, my sons. Meantime, remember we start from the blasted pine at moonrise, you bringing a quiet horse—your shaggy-mane will do—and food, I bringing a mantle and a pouch of silver to use, if need.'

CHAPTER VI.

A STOLEN BRIDE.

THE Adding settlement was early astir in these long summer days. By four o'clock, Ermenric, and Witgils with him, had gone south to that part of the wood where the finest pine trees grew, to fell them for his new house. When felled, they would be cut up into logs where they lay, and then drawn on the bullock-cart of the village to the place where they were to be built up. Warmund had gone to superintend the cutting of his hay harvest; and Swangift was just between cowhouse and dairy with a pail of milk balanced on her head, when a small, ill-looking man, with matted hair and a furtive glance, came up to her.

'Swangift Edmund's daughter,' he said; and the girl lifted down her milkpail and turned her stately young neck to see him; 'I come to you with a message from Ebba my wife, who lies sick on her bed. She has dreamed a dream three times in the night; it concerns you; but she will tell it to none but to you only. She is a dying woman this day, and the dreams of the dying are true. Come with me to her at once, lest she should die and the dream go untold.'

Swangift was young and simple, and was naturally very much interested in Ebba's dream about herself. Cole's hut, though within the forest, was not more than a quarter of an hour's walk off; and she, the granddaughter of the Addings' lord, never dreamt of harm coming to her from an Adding. So she went into the dairy and emptied her milkpail into the rough earthen vessel in which it was set to stand; and then filling it with water and setting it down, she walked off, bareheaded as she was, with her fair hair glittering in the sun, and followed at a few respectful steps behind by Cole, turning her head now and then to ask him some question about Ebba's welfare.

Swangift did not know the forest well enough to be aware that Cole was not leading her in the most direct way to his hut; but it had just crossed her mind that she had not known that he lived so far in the wood, when suddenly a black mantle was thrown over her face, muffling her so that she could neither breathe nor scream. Struggles were of no avail, for in a moment her hands were seized and tied behind her back, and then, what with fright and want of air, the poor child lost consciousness.

When she recovered herself again she was held upon the back of some animal which was jogging through the wood, urged on by men's voices; and as her renewed movements gave signs that she had returned to consciousness, her captors, at the bidding of a woman's voice, stopped the horse, and took the muffler from her eyes. A cloth was tied tightly over her mouth, so that she could neither speak nor cry out, but her nostrils were free.

'Come, come, my pretty one,' said Wolf, 'we mean you no harm. It is no such ill luck to a maid to be the honourable bride of the Beddings' lord. That is what you are to be, and here is Wolfhild, his aunt, to see that no harm happens to you.'

'Go on, Wolf. I will deal with the maid when we get into our own march,' said Wolfhild's strong and decided voice; and the horse went on and on, till the trees grew thinner; and at last, when the Beddings' houses were visible in the distance, Swangift was lifted down, her arms untied, and her wrappings undone. The poor girl stood white and bewildered, looking from the two men to Wolfhild.

'Swangift daughter of Edmund,' said Wolfhild, 'there is no harm intended to you, but honourable wedlock with Walram, Lord of the Beddings. This is our vengeance for the raid upon our cattle, and you may thank the gods there is nothing worse. Maidens fair and nobly born like you have before now been offered in sacrifice to the gods, and their white bones have rattled in the wind on the boughs of yonder oak.'

'I will not wed with the foes of my people,' said poor Swangift, as a last protest; but her lips were white and her voice was faint.

'Sit down,' said Wolfhild in a commanding tone, pointing to a felled tree; and Swangift obeyed. Then Wolfhild stood before her saying, 'Look at me!' and somehow Swangift felt her eyes held by those diamond points, so that she could not look away.

'Swangift, daughter of the Addings,' went on Wolfhild's voice, 'the weird is laid upon you to be the wife of Walram, Lord of the Beddings. You cannot say nay, do what you will. If it turned out that you were a treacherous wife, as some have been before now, we Beddings would no more spare to slay you with tortures than we would to put an end to a curst cow. But if you are a good wife to Walram, faithful and kind and industrious, then your Addings will be the better for it also; for the Beddings will leave them alone for your sake, and men

will pay you the same honour as if you had been born a Bedding, because Warmund the Adding is a great lord and a brave man.'

There might have been some girls to be found, whose anger would still have been greater than their prudence; but Swangift was not one of them. She was in her enemies' country and in her enemies' power; she had sense to perceive that the fate offered to her was by no means so cruel as it might have been, and pride caused her to restrain both words and tears. With one long quivering sigh she rose as Wolfhild turned away from her, and followed dizzily in her steps, the two sons of Grim bringing up the rear.

'She is a pretty young thing,' said one to the other, 'and well bred too. Some young maids would have stormed and shrieked. She will not make such an ill wife to Walram. I should not mind being in his place.'

'I like not mixed breeds,' said Thunstan, 'nor know I how it will be when the Adding and the Bedding blood join.'

'Go on in front, Thunstan and Wolf, and bring the message of good news to Walram.'

She turned to Swangift and linked her arm in the girl's; and there was something in the touch which told Swangift that the white-haired woman was still firm and wiry enough in muscle to more than cope with her own girlish strength. She followed where Wolfhild led; and by the time they had reached the hall of Walram, the news had reached all the Bedding houses near, and Walram himself came out of the hall to meet the white and trembling girl in the midst of a concourse of shouting followers.

'Welcome, Swangift, daughter of the Addings,' he said, not without a certain rough courtesy in his demeanour. 'I fear my folk have handled you roughly; but necessity knows no law. Enter the hall of your husband, where to-night we shall hold our marriage-feast, and to-morrow send word to your folk that you are Lady of the Beddings.'

This entrance was a purely ceremonial one. Wolfhild pulled the girl over the threshold, Walram took a heavy silver ring off his own hand and put it upon hers, and then Wolfhild brought her out again and led her into the bower of her own house. There she left her alone, and poor Swangift relieved herself by a long and exhausting fit of sobbing, after which she dropped off to sleep. Swangift had never known an exhausting emotion before.

When Wolfhild came in, with her arms full of rich garments

which had belonged to the dead Ethelgiva, she saw the girl half sitting, half leaning against the bed, fast asleep. She stood and looked at her, and nodded her head with approval.

'A fair-faced young maid, and one not like to avenge her wrongs by cup or dagger. Walram will not have to beware of treason in his home. She will bear him strong sons and fair daughters and weep when he goes out to battle. It is a good piece of work that I have done this day for the Beddings.'

And that night the wedding-feast was held, and Swangift became Walram's wife.

Great had been the outcry and close the search when Swangift was missed. All it resulted in was the discovery of Cole lying on the ground with feet and hands bound, *not* on the place whence Swangift had been carried away, but close to his own hut, where he ought to have brought her if his story had been true. Ebba had come out of the hut and tied the cords and then gone back, to be found lying moaning and apparently bedridden within, when Cole's plight was discovered. Underneath her was a pouch holding more silver coins than she and Cole had ever possessed during the whole period of their life. This was uneasy to lie on, but it was certainly comforting.

Cole told his story with much circumstantiality. Three times his wife had dreamed that Swangift had been carried off by Beddings, and in the morning she had sent him to ask the girl to come to her that she might warn her to beware of her fate. Swangift had just entered the forest when six Beddings had set upon them; it had taken four, he said, to master himself, and two had seized Swangift, covered her mouth to stop her cries, and carried her off in a swoon. He had lain there bound till he was discovered, with a gag in his mouth lest he should give notice of the robbery. No Adding would ever have dreamed of anything so complicated as this plot, which, indeed, there were no brains in their tribe to conceive, nor perhaps any wits in all that country except Wolfhild's capable of working out; and the condition of Cole seemed to bear out the story. Only one or two said that they believed Cole must have told a lie when he said four Beddings had set upon him, for four men would never have been wanted to tackle so little a man as he, and a coward to boot.

Ermenric and Witgils were sent for as soon as Swangift's loss was discovered, and great was the blow to both of them. Witgils ran away into the barn, and cried there by himself;

Ermenric marched up and down for an hour storming and cursing, and then sat down to whet the edge of his great sword with a whetstone. He had been truly and honestly in love with Swangift, and the acquiescence with which he had at first regarded his pretty betrothed had deepened into ever-increasing eagerness to possess her for his own. And now only one purpose possessed his soul: he would lead an expedition against the Bedding settlement, seize Swangift away from the strongest Bedding of them all, or die in the attempt.

Next day, however, a state embassage from the Beddings somewhat altered the aspect of things. They came to inform Warmund officially that his granddaughter Swangift had been wedded with all honour to the Lord of the Beddings, with a silver ring and a 'morning-gift,' or a settlement of property upon her the morning after the marriage; that this in the eyes of the Beddings had wiped away the disgrace of the robbery of the dun bull, and that if the Addings chose to let things remain as they were, the two tribes might remain at peace; but that if the Addings tried to recover Swangift by force, Walram would break the marriage and bestow her on the lowest churl in the tribe.

This was Wolfhild's invention also, and much she chuckled, feeling that at last she held the Adding tribe under her thumb. Warmund and Elfrida were powerless to take any action, for the honour of their grandchild was at stake; even Ermenric felt that he could not, for Swangift's sake, carry out his own desire of vengeance. And thus, in shame and defeat for the Addings, ended the episode of the lifting of the dun bull.

CHAPTER VII.

A BAPTISED BEDDING.

THE winter had gone and past, and the forest larches were green with young tassels, while primroses peeped up at their roots, and the buds were bursting on the birch and beech. The oaks still stood bare, except for the few leaves near the bottom of the trunk, which had begun to show 'some very red, and some a gladde lighte green.' Nothing had hitherto been seen or heard of Denis's promised return to the Addings, neither had he appeared among the Beddings at all; but one May afternoon, Swangift, as she sat outside her door with her three-weeks baby

on her knee, saw him coming along the path which led up to Walram's house, as he had come nearly a year ago to Warmund's hall. She could not have failed to recognize him by his dress; otherwise he was somewhat altered. He looked older, his step was less elastic, and the way in which he used his staff showed weariness and fatigue. In fact, he had had a serious illness in the winter, and a long trudge that day. When he reached the door and said, 'Is this the hall of Walram son of Hamond?' he suddenly saw recognition in the young mother's eyes, and said, 'Why, are you not Swangift the Adding, her that was kin to Warmund son of Hawk?'

'I am,' said Swangift, and her grey eyes filled with tears. It was the first time since her marriage that she had seen any one who had known her in her old home. 'Welcome, sir Priest. Uda, fetch meat and drink for the stranger, and a stool whereon he may sit to rest.'

An elderly, somewhat sour-faced woman responded to her call, and as Denis accepted Swangift's proffered hospitality gratefully, Uda went away to fetch food from the kitchen.

'My husband is out, with wellnigh all the folk of the town,' said Swangift. 'They have gone into the forest to fetch in the summer, and there are only a few men left to guard the march till they return. I could not go, for my babe is too young for him or for me. Look at him! Is he not a bonny boy?'

Denis was not very 'knowledgeable' about infants, the chief light in which he regarded them being that of small human souls in need of baptism; but he saw that the baby looked plump and healthy, with big eyes and a general look of his pretty mother.

'But, Lady Swangift, how do I find you here? I thought the Addings and the Beddings were at deadly feud?'

'So they were—so they are,' said Swangift, 'though because of me for the present each side holds his hand. They stole me—did you know?—because Ermenric had stolen Hogg's dun bull. Wolfhild, the witch wife, and her foster-sons laid a plot, and Cole the Forester had silver of them to betray me into their hands, and they carried me off and made me Walram's wife; and they sent word to my people that if the Addings attacked them any more, I should suffer for it. Sir stranger, do you go on hence to the town of the Addings?'

'When I have delivered my message to the Beddings,' said Denis.

'Then bear a message to my people,' said Swangift; and she loosed a silver ring from her wrist. 'This is mine—my grandmother gave it me; she will know it for my token. Tell her that I am well and treated with honour, and that I have borne Walram a fair son.'

'As you bid, lady,' said Denis.

Here Uda brought the broth and the bread for the stranger, and Swangift bade her to take her distaff to a tree a little distance off, in sight, but out of earshot. Uda looked disapproving, for she would have liked to have heard what she called the Adding woman's talk with the outlander; but there could not be said to be anything indiscreet in Swangift's request, seeing that she would be in sight of them the whole time.

'I have many more messages for my people,' said Swangift, 'especially for my grandmother, but I cannot speak freely before a Bedding slave-woman. Oh, I wish I could see her and tell her all things! Tell her that on Midsummer Eve, when the Beddings go to the Crow's Knoll to pass all the newborn creatures over the Bale-fire, my boy will be passed over first; and then, in the darkness, I can slip away with him to the blasted oak to the east of the knoll, and if she can come there alone, or at least with no Adding man to give cause of wrath to my husband's folk, I can show her my baby, and tell her how things go on with me.'

'I will do so, lady,' said Denis. 'And I am to tell her you are content and happy?'

Swangift's eyes filled with tears again.

'I will tell you for her,' she said. 'Walram, my lord, is good to me. I was miserable at first, for I loved Ermenric, and would far liefer have been his wife and dwelt among my own people than among these strangers. But in time I got used to Walram. He has never lifted hand against me all these months, not even in his cups, and he has told me many times that he loves me better than his dead wife Ethelgiva, because I do not fret, and because this my boy is bigger and stronger than those that Ethelgiva bore him that died. But I feel sorry for poor Ethelgiva, though I am glad Walram loves me best. But'—and she lowered her voice and looked round cautiously—'there is one person here that I fear. It is Walram's aunt, the witch-wife Wolfhild. It was she, with her foster-sons Thunstan and Wolf, who stole me in the Forest. Cole the Forester betrayed me to them. She is

not unkind to me. Sometimes she takes my part, and bids her people pay due honour to Walram's wife. But I always used to feel that what she bids me I must do; it was as though she had laid a spell upon me, and her spells always worked till *he* was born'—she looked at her baby—'but now I am strong enough to withstand them. Therefore'—and she looked round again cautiously, coming closer to Denis so that only he could hear what she said—'as you are a true man, stranger, bid Warmund and Elfrida beware. I have caught words now and then which have made me feel that there is mischief in the wind which Wolfhild is brewing towards one of us Addings, and I fancy it is Witgils. It is not Walram's plot—he is not a man to plot—but it is Wolfhild's plot, that this boy of mine may some day be Lord of Addings as well as Beddings, and I think she wants, some time, to get Witgils out of the way. Therefore warn Warmund secretly. If he could send Witgils away for a while it would be good—to Canterbury, perhaps, where he would be in safety. For, dear as my babe is to me, I am true to my kin, and would not that he should profit by the unrighteous slaying of my kinsman and old playfellow, Witgils son of Roswald.'

'I will carry your words, lady,' said Denis. 'But this witch-wife must be a messenger of Satan, and full of all his works.'

'She is a messenger of something evil,' said Swangift; 'but, as I said just now, since my boy was born I do not fear her for myself; but I fear her for him. Stranger, you know the secrets of the White Christ whereof you told us. Is there any charm that can keep him from her spells, if ever she tries to work him ill? and can you teach it to me? I have a silver bracelet that Walram gave me, which I would give you for the knowledge, and I would tell Walram it fell into the stream when I went to wash.'

'Not for silver,' said Denis, 'but for the love of Christ I can give you such a spell. Give me the babe. What is his name?'

'Eldred son of Walram,' said Swangift, a little nervous at trusting her treasure out of her arms into a stranger's grasp.

A large pitcher filled with water stood outside the porch. Denis filled his hand with the water, poured it over the baby's forehead, and said in Latin, 'Eldred son of Walram, I baptise thee in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'

Eldred son of Walram lifted up his voice and cried lustily at the touch of the cold water, as Denis gave him back to his mother, saying—

'Now, lady, thy babe is Christ's, safe from all evil spells of the devil or his servants. Safe in life and safe in death.'

'What is this?' said Uda, running up at the baby's cry. She thought the 'Adding woman' far too young and inexperienced to have full charge of her own baby. 'No babe's head should be touched with water till he is a month old, or the water-spirits have power over him all his life when he crosses a stream.'

'No, no,' said Denis; 'I have blessed him so that no spirits shall have power to ban him, unless when he grows to the age of reason he puts himself in their power by evil-doing.'

Uda did not go away again; she stayed beside her mistress and Denis, and Swangift evidently dared not arouse her suspicions by sending her away for the second time. So she began to talk more generally.

'I thought,' she said, 'that you were on your way hither to bring Ethelbert's message earlier than this.'

'I went on,' said Denis, 'to the stead of the Sandrings; and, finding that they were willing to take homage to Christ as Ethelbert desired, I stayed there two or three months to instruct them; and then I baptised all the tribe in the little stream—men, women, and children, in one afternoon. Then I went on to the other settlements, but when I came to the Grendel's march I lost my way, and very near my life; and I wandered in the wood many days after that, not able to find my way out of it; and snow fell, and a biting north wind blew, and I had nothing to eat, and I thought that my King Christ was calling me to him, and that I should soon lie down and die in the snow sleep. But my heart was heavy that none of all the tribes I had been sent to bring to the faith, except the Sandrings, had listened to my words; and I felt I must push on so long as I could move, though the cold had numbed me through and through, and my breath panted in painful sobs like a deer when the hounds are upon it. And so I came at last to a hut in the forest, and there the man let me lie down in an outhouse, with clean straw, and gave me hot ale to bring back the life in me; and then I became as burning hot as before I had been cold, and for weeks I lay there knowing nothing, and living on the milk the Lord put it in the woman's heart to give me till I came to myself. And

then I was as weak as that babe, and could not move; but the man said he would keep me for another month, and then I might pay him by ploughing his clearing when the spring came, for he was old, and could not do it himself. It went against me to put my hand to what in our country is the work of a slave—we have customs unlike you; but I mastered that pride and humbled myself, for if the Lord Christ chose to be a carpenter, why should not I be a ploughman? So I stayed with the forester till the spring tillage was over, doing my best for him, and then I set out again on my journey; and now I am come here, where I thought to have been a good six months back.'

'Go into the hall and sleep off your weariness, friend,' said Swangift, rising. 'There, I see our folk coming back with the summer in their hands to deck the folk-tree, and I must take my boy there to hold his hand to hang one little wreath on the bough to welcome Freya's return.'

'Nay,' said Denis, 'for I have made him Christ's man. Hang the wreath yourself, for you have not yet taken Christ's homage upon you; but leave his innocent hands pure.'

Swangift looked bewildered, and as if the new obligations which Denis's action had brought upon the baby were more than she could possibly understand; but at the same moment the chorus arose from the flower-laden procession—

'Summer is a-coming in,
Ho Summer, Summer come!
Summer is a-coming in,
We bring the summer home!'

And taking up the baby, she went along the path towards the Meeting-tree, now to be turned into a May-pole, and hung with garlands. Swangift had always danced round the Adding May-pole in former years, but now she was content to sit with her baby in her arms and look on. As the dancing and shouting continued, however, she was thinking less of what was before her eyes than of the rite Denis had performed upon the baby. What would Wolfhild say if she knew? Swangift determined not to say anything herself, and hoped that Uda would not do so either; but she knew by instinctive prudence, that, in her present position, the most fatal thing she could do was to try to bribe any of her servants to silence. She came of a brave and honest breed, and though it would never have struck her that deception was wrong, she was too proud not to feel it humiliating.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS' ROOM.

'FULL summer now.' Yes, we can leave the windows open without misgiving, even though the 'black bat's' wings are over all, and the sweet scents of the garden tell us of its vicinity more surely than anything we can see. What an ineffable charm there is about a summer night, or late evening, with its fragrant mystery and balmy stillness! What a lovely time for talking! The day's work over, and to-morrow's still some distance off—a legitimate 'blindman's holiday.'

This summer of 1894 is in some sense a disappointment to most people, I fancy. We had made up our minds to a repetition of 1893, and the early spring lent itself to the expectation. As things are, the weather, though now more promising, has been certainly capricious enough to give us plenty of pleasing and unpleasing excitement. I think people have left off mocking at the English stock subject of conversation, for *nothing*, of everyday concerns, matters much more than the weather; it changes the world to us; it arranges and disarranges all our plans; it has a most undeniable effect on the spirits and temper of most of us. Why, then, should we not talk about it?

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And as the season advances, 'plans'—the discussion of the yearly holiday—grow very absorbing. Even those fortunate people who have more than one home—country quarters and town quarters of their own—are seldom content, as they mostly were a generation or two ago, with an annual migration to London. Society sometimes looks as if it were engaged in a gigantic game of 'Post;' everybody is living in somebody else's house!

And it *is* very nice to get out of one's own groove for a part of the year, no doubt. To mothers of families, housewives, the change—above all, when it is possible to combine it with the delightful refreshment of 'not knowing what there is for dinner'—is a boon scarcely to be realised by those for whom all the 'matériel' of daily life 'grows,' comes by itself in some mysterious way. I feel an enormous sympathy for this hard-worked section

of the community, the housewives. They are often *very* hard-worked, especially in the wealthier ranks; for wealth and luxury bring additional work, and organisation and superintendence take brains, and thought, and tact, and foresight.

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I have thought a good deal on this subject. I should like to hear it discussed in the girls' room. *Do* they 'help' their mothers as much as they might? Would daughters feel as dissatisfied with their lives as they frequently do, if they took more share of the maternal burdens and responsibilities? It is often the mother's own doing, I know; it is 'less trouble' to do a thing one's self than to instruct a tyro; but if the daughter really *wants* to take her part in what has to be done, the good 'will' will find the 'way,' and the reward would quickly follow, in the smoothing of some of the lines of care on the mother's face, in her increased leisure of mind to join in her daughters' personal interests. And this 'help' depends more on quality than quantity. A comparatively small amount of time given thoroughly and regularly is worth a far greater mass of spasmodic effort. How inestimable is the comfort of being able to *rely* on a thing being done, once you know who it is that has undertaken it!

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I have thought on this subject in another direction. We are living in a stage of strikes. I think some of our matrons would do well to strike! For it seems to me that there is a cure. People are too afraid of having official housekeepers. And were the range of employing such extended, many good results would follow. It would be a new opening for lady-workers, who need to work, and who might qualify themselves by special, even technical, education for the post. Young servants would be better looked after than is often *possible* at present; mothers of growing or grown-up families would be less worried and over-driven, more free to keep up with the intellectual and artistic tastes and occupations of their children. But this is a mere hint thrown out; I wish it could be discussed.

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Talking of strikes, the clouds have been gathering again in the direction of our black diamond mines. Let us pray that they may be dispersed. Few people are in a position entirely to realise the depth and extent of the misery of the great coal strike of 1893. It spread in strange and tortuous ways, so

dependent are we all on each other. It affected incomes already very barely sufficient to make both ends meet; it laid seeds of suffering which years of prosperity will scarcely eliminate.

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Talking of autumn resorts, how is it that English people know so little of Alsace? It is a wonderful country, which, if more visited, would speedily become more *visitable*, as to hotel accommodation and so on. And some parts of Bavaria are still so unfrequented by us, that the last nationality of which you are accused when your non-Bavarian accent betrayeth you (not that you need feel mortified, but rather the reverse, at such being the case) is that of being English. 'Swedish? Russian? No? Ah, then, English,—is it possible?' I could name a tiny 'Bad-ort,' *somewhere* on the road from Hof to Munich, where it would not be difficult to forget that such a country as England existed. Is that an attraction? I am told, too, that there are nooks in the Austrian Tyrol where one could almost fancy the galoshes of Fortune had carried one back a century or so.

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I am not going to talk about books, but that last sentence reminds me of a curious impression lately made upon me. Most of you have read 'Madame,' no doubt—the biography of the charming young Duchesse d'Orléans, youngest daughter of our Charles I. It is a fascinating volume. It happened to me to read it just after I had read one or two of Mr. Stanley Weyman's historical novels, dealing with the same period of French history. And I was much struck when I thought over this, with the extraordinary gulf between the real and fictitious, however surpassingly excellent the latter may be. The personages brought before us in 'Madame,' principally by their own letters, seem centuries *nearer* us than the most perfectly drawn and described figures in the novels. Perplexing and inconsistent as are the former (what can be more perplexing than to find the great capacity for good, the filial and fraternal loyalty in the so-called 'merry monarch' whom we have never thought of but with disgust and contempt?), we feel that they were real men and women like ourselves; they exist; they live and move, and we could talk to them as we do to each other.

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'A charity sermon! I never listen to charity sermons.' How often one hears remarks of this kind; and how thoughtless

they are! Thoughtless not only of the 'charities' themselves, but of the immense labour, the untiring devotion, called for from those who organise and conduct them. It has happened to me lately to hear *and* listen to two appeals for two good works on similar, though by no means identical, lines—'The Seamen's Friendly Society,' and 'The St. Andrew's Waterside Mission;' and the cause of each was pleaded with unusual and impressive force and common sense. It is a satisfaction to hear of such a society as the former, with which, surely, *no one* can take exception; for 'friendliness' is its watchword—the gaining the hearts and confidence of those for whose benefit, material, moral, and spiritual, it exists. And in the case of the St. Andrew's Mission, facts speak for themselves in a most encouraging manner. Thrift, sobriety, and a higher moral tone follow where it penetrates; crime and vice have markedly diminished in haunts where formerly it was scarcely safe for any outsider to venture.

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A very small person is at the present moment the object of very great interest—the new little prince, the baby boy at the White Lodge—our Queen's great-grandson, the fourth in the direct line of the succession. He has been heartily welcomed, and if half of the good wishes concerning him are fulfilled, he will be a very happy child and man.

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Side by side with the news of the baby prince's birth stood the miserable tidings of a good man's tragic death. President of the French Republic, honest and patriotic, Monsieur Carnot has fallen a victim to blind fanatical hatred of all authority. In such a case no excuse, no palliation of the dastardly crime, can be brought forward. Is it possible that the horror of it may avail to open some misguided eyes?

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The little prince has brought the sunshine, and the remarks on the summer of 1894, which I made at the beginning of this paper, are now singularly inappropriate. There is plenty of time for a change before this number of the 'Monthly Packet' appears; at present, however, it is almost hot enough to excuse some grumbling! But in the country it must be quite delightful. May we all be there when next we meet—on paper!

ELLE.

TWO OF THE LADIES' SETTLEMENTS.

AT present, we believe, there are seven settlements in London: Women's University Settlement, 44, Nelson Square, Blackfriars Road, S.E.; St. Margaret's House, Bethnal Green, Ladies' Branch of the Oxford House; Ladies' Home, Lorrimore Square, S.E.; Women's University Settlement, 149, Lower Road, Rotherhithe; Mayfield House, Old Ford Road, Bethnal Green, E.; and the two with special features to be presently described.

They certainly seem to meet a need for women who do not want to be Deaconesses or Sisters, but desire work in populous places which require 'Lady-Curates.' Perhaps the sympathies of the present writer are most enlisted with those two settlements, not above named, which work on *parochial* lines—the College of Women-Workers in South London (commonly called the Grey Ladies), and the North London Settlement. Both these are still young settlements, but they seem to be doing well. The general principle is the same—to offer home-life, with as few restrictions as possible, to those free to devote their time to Church work according to the simple rules of the settlements.

The North London Ladies' Settlement is at 527, Holloway Road; its Head is Miss Magee, daughter of the late Archbishop of York. It has a Council and a Constitution: the Visitor is the Bishop of London.

Those wishing to be admitted to residence in the airy, cheerful house, must fill up an application form, considered strictly confidential, stating name, etc., reasons for wishing to take up the work, and the amount the candidate is prepared to contribute towards expenses. Of course, previous experience of work may be given. No vows are to be made even after probation. A month's notice on either side would terminate the stay. But, of course, candidates are not accepted without *bonâ fide* likelihood of suiting, and, what is essential in a community with so few rules, the probability of being able to live harmoniously with their fellow-workers in the House. As regards the external work, clergy apply for the services of the ladies, and the rules under which they go and stay are very clearly laid down. There is some adaptation of worker to parish or to sphere, but, as was observed, it is not considered bad for either side if a chance occurs of showing that a clergyman and a lady who may not quite agree as to let us say, the ornaments of a

church, after all have something else in common! In North London the ultimate authority is the Council of the Settlement. More ladies are still wanted, by September if possible.

The 'Grey Ladies,' under the management of Miss Yeatman, sister of the Bishop of Southwark, has the Bishop for ultimate authority, and no Constitution; but it has issued an interesting first year's report. Inmates here may furnish their own room. Frequent visits from friends are not encouraged. Applications are made by letter; then the Head, and finally the Bishop, see the candidate who is admitted on probation, and, as in North London, supplied to a parish.

In both cases (as we believe in the other settlements) the utmost care is taken to use common sense, and to recognise varying needs of spiritual, mental, and physical capacity. Though the Settlements are still making their traditions, it may be generally said, that certain disqualifications of candidates do exist in the minds of the Heads, but that suitable women of any age, with or without much experience, who are not vulgar, incompetent, nor lazy, but honestly desire to be Church-workers, would be gladly received and trained so long as there were vacancies on certain terms of payment as charged.

When there are no vacancies? Well, then we hope other settlements will be started—for those 'who are obliged to leave home, because home has been broken up.' A bright, useful life like this of the settlements, with real training and no needless restrictions on personal liberty, should attract and comfort many women. I was very much impressed with the tone of both these settlements, and if, perhaps, I prefer Grey Ladies, North London would most attract other people, and at this moment is the more in need of workers. Both are fortunate in their Heads, and, without any breach of confidence, one may add that the Heads consider themselves fortunate in the Churchwomen who at present wear the simple uniform, required only when the workers are on duty.

It is perfectly obvious that there are those well fitted for Sisterhoods who would be most inconvenient and uncomfortable in mere Settlements, but, on the other hand, many women requiring training or development through practical work would prefer Settlements to Sisterhoods. In the Settlements of which we are speaking, it is expected that reasonable care will be taken of the body, the mind will be cultivated, and opportunity is given for devotion, though each worker is considered free to govern herself in private life. Freedom has its difficulties—as well as has obedience; some of us think freedom has more temptations—it certainly has no fewer. Therefore for good and evil settlement-life will not be easy.

PAPERKNIFE.

DANTE COMPETITION.

FIFTEEN papers have been sent in, all giving evidence of a laudable interest in the subject, and in nearly every case of independent reading beyond the limits of the papers which have appeared in this Magazine. The writer is somewhat amused to observe the unanimity with which his conjecture as to a possible exchange of views between Dante and 'Meister' Eckhart has been adopted; and he must impress upon his readers that it is merely a conjecture, at most suggesting an interesting line for investigation.

The first and fourth questions have perhaps elicited the most satisfactory answers; though in regard to the latter of these two it would have been better if competitors had indicated in all cases, when giving parallel passages, what they had discovered for themselves, and what they owed to Longfellow and other commentators.

The first part of Question 2 has as a rule been only partially understood. It was not merely of the *nature* of the usurers' punishment, but of their *position*, between sinners by violence and sinners by fraud, that an explanation was sought; and this point has escaped all save two or three. The second part of the same question has proved more puzzling than it need have been. Several competitors say that they have been unable to find any explanation in any commentary. If they will refer to Witte's note to *Hell*, viii. 46, they will find the matter put very clearly; or, if they prefer it in English, they may refer to Appendix A in the present writer's edition of *Purgatory*.

Question 3 has been done carefully by most; though there is too wide a belief in Dante's apocryphal mission to Rome in 1301; and too many have overlooked the fact that he cannot have been directly concerned in the recall of the Sargana exiles.

The fifth question has also produced a good many thoughtful answers; but it may be pointed out that neither symmetrical arrangements nor information as to contemporary politics constitute any title to poetical rank.

Two papers appear to me incontestably superior to the rest—those by Miss A. M. Mercer, and Miss Emily Underdown; and of these I must give the first place, mainly on grounds of style, to Miss Mercer's. Next to these comes one by Mrs. Ferrers.

With some diffidence I venture to point out that (I think without exception) every paper contains one or more instanees of departure from established orthography.

A. J. BUTLER.

Church History Society.

Rules.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s.* II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume*. III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

VIII. SAINTS OF THE COUNTER-REFORMATION.

Questions for August and September.

29. Give some account of religion in Spain in the time of St. Theresa, with a character of the Saint.

30. Write a history of her Reform of her Order.

31. A life of San Carlo Borromeo, showing clearly his position among parties of the day.

32. What do you know of the 'Spanish Mystics' of this period; the 'Oblati' founded by San Carlo; St. Theresa's 'Degrees of Prayer'?

Juniors.

29. An account of the early life of St. Theresa.

30. Who were the Carmelites?

31. An account of the Plague at Milan in the days of San Carlo Borromeo.

32. Say what you know of *one* of the three subjects of 32 above.

Books recommended:—Alban Butler's and Baring-Gould's *Lives of the Saints;* Mrs. Jamieson's *Legends of Monastic Orders; The Life of St. Theresa* (published by Macmillan in 1875: probably out of print, but often met with); Ward's *Counter-Reformation* (Epoch Series: Longmans); and a newly published *Life of St. Theresa*, in 2 vols. (Black).

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by October 1.

May Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda 39	Simple Simon . . . 37	Gooseberry 36
Honeysuckle . . . 38	Ierne 36	Veritas 31

Class II.

Fidelia 27	*Bashi-Bazouk . . . 22	Four-and-Twenty } . 21
Marguérite 25		Eleanor }

Class III.

*Vicaria 19	†Constans et Fidelis . 16	*Bittersweet } . . . 14
		*Twenty-one }

Juniors.

Class I.

Viola . . . . . 38 | Elingar 38

Class II.

Bo-peep 29

* Three answers only. † Two answers only.

REMARKS.

Bog-Oak misses *Water Wagtail's* paper very much, and is sorry that other absorbing duties prevent her competing at present.

17. The Popes are given and identified correctly by nearly all—best by *Etheldreda*, *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, *Viola*, and *Elingar*. Paul IV. is omitted by *Bashi-Bazouk*, *Marguérite*, and *Bittersweet*, the last also omits Urban VII. before Gregory XIV., and puts in an imaginary Gregory XV. after him; she only identifies four of the nine Popes. *Marguérite:* Pius V. did not personally abuse Elizabeth. The language of Bulls of Excommunication is apt to be strong, but it is not exactly abuse. *Bo-peep* omits Innocent IX., who certainly hardly reigned. *Fidelia:* The last Pope in this reign was Clement VIII., not VII.

18. Can it be that members of C. H. S. do not read the Packet! If so, they won't read this. *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, *Gooseberry*, *Simple Simon*, and *Veritas*, are referred to the first 'Remark' in the January number for reason for disbelieving that Elizabeth announced her accession to Paul IV. *Bittersweet* not only tells the story, but puts it on Pius IV. and omits Pius V.'s Bull of Excommunication. No one mentions Gregory XIII.'s famous explanation of the Bull, viz. that it was to be in force always against Elizabeth but was not binding on the Roman party until it could be executed —a practical, if deceptive, solution of the difficulty of those who wished to obey their Queen and also the Pope. Bishop Lesley told the Earl of Southampton he ought to obey her *as long as she was the stronger*. After all, every one who disapproves of any government, only obeys it until it can be altered. *Marguérite:* Sixtus V.'s blessing on the Armada was rather a Balaam-like one, as he by no means desired to aggrandise Spain. Rome's English policy is very well put by most, especially by *Etheldreda* and *Elingar*.

19. *Gooseberry* has a good deal of matter in her answer, arranged in rather a confused manner. The relations of Rome to other countries is admirably done by *Etheldreda* and *Simple Simon*, while *Viola* sends a good answer on the countries within and without the Roman obedience. One must admire the masterly way in which Rome managed to retrieve her position with the nations not wholly lost to her, and to retain more or less the allegiance of 'the Catholic King' of Spain, 'the most Christian King' of France, and of the Holy Roman Empire. Of these, *Spain*, more Roman than Rome, was a hard taskmaster to the papacy; logically, a Pope must go

along with Philip, must bless his undertakings, but ever with an impatient struggle for independence, and this could only be by hindering the depression of *France.* Here the Pope's course was steered between the Scylla of Spanish conquest and the Charybdis of Gallican Reform. In *Germany* a partial hold was regained in certain districts, and the opposing parties caused the downfall of Imperial power. *Twenty-one*, and *Four-and-Twenty*, and others give the attitude of these countries towards the Roman Faith, rather than that of the papacy to them. *Elingar* reckons, among countries owning allegiance to Rome, Switzerland, which was the first to revolt, and Russia, which had never owned Rome at all. It is a curious thing that Clement VIII., however, set up the Uniat Churches of the East, *i.e.* Churches in which she ceded a married clergy, Communion in both kinds, service in the vernacular, and even, in some cases,the omission of the *Filioque* clause, in fact, more than all she was at the same moment denying to England and Germany and has denied them ever since. Had a *Unia* been granted to us, even Papal Supremacy would probably have been swallowed.

20. *Honeysuckle* and *Elingar* have done the Popes' lives best. Sixtus V. is the favourite after Gregory XIII., though two give Pius V. and two Clement VIII. *Fidelia*, *Constans et Fidelis*, etc., omit Gregory's celebrated Reform of the Calendar, and none state it very clearly. Julius Cæsar's leap-year, intercalated every fourth year, gave too long a year. The natural year shot in advance of the ecclesiastical and civil year, and the solstice fell too soon, as the saying 'Barnaby bright, all day and no night' testifies. So ten days were bodily left out in October, 1582, and, to hinder future dawdling, the leap of every century *not* divisible by four hundred was to be left out. A.D. 1900 will *not* be leap year; 2000 will. An error in the Metonic cycle, by which Easter is calculated, was also set right. It was this last error which threw out the Greek Easter this year, for the East still refuses to be reformed at the hands of a Pope; as we did till 1752. *Marguérite:* Ranke does not believe the story of Sixtus V. feigning decrepitude to gain the papacy. *Twenty-one:* Papal orders are conveyed in *Bulls*, not Bills! *Four-and-Twenty* gives Pius IV.'s history, and calls him Pius V.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 252.)

FIRST SHELF.

VARIETY SUBJECT.

Chelsea China is sorry that the name of *Blue Wings*, the prize-winner for the Matched Heroes, was accidentally omitted last month. It is now given—.

Miss S. L. H. Drew, Bletchingley House, Surrey.

JUNE.

Give three quotations from poetry about bells, especially describing and conveying their sound.

Some of the competitors have contented themselves with quotations describing bells; others with those that only mention them; but there are a large number of very good answers. There is, of course, a great deal of repetition, one or other of the three quotations which Chelsea China has chosen occurring in almost every paper; but, taken together, Gertrude M. Simpson's leave little to be desired.

1. 'What sound was dearest in his native dells?
The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells
Far—far—away.'
('Far—far—away,' Tennyson.)

2. For the bells themselves are the best of preachers;
Their brazen lips are the best of teachers.
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air,
Sounding aloft, without crack or flaw,
Shriller than trumpets under the Law,
Now a sermon and now a prayer.
The clangorous hammer is the tongue,
This way, that way, beaten and swung,
That from mouth of brass, as from Mouth of Gold
May be taught the Testaments, New and Old.
And above it the great cross-beam of wood
Representeth the Holy Rood,
Upon which, like the bell, our hopes are hung,
And the wheel wherewith it is swayed and rung
Is the mind of man, that round and round
Sways, and maketh the tongue to sound!'
('The Golden Legend,' Longfellow.)

3. 'Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight,—
Keeping time, time, time,
With a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.
('The Bells,' Edgar A. Poe.)

PRIZE WINNER.

Gertrude M. Simpson, The Wray, Grasmere, Westmorland.

VARIETY SUBJECT FOR AUGUST.

It is said that George Meredith understands women better than any other author. What do you think of the action of his 'Diana of the Crossways' in selling her lover's political secret?

SECOND SHELF.

VERSE COMPETITION.

VI. MEIN KIND, WIR WAREN KINDER.

GOETHE.

Perhaps Chelsea China selected too difficult a subject for translation, for none of the attempts seem to her satisfactory. A mosaic made up of various people's verses might have proved a success! Some have failed with the old cat, others with the crowing cock; but the last verse has been almost unattainable. In *Amabel's* the cat is excellent, but the cock doesn't utter his crow, and one leading thought is omitted from the last verse. The cat is less effective in *J. S. M.*, but her last verse gives the idea of the original. *Murhopi* is the most spirited on the whole, but though 'seasons' may translate *Zeiten* correctly, it sounds prosaic, and '*we say*' is too obviously brought in, in despair for a rhyme. *Taffy* is good, but just '*like* the cocks *crew*,' instead of '*as* the cocks crew,' is a fatal flaw. *A. C. Shipton* has some capital verses, but some of her lines don't scan perfectly. On the whole, Chelsea China thinks Amabel's version the least open to question. So that the prize-winner is—

Miss A. Jenner, Preston Vicarage, Wingham.

My child, we once were children—
Two children small and gay,
Beneath the straw in the hen-house
We crept to hide in play.

Like cocks at early sunrise
We crowed, and passers-by
Believed the cocks were crowing
So lifelike was the cry.

An old box from the farmyard
Made us a dwelling fair,
We lined the floor with carpet,
And lived together there.

Our neighbour's cat came often
To visit our retreat,
We welcomed her politely
With bows and greetings sweet.

We asked with kindly interest
After her health (since that
We've made the same inquiries
Of many an aged cat!)

We sat, conversing wisely
In quite a grown-up way,
And said—how things were managed
Far better in our day.

How faith and truth had vanished
And even love grown cold,
And then—'how dear was coffee!
And ah! how scarce was gold!

Gone is the merry childhood,
Gone the bright hours of play,
Thus—gold—the world, and time itself,
Faith, truth, love—pass away.

AMABEL

VERSE COMPETITION FOR AUGUST.

2.

LA FLEUR ET LE PAPILLON.

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste:
Ne fuis pas!
Vois comme nos destins sont différents. Je reste,
Tu t'en vas!

Pourtant nous nous aimons, nous vivons sans les hommes
Et loin d'eux,
Et nous nous ressemblons, et l'on dit que nous sommes
Fleurs tous deux!

Mais hélas! l'air t'emporte et la terre m'enchaîne,
Sort cruel!
Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine
Dans le ciel!

Mais non, tu vas trop loin! Parmi des fleurs sans nombre
Vous fuyez,
Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre
À mes pieds.

Tu fuis, puis tu reviens, puis tu t'en vas encore
Luire ailleurs.
Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore
Toute en pleurs!

Oh! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles
O mon roi,
Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes
Comme à toi!

VICTOR HUGO.

ANSWERS TO JUNE QUESTIONS.

1. Cowper's pet hare, 'Tiney.'

'When his juicy salads failed,
Sliced carrots pleased him well.'

'Epitaph on a Hare' (COWPER).

2. 'The old gentleman next door,' that Mrs. Nickleby thought was in love with her.—'Nicholas Nickleby' (CHARLES DICKENS).
3. 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' (OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES).
4. 'Bouillabaisse' was the dish, and its ingredients were—

'Green herbs, red pepper, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace.'

—'Ballads' (THACKERAY).

5. Cleobis and Biton, when no oxen could be had, harnessed themselves to the chariot of their mother, Cydippe, and drew it to the temple of Juno. She prayed to the gods to recompense this filial piety by the best gift in their power, with the result that both her sons died that night in their sleep. The story is told in HERODOTUS.
6. MARCUS AURELIUS, in his 'Meditations.'

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR AUGUST.

1. Who said, 'Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected'?
2. How did Master Jenkins and Harry Pritchard make the cats fly?
3. When was a wild goose shot to provide a pen for a king?
4. Who chose his wife, as she did her wedding-gown, for qualities that would wear well?
5. What actress danced to amuse some starving children?
6. Who killed her rival with a 'bodkin from her head-gear'?

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Aspley Guise, Rule of Three, 30; *Helen, Honeylands, White Lion,* 24; *C. A. B., Double-Dummy, Old Maid, Starling,* and one unsigned, 18; *Feu-Follet, Madge Wildfire, White Cat,* 12; *Nemo,* 6.

Aspley Guise is awarded 30, and *Syndicate* 24 marks for the February questions. The prize-winner for the half-year will be announced next month.

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Wanted. Where to find the whole of Mrs. Hawe's 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.' 'Monthly Packet,' June, 1892 (*E. V. B.*)

Answer and author of the following riddle :—

'A headless man had a letter to write;
It was read by one who had lost his sight;
The dumb repeated it word for word,
And he was deaf who listened and heard.'

(It is supposed to mean the operation of telegraphing).—C. C.

(Much older than that.—CHELSEA CHINA.)

Quotation—

'Long did the chisels ring around,
Long did the hammer's blows resound,
Long toiled the head and worked the hand,
Ere stood thy stones as now they stand.'

MISS WILSON.

Can any one lend or sell *E. V. B.* Dr. Neale's book on 'The Unseen World,' now out of print? (Address Miss Atkinson, Whinton Rectory, Rotherham.)

Quotations wanted—

'Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then wilt thou see it gleam in many eyes;
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.'

Author wanted. (The lines are in Newbolt's 'Penitence and Peace.')
Also—

'Let the foemen when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body near the wall.'

M. C. L. would be very much obliged if the Editor of the 'Monthly Packet' would in the forthcoming give her the address of the society which disposes of needlework made by gentlewomen in reduced circumstances. She remembers seeing an article upon the society some years ago in the 'Monthly Packet.'

ANSWERS.

Mavourneen.—This has been asked and answered repeatedly. It is part of Skelton's epitaph, taken from an older poet.

Meta.—Don't try to kill two birds with one stone, especially when one subject is of such importance as Theology. French theology in the main points is the same as ours, but the details must be either Romanist or Calvinist. Read the two subjects alternately on different days, or giving a shorter time to each. The standard books are Bishop Pearson on the Creed, or Bishop Harold Browne on the Thirty-nine Articles. Most clergy possess these. More accessible are 'Notes on the Catholic Faith,' extracted from Dr. Pusey's works, 2*s.* 6*d.* (Innes), and Staley's 'Catholic Religion,' 1*s.*

If Meta wants devotional French books, *Fenélon's Lettres Spirituelles*, or *St. François de Sales's Lettres*, would be a good study, but devotion is not theology, and it is rather odd to talk of 'getting up theology' like botany or entomology, as if it were not the right understanding of the vital points of our faith.—*Arachne.*

A. A. Mercer.—Chelsea China is afraid that Mr. Butler did not undertake to keep a class-list, but will inquire.

A. D. Hall.—The novel is 'Too Curious,' by E. J. GOODMAN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Chelsea China begs that any correspondent whose queries fail to appear will kindly repeat them. She has been away from home, and it is possible that a letter may have been overlooked. Women Writers' Dinners, Girls' Friendly Society Conferences, picture-galleries and gaieties have, she hopes, enlivened her brains, and enlarged her mind to the future benefit of the China Cupboard, but they don't, for the time being, improve her memory, so please repeat, if needful.

She has received from *Lavinia* and others, in kind response to her demand for remarks on the contents of the 'Packet,' various comments on the 'forgery' of the heroine of Lot 13. Now, Chelsea China thinks that this incident, in spite of its many extenuations, is mentioned somewhat too lightly to be consistent with an English lady's sense of honour. At the same

time, it must be remembered that in a story, *not intended to be didactic*, an act which is not reprobated is not necessarily recommended. Perhaps elders, who of course are perfectly familiar with this distinction for themselves, don't always give young readers credit for being able to make it; but Chelsea China thinks that they mostly feel it, even if they don't express it. She thinks the Editors chose a pretty healthy-minded romance in Lot 13, and though she regrets the way in which the very sweet and womanly heroine is led to act, she cannot think that it could do the readers any harm. Its entire futility seems to lessen its gravity in effect, though not in essence. The subject has a quite accidental connection with the problem offered for solution this month as a Variety Subject.

University Tutor's comments on the choice of the prize poems are severe. The prizes are assigned after careful consultation by more than one vote, and if Chelsea China and her helpers fail to recognize 'true poets,' when they see them, they are sorry, but fear it cannot be helped.

She is much obliged to *Arachne* for entering into the discussion as to Juliet's 'silliness.' Many problems arise out of this little chance debate, especially how to take circumstances into consideration in judging of character.

CHELSEA CHINA.

May Arachne be allowed to say a word to Gray Squirrel? Judged by English rules, Juliet is certainly no model. Probably Shakespeare would not have wished his daughter Judith to resemble her. His typical Englishwoman (though, of course, she was a Celt) is Cordelia, who could only speak briefly and even gruffly, but who could do and die, or Ophelia, who faltered in speech, but felt so deeply that her senses gave way. Juliet's story was no device of Shakespeare's, but a sad reality. The marvel is how he could throw his soul into the impassioned southern girl, a child of fourteen, borne along by the wild tide of emotions. As to her parents, she probably hardly knew them, having no doubt been bred up in a convent from the time she was taken from her nurse, till she was to be married, and she saw them as tyrants. Her speeches are meant as a flood of passionate fervour and poetry, such as only genius in excitement could pour forth. If I chose out Shakespeare's silliest women, they would be Andrey and Mrs. Quickly.

BOOK NOTICES FROM ARACHNE.

Let us warmly recommend *A Handbook of Natural History for Beginners*, a collection of short chapters by able scientific writers, edited by Lady Isabel Margesson (Philips), a capital set of hints showing how to take interest in various studies. These pursuits are most valuable throughout life, and so inexhaustible that nothing else is comparable to them, not only in interest, but in a sort of healing power in sorrow or suffering.

Our M. M. papers have appeared as *Daughters who have not revolted* (Wells Gardner). We hope many will find them valuable as hints how to meet weariness and obtain fresh vigour.

Miss Lucy Soulsby has published, at Oxford, an excellent set of little tracts for mothers and daughters.

We recommend for the superior class of library, Girls' Friendly Societies, etc., Isbister's two sets of republished tales, called, each from its leading story, *The Phantom Brothers*, and *Greater Love*. Several of the tales might be read aloud, and *The Fourth Time of Asking*, by the author of *Miss Toosey*, is specially excellent for mothers' meetings.

An Interloper, by F. M. Peard (Bentley). This is a really noble-minded book, by its picture of perfect truth and trust shown by the poor little despised *bourgoise*, and triumphing at last. When the author plays the part of Providence in a book, of course the game is in her hands, but cause and effect go for a good deal in the natural course of human affairs, and we have been a good deal struck by the different tone in this and a

book of last year, *A Mere Cypher*, by Mary Angela Dickens. In both, religious thought is kept in the background, but it is a living power in Nathalie, the interloper, and enables her to hearten her husband to tell the truth and bear the consequences, while in poor Mrs. Custance, the cypher, though we are told she is a gentle and pious woman, lack of faith leads her to crime, the thought of which kills her. We pass over the impossibilities of the early part of her story, when an inquest *must* have been held on a sudden death in such a household, and Norman Strange's real doings have been made known, but, granting the situation, had he been a thoroughly conscientious man, he could not have engaged himself to Stella without a full avowal of the past, to her brother at least; and without being one of the typical teetotal lecturers posing as a reformed drunkard, he would certainly, in private, have shown his clients his own example to encourage them to reformation when the blow came, there would thus have been nothing concealed to be revealed as if hypocritical. If the dreadful charge could have still been threatened, prayer and trust would have kept him from being so utterly unnerved, and incapable of thinking of the witnesses there must have been, and he would have believed that even if his scheme were overthrown, it was no doubt for a wise ultimate purpose. While as to poor Mrs. Custance, if she had prayed in faith and trust, enlightenment would have come to her, and she would have seen that his safety was actually in her own hands, and though it might cost her agony, and be the ruin of the tyrant husband (whom she did not love), would not that have been better than sending him to his account?

With the Help of the Angels, by Wilfred Woollam (Ward and Downey), is a very pretty story, nice reading for any one, and with a charming little hero. It turns on the old plot of a 'Providence brat,' as the self-interested suitor of his protector calls him, being recognised by his lost parent; but the adventures which lead to his being discovered are full of interest, and the whole is so good and bright that we only regret that the author did not have respect to the old rule about 'swear words.' Otherwise we should recommend it freely. Tom is such a thorough little gentleman, and meets with such kind people, that we are delighted alike with him and his dog Wag. The title comes from his discovery that Chance means partly what you do for yourself, partly what the Angels do for you.

CHURCH DEFENCE.

The two Archbishops are engaged in forming a Union of Church-people for promoting the better understanding of all subjects connected with Church Defence. Committees are being formed, both of laymen and of ladies, for this purpose—central, general, diocesan—and for the diffusion of suitable literature. The Hon. Victoria Grosvenor is the Secretary of the Ladies' Central Committee, and it is hoped that, without forming a new Society, more interest in, and more correct knowledge of, this important subject may be brought about throughout the country.

PRACTICAL CHARITIES.

DEAR MADAM,—Your readers may be interested in hearing of the 'Appeal for a Mission Boat on Lake Nyassa,' so sorely needed by the Bishop, who was sent out last year by the Universities' Mission to Central Africa. It is proposed to associate this boat with the memory of Captain Cecil Maguire, who, with a small body of Indian troops, opened up so much of the country to Missionary enterprise, and lost his life in trying to rid the world of a great evil—the slave-trade on Lake Nyassa.

The Bishop of Nyassa is anxious to take advantage of the results of Captain Maguire's heroic efforts, and of the heavy blow inflicted by Com-

missioner Johnston on the slave trade. He proposes to establish new mission stations along the shores of Lake Nyassa, the chief of which is to be at Fort Johnston (Mponda's), built by Captain Maguire, where no mission could be carried on until he obtained Mponda's submission, and brought a large tract of country under English protection.

As Lake Nyassa is three hundred and fifty miles long, and twenty to forty broad, it will be seen how absolutely necessary a missionary steamer is to the very existence of the mission. Commissioner Johnston, writing to Lord Salisbury, said, 'The gift of money is the surest test of genuine philanthropy'; he was asking for an armed steamer on the lake. Two gunboats have since been given. But it is for a different kind of boat that we ask here. We are reminded of another lake, and another missionary ship. Once more we hear the Great Missionary speaking to His disciples that 'a small ship should wait on Him.' May we not dare to feel that He is asking for another boat now. Surely the boat will be given to wait on Him.

Further information will be gladly sent by Mrs. Maguire, 13, Upper Mount Street, Dublin. Contributions gratefully received by the Bishop of Derry, Palace, Londonderry.—Faithfully yours,—A.I.M.

The annual Girls' Friendly Society week, from June 18th to 24th, brought together an interesting gathering. Those of our readers who work Girls' Friendly Societies, and have not yet managed to attend these London Conferences, would find a great widening of their ideas and a great increase of their motive power result from the force of numbers, and from the words of the wise. The celebration at St. Paul's Cathedral, with a sermon by the Bishop of Peterborough, was a fine thing to have a part in, and a good corrective to that local despondency which is apt to overtake us all when our eyes are fixed for too long on our own local shortcomings.

The Home Acts and Industries Association (offices: Albert Hall, S.W.) held a most atttractive exhibition at the end of June. It is really quite wonderful to see how many 'poor' localities can send up good work if once a class-holder can be found, and the variety of objects in carving, pottery, metal, leather-work, textile industries, and needlecrafts ought to inspire all concerned with new ideas. The exhibitors were from all classes—from the Bethnal Green cripple to the Princess of Wales and her daughters.

In sequence to the Missionary Conference, a Ladies' S.P.G. Meeting was hastily called, but well attended, at Dudley House on the 26th. Miss Patteson was warmly received. The Bishop of Lahore caused some amusement by pointing out a difficulty not unknown in unequalised work near home. Where only women were working, the women became too civilised to marry the men; where the Calcutta brotherhood reigned supreme, heathen wives were the worst enemies of the converts. It seems a pity that boot and shoe are not better matched.

As the need for women doctors—especially for work in India—is on the increase, it is pleasant to read of the growing usefulness of the New Hospital for Women, 144, Euston Road. This hospital is entirely officered by women for women. The Committee are able to report that the medical men practising near the New Hospital very frequently send their (women) patients to the hospital, asking the opinion of members of the staff on the cases, or placing the patients under their care for treatment.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address CHELSEA CHINA on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

Many Christmas Number stories have been sent without stamps for return. Unless the editor receive stamps within a fortnight from August 1st, the manuscripts will be returned unstamped.

CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS—

Variety Specimens. Prize monthly, 5*s.*

Search Questions (*Who, When, and Where*). Prize, for six months taken together, £1 1*s.*

Verse Competition. Monthly Prize, 5*s.*, or 10*s.*, according to merit.

Rules for the above—

(1) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co.; they must NOT be addressed to 'the Editors.' (2) Each envelope must be marked *outside* with the subject to which it refers. Papers under separate competitions or discussions must be in separate envelopes. (3) The correspondent's name and address must be written on every paper: the use of a *nom de plume* for the lists is optional. (4) If competitors fail to comply with any rule, their papers will be disqualified. (5) The real name of the prize-winner is published in each case.

There are no fees for any China Cupboard competitions. Unless otherwise stated, all readers of the Magazine may enter. No China Cupboard contributions can be returned.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.
NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

MY LADY ROTHA.

A ROMANCE.

BY STANLEY WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF 'A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE,' 'THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF,' ETC.

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CHAPTER XXV.

NUREMBERG.

IF it had been our fate after that to continue our flight in the same weary fashion we had before devised, lying in woods by day, and all night riding jaded horses, until we passed the gates of some free city, I do not think that I could have gone through with it. Doubtless it was my duty to go with my lady. But the long hours of daylight inaction, the slow brooding tramp, must have proved intolerable. And at some time or other, in some way or other, I must have snapped the ties that bound me.

But, as if the loss of my heart had rid us of some spell cast over us, by noon of that day we stood safe. For, an hour before noon, while we lay in a fir-wood not far from Weimar, and Jacob kept watch on the road below, and the rest slept as we pleased, a party of horse came along the way, and made as if to pass below us. They numbered more than a hundred, and Jacob's heart failed him, lest some ring or buckle of our accoutrements should sparkle and catch their eyes. To shift the burden he called us, and we went to watch them.

'Do they go north or south?' I asked him as I rose.

'North,' he whispered.

After that they were nothing to me, but I went with the rest.

Our lair was in some rocks overhanging the road. By the time we looked over, the horsemen were below us, and we could see nothing of them; though the sullen tramp of their horses, and the jingle of bit and spur, reached us clearly. Presently they came into sight again on the road beyond, riding steadily away with their backs to us.

'That is not General Tzerclas?' my lady muttered anxiously.

'Nor any of his people!' Steve said with an oath.

That led me to look more closely, and I saw in a moment something that lifted me out of my moodiness. I sprang on the rock against which I was leaning and shouted long and loudly.

'Himmel!' Steve cried, seizing me by the ankle. 'Are you mad, man?'

But I only shouted again, and waved my cap frantically. Then I slipped down, sobered. 'They see us,' I cried. 'They are Leuchtenstein's riders. And Count Hugo is with them. You are safe, my lady.'

She turned white and red, and I saw her clutch at the rock to keep herself on her feet. 'Are you sure?' she said. The troop had halted and were wheeling slowly and in perfect order.

'Quite sure, my lady,' I answered, with a touch of bitterness in my tone. Why had not this happened yesterday or the day before? Then my girl would have been saved. Now it came too late! Too late! No wonder I felt bitterly about it.

We went down into the road on foot, a little party of ten—five women and five men. The horsemen, as they came up, looked at us in wonder. Our clothes, even my lady's, were dyed with mud and torn in a score of places. We had not washed for days, and our faces were lean with famine. Some of the women were shoeless and had their hair about their ears, while Steve was bare-headed and bare-armed, and looked so huge a ruffian the stocks must have yawned for him anywhere. They drew up and gazed at us, and then Count Hugo came riding down the column and saw us.

My lady went forward a step. 'Count Leuchtenstein?' she said, her voice breaking; she had only seen him once, and then under the mask of a plain name. But he was safety, honour, life now, and I think that she could have kissed him. I think for a little she could have fallen into his arms.

'Countess!' he said, as he sprang from his horse in wonder.

'Is it really you? Gott in Himmel! These are strange times. Waldgrave! Your pardon. Ach! Have you come on foot?'

'Not I. But these brave men have,' my lady answered, tears in her voice.

He looked at Steve and grunted. Then he looked at me and his eyes lightened. 'Are these all your party?' he said hurriedly.

'All,' my lady answered in a low voice.

He did not ask farther, but he sighed, and I knew that he had looked for his child. 'I came north upon a reconnaissance, and was about to turn,' he said. 'I am thankful that I did not turn before. Is Tzerclas in pursuit of you?'

'I do not know,' my lady answered, and told him shortly of our flight, and how we had lain two days and a night in the osier-bed.

'It was a good thought,' he said. 'But I fear that you are half famished.' And he called for food and wine, and served my lady with his own hands, while he saw that we did not go without. 'Campaigner's fare,' he said. 'But you come of a fighting stock, Countess, and can put up with it.'

'Shame on me if I could not,' she answered.

There was a quaver in her voice, which showed how the rencontre moved her, how full her heart was of unspoken gratitude.

'When you have finished, we will get to horse,' he said. 'I must take you with me to Nuremberg, for I am not strong enough to detach a party. But this evening we will make a long halt at Hessel, and secure you a good night's rest.'

'I am sorry to be so burdensome,' my lady said timidly.

He shrugged his shoulders without compliment, but I did not hear what he answered. For I could bear no more. Marie seemed so forgotten in this crowd, so much a thing of the past, that my gorge rose. No word of her, no thought of her, no talk of a search party! I pictured her forlorn, helpless little figure, her pale, uncomplaining face—I and no one else; and I had to go away into the bushes to hide myself. She was forgotten already. She had done all for them, I said to myself, and they forgot her.

Then, in the thicket screened from the party, I had a thought—to go back and look for her, myself. Now my lady was safe, there was nothing to prevent me. I had only to lie close among the rocks until Count Hugo left, and then I might plod back on

foot and search as I pleased. In a flash I saw the poplars, and the road running beneath the ash-tree, and the woman's body lying stiff and stark on the sward. And I burned to be there.

Left to myself I should have gone too. But the plan was no sooner formed than shattered. While I stood, hot-foot to be about it, and pausing only to consider which way I could steal off most safely, a rustling warned me that some one was coming, and before I could stir, a burly trooper broke through the bushes and confronted me. He saluted me stolidly.

'Sergeant,' he said, 'the general is waiting for you.'

'The general?' I said.

'The Count, if you like it better,' he answered. 'Come, if you please.'

I followed him, full of vexation. It was but a step into the road. The moment I appeared, some one gave the word 'Mount!' A horse was thrust in front of me, two or three troopers who still remained afoot swung themselves into the saddle; and I followed their example. In a trice we were moving down the valley at a dull, steady pace—southwards, southwards. I looked back, and saw the fir trees and rocks where we had lain hidden, and then we turned a corner, and they were gone. Gone, and all round me I heard the measured tramp of the troop-horses, the swinging tones of the men, and the clink and jingle of sword and spur. I called myself a cur, but I went on, swept away by the force of numbers, as the straw by the current. Once I caught Count Hugo's eye fixed on me, and I fancied he had a message for me, but I failed to interpret it.

Steve rode by me, and his face too was moody. I suppose that we should all of us have thanked God the peril was past. But my lady rode in another part with Count Leuchtenstein and the Waldgrave; and Steve yearned, I fancy, for the old days of trouble and equality, when there was no one to come between us.

I saw Count Hugo that night. He sent for me to his quarters at Hesdel, and told me frankly that he would have let me go back had he thought good could come of it.

'But it would have been looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, my friend,' he continued. 'Tzerclas' men would have picked you up, or the peasants killed you for a soldier, and in a month perhaps the girl would have returned safe and sound, to find you dead.'

'My lord!' I cried passionately, 'she saved your child. It was to her as her own!'

'I know it,' he answered with gravity, which of itself rebuked me. 'And where is my child?'

I shook my head.

'Yet I do not give up my work and the task God and the times have given me, and go out looking for it!' he answered severely. 'Leaving Scot, and Swede, and Pole, and Switzer to divide my country. For shame! You have your work too, and it lies by your lady's side. See to it that you do it. For the rest I have scouts out, who know the country; if I learn anything through them you shall hear it. And now of another matter. How long has the Waldgrave been like this, my friend?'

'Like this, my lord?' I muttered stupidly.

He nodded. 'Yes, like this,' he repeated. 'I have heard him called a brave man. Coming of his stock, he should be; and when I saw him in Tzerclas' camp he had the air of one. Now he starts at a shadow, is in a trance half his time, and a tremor the other half. What ails him?'

I told him how he had been wounded, fighting bravely, and that since that he had not been himself.

Count Hugo rubbed his chin gravely. 'It is a pity,' he said. 'We want all—every German arm and every German head. We want you. Man alive!' he continued, roused to anger, I suppose, by my dull face, 'do you know what is in front of you?'

'No, my lord,' I said in apathy.

He opened his mouth as if to hurl a volley of words at me. But he thought better of it and shut his lips tight. 'Very well,' he said grimly. 'Wait three days and you will see.'

But in truth, I had not to wait three days. Before sunset of the next I began to see, and, downcast as I was, to prick up my ears in wonder. Beyond Romhild and between that town and Bamberg, the great road which runs through the valley of the Pegnitz, was such a sight as I had never seen. For many miles together a column of dust marked its course, and under this went on endless marching. We were but a link in a long chain, dragging slowly southwards. Now it was a herd of oxen that passed along, moving tediously and painfully, driven by half-naked cattle-men and guarded by a troop of grimy horse. Now it was a reinforcement of foot from Fulda, rank upon rank of shambling men trailing long pikes, and, footsore and parched as

they were, getting over the ground in a wonderful fashion. After them would come a long string of waggons, bearing corn, and hay, and malt, and wines; all lurching slowly forward, slowly southward; often delayed, for every quarter of a mile a horse fell or an axle broke, yet getting forward.

And then the most wonderful sight of all, a regiment of Swedish horse passed us, marching from Erfurt. All their horses were grey, and all their head-pieces, backs and breasts of black metal, matched one another. As they came on through the dust with a tramp which shook the ground, they sang, company by company, to the music of drums and trumpets, a hymn, 'Versage nicht du Hauflein klein!' Behind them a line of light waggons carried their wives and children, also singing. And so they went by us, eight hundred swords, and I thought it a marvel I should never see beaten.

When they were gone out of sight, there were still droves of horses and mighty flocks of sheep to come, and cargoes of pork, and more foot and horse and guns. Some companies wore buff coats and small steel caps, and carried arquebuses; and some marched smothered in huge head-pieces with backs and breasts to match. And besides all the things I have mentioned and the crowds of suttlers and horse-boys that went with them, there were munition waggons closely guarded, and pack-horses laden with powder, and always and always waggons of corn and hay.

And all hurrying, jostling, crawling southwards. It seemed to me that the world was marching southwards; that if we went on we must fall in at the end of this with every one we knew. And the thought comforted me.

Steve put it into words after his fashion. 'It must be a big place we are going to,' he said, about noon of the second day, 'or who is to eat all this? And do you mark, Master Martin? We meet no one coming back. All go south. This place Nuremberg that they talk of must be worth seeing.'

'It should be,' I said.

And after that the excitement of the march began to take hold of me. I began to think and wonder, and look forward, with an eagerness I did not understand, to the issues of this.

We lay a night at Bamberg, where the crowd and confusion and the stress of people were so great that Steve would have it we had come to Nuremberg. And certainly I had never known such a hurly-burly, nor heard of it except at the great fair at Dantzic. The night after we lay at Erlangen, which we found

fortified, trenched, and guarded, with troops lying in the square, and the streets turned into stables. From that place to Nuremberg was a matter of ten miles only; but the press was so great on the road that it took us a good part of the day to ride from one to the other. In the open country on either side of the way strong bodies of horse and foot were disposed. It seemed to me that here was already an army and a camp.

But when late in the afternoon we entered Nuremberg itself, and viewed the traffic in the streets, and the endless lines of gabled houses, the splendid mansions and bridges, the climbing roofs and turrets and spires of this, the greatest city in Germany, then we thought little of all we had seen before. Here thousands upon thousands rubbed shoulders in the streets; here continuous boats turned the river into solid land. Here we were told were baked every day a hundred thousand loaves of bread; and I saw with my own eyes a list of a hundred and thirty-eight bakehouses. The roar of the ways, choked with soldiers and citizens, the babel of strange tongues, the clamour of bells and trumpets, deafened us. The constant crowding and pushing and halting turned our heads. I forgot my grief and my hope too. Who but a madman would look to find a single face where thousands gazed from the windows? or could deem himself important with this swarming, teeming hive before him? Steve stared stupidly about him; I rode dazed and perplexed. The troopers laughed at us, or promised us greater things when we should see the Swedish Laager outside the town, and Wallenstein's great camp arrayed against it. But I noticed that even they, as we drew nearer to the heart of the city, fell silent at times, and looked at one another, surprised at the great influx of people and the shifting scenes which the streets presented.

For myself and Steve and the men, we were as good as nought. A house in the Ritter-Strasse was assigned to my lady for her quarters—no one could lodge in the city without the leave of the magistrates; and we were glad to get into it and cool our dizzy heads, and look at one another. Count Hugo stayed awhile, standing with my lady and the Waldgrave in one of the great oriels that overlooked the street. But a mounted messenger, sent on from the Town House, summoned him, and he took horse again for the camp. I do not know what we should have done without him at entering.

The soldiers, who crowded the streets, showed scant respect for names, and would as soon have jostled my lady as a citizen's wife; but wherever he came hats were doffed and voices lowered, and in the greatest press a way was made for him as by magic.

For that night we had seen enough. I thought we had seen all, or that nothing in my life would ever surprise me again. But next day my lady went up to the Burg on the hill in the middle of the city to look abroad, and took Steve and myself with her. And then I found that I had not seen the half. The city, all roofs and spires and bridges, girt with a wall of seventy towers, roared beneath us; and that I had expected. But outside the wall I now saw a second city of huts and tents, with a great earthwork about it, and bastions and demilunes, and picquets posted.

This was the Swedish Laager. It lay principally to the south of the city proper, though on all sides it encircled it more or less. They told me that there lay in it about forty thousand soldiers and twenty thousand horses, and twenty thousand camp followers; but the number was constantly increasing, death and disease notwithstanding, so that it presently stood as high as sixty thousand fighting men and half as many followers, to say nothing of the garrison that lay in the city, or the troops posted to guard the approaches. It seemed to me, gazing over that mighty multitude from the top of the hill, that nothing could resist such a force; and I looked abroad with curiosity for the enemy.

I expected to view his army cheek by jowl with us; and I was disappointed when I saw beyond our camp to southward, where I was told he lay, only a clear plain with the little river Rednitz flowing through it. This plain was a league and more in width, and it was empty of men. Beyond it rose a black wooded ridge, very steep and hairy.

My lady explained that Wallenstein's army lay along this ridge—seventy thousand men, and forty thousand horses, and Wallenstein himself. His camp we heard was eight miles round, the front guarded by a line of cannon, and taking in whole villages and castles. And now I looked again I saw the smoke hang among the trees. They whispered in Nuremberg that no man in that army took pay; that all served for booty; and that the troopers that sacked Magdeburg and followed Tilly were, beside these, gentle and kindly men.

'God help us!' my lady cried fervently. 'God help this great city! God help the North! Never was such a battle fought as must be fought here!'

We went down very much sobered, filled with awe and wonder and great thoughts, the dullest of us feeling the air heavy with portents, the more clerkly considering of Armageddon and the Last Fight. Briefly—for thirteen years the Emperor and the Papists had hustled and harried the Protestants; had dragooned Donauworth, and held down Bohemia, and plundered the Palatinate, and crushed the King of Denmark, and wherever there was a weak Protestant state had pressed sorely on it. Then one short year before I stood on the Burg above the Pegnitz, the Protestant king had come out of the North like a thunderbolt, had shattered in a month the Papist armies, had run like a devouring fire down the Priests' Lane, rushed over Bohemia, shaken the Emperor on his throne!

But could he maintain himself? That was now to be seen. To the Emperor's help had come all who loved the old system, and would have it that the south was Germany; all who wished to chain men's minds and saw their profit in the shadow of the imperial throne; all who lived by license and plunder, and reckoned a mass to-day against a murder to-morrow. All these had come, from the great Duke of Friedland grasping at empire, to the meanest freebooter with peasant's blood on his hands and in his veins; and there they lay opposite us, impregnably placed on the Burgstall, waiting patiently until famine and the sword should weaken the fair city, and enable them to plunge their vulture's talons into its vitals.

No wonder that in Nuremberg the citizens could be distinguished from the soldiers by their careworn faces; or that many a man stood morning and evening to gaze at the carved and lofty front of his house—by St. Sebald's or behind the new Cathedral—and wondered how long the fire would spare it. The magistrates who had staked all—their own and the city's—on this cast, went about with stern, grave faces, and feared almost to meet the public eye. With a doubled population, with a huge army to feed, with order to keep, with houses and wives and daughters of their own to protect, with sack and storm looming luridly in the future, who had cares like theirs?

One man only, and him I saw as we went home from the Burg. It was near the foot of the Burg hill, where the strasse meets

three other ways. At that time Count Tilly's crooked, dwarfish figure and pale horse's face, and the great hat and boots which seemed to swallow him up, were fresh in my mind; and sometimes I had wondered whether this other great commander were like him. Well, I was to know; for through the crowd at the junction of these four roads, while we stood waiting to pass, there came a man on a white horse, followed by half a score of others on horseback; and in a moment I knew from the shouting and the way women thrust papers into his hands that we saw the King of Sweden.

He wore a plain buff coat and a grey flapped hat with a feather; a tall man and rather bulky, his face massive and fleshy, with a close moustache trimmed to a point and a small tuft on his chin. His aspect was grave; he looked about him with a calm eye, and the shouting did not seem to move him. They told me that it was Banen, the Swedish General, who rode with him, and our Bernard of Weimar who followed. But my eye fell more quickly on Count Leuchtenstein, who rode after, with the great Chancellor Oxenstierna; in him, in his steady gaze and serene brow and wholesome strength, I traced the nearest likeness to the king.

And so I first saw the great Gustavus Adolphus. It was said that he would at times fall into fits of Berserk rage, and that in the field he was another man, keen as his sword, swift as fire, pitiless to those who flinched, among the foremost in the charge, a very thunderbolt of war. But as I saw him taking papers from women's hands at the end of the Burg Strasse, he had rather the air of a quiet, worthy prince—of Coburg or Darmstadt, it might be,—no dresser and no brawler; nor would any one, to see him then, have thought that this was the lion of the north who had dashed the pride of Pappenheim and flung aside the firebrands of the south. Or that even now he had on his shoulders the burden of two great nations and the fate of a million of men.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

AFTER this it fared with us as it fares at last with the drift-wood that chance or the woodman's axe has given to a forest stream in Heritzburg. After rippling over the shallows and

shooting giddily down slopes—or perchance lying cooped for days in some dark bend, until the splash of the otter or the spring freshet has sent it dancing on in sunshine and shadow—it reaches at last the Werra. It floats out on the bosom of the great stream, and no longer tossed and chafed by each tiny pebble, feels the force of wind and stream—the great forces of the world. The banks recede from sight, and one of a million atoms, it is borne on gently and irresistibly, whither it does not know.

So it was with us. From the day we fell in with Count Leuchtenstein and set our faces towards Nuremberg, and in a greater degree after we reached that city, we embarked on a wider current of adventure, a fuller and less selfish life. If we had still our own cares and griefs, hopes and perils—as must be the case, I suppose, until we die—we had other common ones which we shared with tens of thousands, rich and poor, gentle and simple. We had to dread sack and storm; we prayed for relief and safety in company with all who rose and lay down within the walls. When a hundred waggons of corn slipped through the Croats and came in, or Duke Bernard of Weimar beat up a corner of the Burgstall and gave Wallenstein a bad night, we ran out into the streets to tell and hear the news. Similarly, when tidings came that Tzerclas with his two thousand ruffians had burned the King of Sweden's colours, put on green sashes, and marched into the enemy's camp, we were not alone in our gloomy anticipations. We still had our private adventures, and I am going to tell them. But besides these, it should be remembered that we ran the risks, and rose every morning fresh to the fears, of Nuremberg. When bread rose to ten, to fifteen, to twenty times its normal price; when the city, where many died every day of famine, plague, and wounds, began to groan and heave in its misery; when through all the country round the peasants crawled and died among the dead; when Wallenstein, that dark man, heedless of the fearful mortality in his own camp, still sat implacable on the heights and refused all the king's invitations to battle, we grew pale and gloomy, stern-eyed and thin-cheeked with the rest. We dreamed of Magdeburg as they did; and as the hot August days passed slowly over the starving city and still no end appeared, but only with each day some addition of misery, we felt our hearts sink in unison with theirs.

And we had to share, not their lot only, but their labours.

We had not been in the town twenty-four hours before Steve, Jacob, and Franz were enrolled in the town militia; to me, either out of respect to my lady, or on account of my stature, a commission as lieutenant was granted. We drilled every morning from six o'clock until eight in the fields outside the New Gate; the others went again at sunset to practise their weapons, but I was exempt from this drill, that the women might not be left alone. At all times we had our appointed rendezvous in case of alarm or assault. The Swedish veterans strolled out of the camp and stood to laugh at our clumsiness. But the excellent order which prevailed among them made them favourites, and we let them laugh, and laughed again.

The Waldgrave, who had long had Duke Bernard's promise, received a regiment of horse, so that he lay in the camp and should have been a contented man, since his strength had come back to him. But to my surprise he showed signs of lukewarmness. He seemed little interested in the service, and was often at my lady's house in the Ritter Strasse, when he would have been better at his post. At first I set this down to his passion for my lady, and it seemed excusable; but within a week I stood convinced that this no longer troubled him. He paid scant attention to her, but would sit for hours looking moodily into the street. And I—and not I alone—began to watch him closely.

I soon found that Count Hugo was right. The once gallant and splendid young fellow was a changed man. He was still comely and a brave figure, but the spirit in him was quenched. He was nervous, absent, irritable. His eyes had a wild look; on strangers he made an unfavourable impression. Doubtless, though his wounds had healed, there remained some subtle injury that spoiled the man; and often I caught my lady looking at him sadly, and knew that I was not the only one with cause for mourning.

But how strange he was we did not know until a certain day, when my lady and I were engaged together over some accounts. It was evening, and the three men were away drilling. The house was very quiet. Suddenly he flung in upon us with a great noise, his colour high, his eyes glittering. His first action was to throw his feathered hat on one chair, and himself into another.

'I've seen him!' he said. 'Himmel! he is a clever fellow. He will worst you, cousin, yet—see if he does not. Oh, he is a clever one!'

'Who?' my lady said, looking at him in some displeasure.

'Who? Tzerclas, to be sure!' he answered, chuckling.

'You have seen him!' she exclaimed, rising,

'Of course I have!' he answered. 'And you will see him too, one of these days.'

My lady looked at me, frowning. But I shook my head. He was not drunk.

'Where?' she asked, after a pause. 'Where did you see him, Rupert?'

'In the street—where you see other men,' he answered, chuckling again. 'He should not be there, but who is to keep him out? He is too clever. He will get his way in the end, see if he does not!'

'Rupert!' my lady cried in wrathful amazement, 'to hear you, one would suppose you admired him.'

'So I do,' he replied coolly. 'Why not? He has all the wits of the family. He is as cunning as the devil. Take a hint, cousin; put yourself on the right side. He will win in the end!' And the Waldgrave rose restlessly from his chair, and, going to the window, began to whistle.

My lady came swiftly to me, and it grieved me to see the pain and woe in her face.

'Is he mad?' she muttered.

I shook my head.

'Do you think he has really seen him?' she whispered. We both stood with our eyes on him.

'I fear so, my lady,' I said with reluctance.

'But it would cost *him* his life,' she muttered eagerly, 'if he were found here!'

'He is a bold man,' I answered.

'Ah! so was he—once,' she replied in a peculiar tone, and she pointed stealthily to the unconscious man in the window. 'A month ago he would have taken him by the throat anywhere. What has come to him?'

'God knows,' I answered reverently. 'Grant only he may do us no harm!'

He turned round at that, humming gaily, and went out, seeming almost unconscious of our presence; and I made as light of the matter to my lady as I could. But Tzerclas in the city, the Waldgrave mad, or at any rate not sane, and last, but not least, the strange light in which the latter chose to regard the former, were circumstances I could not easily digest. They

filled me with uneasy fears and surmises. I began to perambulate the crowd, seeking furtively for a face; and was entirely determined what I would do if I found it. The town was full, as all besieged cities are, of rumours of spies and treachery, and of reported overtures made now to the city behind the back of the army, and now to the army to betray the city. A single word of denunciation, and Tzerclas' life would not be worth three minutes' purchase—a rope and the nearest butcher's hook would end it. My mind was made up to say the word.

I suppose I had been going about in this state of vigilance three days or more, when something, but not the thing I sought, rewarded it. At the time I was on my way back from morning drill. It was a little after eight, and the streets and the people wore an air bright, yet haggard. Night, with its perils, was over; day, with its privations, lay before us. My mind was on the common fortunes, but I suppose my eyes were mechanically doing their work, for on a sudden I saw something at a window, took perhaps half a step, and stopped as if I had been shot.

I had seen Marie's face! Nay, I still saw it, while a man might count two. Then it was gone. And I stood gasping.

I suppose I stood so for half a minute, waiting, with the blood racing from my heart to my head, and every pulse in my body beating. But she did not reappear. The door of the house did not open. Nothing happened.

Yet I had certainly seen her; for I remembered particulars —the expression of her face, the surprise that had leapt into her eyes as they met mine, the opening of the lips in an exclamation.

And still I stood gazing at the window and nothing happened.

At last I came to myself, and I scanned the house. It was a large house of four stories, three gables in width. The upper stories jutted out; the beams on which they rested were finely carved, the gables were finished off with rich, wooden pinnacles. In each story, the lowest excepted, were three long, low windows of the common Nuremberg type, and the whole had a substantial and reputable air.

The window at which I had seen Marie was farthest from the door, on the first floor. To go to the door I had to lose sight of it, and perhaps for that reason I stood the longer. At last I went and knocked, and waited in a fever for some one to come. The street was a thoroughfare. There were a number

of people passing. I thought that all the town would go by before a dragging foot at last sounded inside, and the great nail-studded door was opened on the chain. A stout, red-faced woman showed herself in the aperture.

'What is it?" she asked.

'You have a girl in this house, named Marie Wort,' I answered breathlessly. 'I saw her a moment ago at the window. I know her, and I wish to speak to her.'

The woman's little eyes dwelt on me stolidly for a space. Then she made as if she would shut the door. 'For shame!' she said spitefully. 'We have no girls here. Begone with you!'

But I put my foot against the door. 'Whose house is this?' I said.

'Herr Krapp's,' she answered crustily.

'Is he at home?'

'No, he is not,' she retorted; 'and if he were, we have no baggages here.' And again she tried to shut the door, but I prevented her.

'Where is he?' I asked sternly.

'He is at morning drill, if you must know,' she snapped; 'and his two sons. Now, will you let me shut my door? Or must I cry out?'

'Nonsense, mother!' I said. 'Who is in the house besides yourself?'

'What is that to you?' she replied, breathing short.

'I have told you,' I said, trying to control my anger. 'I——'

But, quick as lightning, the door slammed to and cut me short. I had thoughtlessly moved my foot. I heard the woman chuckle and go slipshod down the passage, and though I knocked again in a rage, the door remained closed.

I fell back and looked at the house. An elderly man in a grave, sober dress was passing, among others, and I caught his eye.

'Whose house is that?' I asked him.

'Herr Krapp's,' he answered.

'I am a stranger,' I said. 'Is he a man of substance?'

The person I addressed smiled. 'He is a member of the Council of Safety,' he said dryly. 'His brother is prefect of this ward. But here is Herr Krapp. Doubtless he has been at St. Sebald's drilling.'

I thanked him, and made but two steps to Herr Krapp's side. He was the other's twin—elderly, soberly dressed, his

only distinction a sword and pistol in his girdle and a white shoulder sash.

'Herr Krapp?' I said.

'The same,' he answered, eying me gravely.

'I am the Countess of Heritzburg's steward,' I said. I began to see the need of explanation. 'Doubtless you have heard that she is in the city?'

'Certainly,' he answered. 'In the Ritter Strasse.'

'Yes,' I replied. 'A fortnight ago she missed a young woman, one of her attendants. She was lost in a night adventure,' I continued, my throat dry and husky. 'A few minutes ago I saw her looking from one of your windows.'

'From one of my windows?' he exclaimed in a tone of surprise.

'Yes,' I said stiffly.

He opened his eyes wide. 'Here?' he said. He pointed to his house.

I nodded.

'Impossible!' he replied, shutting his lips suddenly. 'Quite impossible, my friend. My household consists of my two sons and myself. We have a housekeeper only, and two lads. I have no young women in the house.'

'Yet I saw her face, Herr Krapp, at your window,' I answered obstinately.

'Wait,' he said; 'I will ask.'

But when the old housekeeper came she had only the same tale to tell. She was alone. No young woman had crossed the threshold for a week past. There was no other woman there, young or old.

'You will have it that I have a young man in the house next!' she grumbled, shooting scorn at me.

'I can assure you that there is no one here,' Herr Krapp said civilly. 'Dorcas has been with me many years, and I can trust her. Still if you like you can walk through the rooms.'

But I hesitated to do that. The man's manner evidenced his sincerity, and in face of it my belief wavered. Fancy, I began to think, had played me a trick. It was no great wonder if the features which were often before me in my dreams, and sometimes painted themselves on the darkness while I lay wakeful, had for once taken shape in the daylight, and so vividly as to deceive me. I apologised. I said what was proper, and, with a heavy sigh, went from the door.

Ay, and with bent head. The passing crowd and the sunshine and the distant music of drum and trumpet grated on me. For there was yet another explanation. And I feared that Marie was dead.

I was still brooding sadly over the matter when I reached home. Steve met me at the door, but, feeling in no mood for small talk just then, I would have passed him by and gone in, if he had not stopped me.

'I have a message for you, lieutenant,' he said.

'What is it?' I asked without curiosity.

'A little boy gave it to me at the door,' he answered. 'I was to ask you to be in the street opposite Herr Krapp's half an hour after sunset this evening.'

I gasped. 'Herr Krapp's!' I exclaimed.

Steve nodded, looking at me queerly. 'Yes; do you know him?' he said.

'I do now,' I muttered, gulping down my amazement. But my face was as red as fire, the blood drummed in my ears. I had to turn away to hide my emotion. 'What was the boy like?' I asked.

But it seemed that the lad had made off the moment he had done his errand, and Steve had not noticed him particularly. 'I called after him to know who sent him,' he added, 'but he had gone too far.'

I nodded and mumbled something, and went on into the house. Perhaps I was still a little sore on my girl's account, and resented the easy way in which she had dropped out of others' lives. At any rate, my instinct was to keep the thing to myself. The face at the window, and then this strange assignation, could have only one meaning; but, good or bad, it was for me. And I hugged myself on it, and said nothing even to my lady.

The day seemed long, but at length the evening came, and when the men had gone to drill and the house was quiet, I slipped out. The streets were full at this hour of men passing to and fro to their drill-stations, and of women who had been out to see the camp, and were returning before the gates closed. The bells of many of the churches were ringing; some had services. I had to push my way to reach Herr Krapp's house in time; but once there the crowd of passers served my purpose by screening me, as I loitered, from farther remark; while I took care, by posting myself in a doorway opposite

the window, to make it easy for any one who expected me to find me.

And then I waited with my heart beating. The clocks were striking a half after seven when I took my place, and for a time I stood in a ferment of excitement, now staring with bated breath at the casement, where I had seen Marie, now scanning all the neighbouring doorways, and then again letting my eyes rove from window to window both of Krapp's house and the next one on either side. As the latter were built with many quaint oriels, and tiny dormers, and had lattices in side-nooks, where one least looked to find them, I was kept expecting and employed. I was never quite sure, look where I would, what eyes were upon me.

But little by little, as time passed and nothing happened, and the strollers all went by without accosting me, and no faces save strange ones showed at the windows, the heat of expectation left me. The chill of disappointment took its place. I began to doubt and fear. The clocks struck eight. The sun had been down an hour. Half that time I had been waiting.

To remain passive was no longer bearable, and sick of caution, I stepped out and began to walk up and down the street, courting rather than avoiding notice. The traffic was beginning to slacken. I could see farther and mark people at a distance; but still no one spoke to me, no one came to me. Here and there lights began to shine in the houses, on gleaming oak ceilings and carved mantels. The roofs were growing black against the paling sky. In nooks and corners it was dark. The half-hour sounded, and still I walked, fighting down doubt, clinging to hope.

But when another quarter had gone by, doubt became conviction. I had been fooled! Either some one who had seen me loitering at Krapp's in the morning and heard my tale had gone straight off, and played me this trick; or—Gott in Himmel!—or I had been lured here that I might be out of the way at home.

That thought, which should have entered my thick head an hour before, sped me from the street, as if it had been a very catapult. Before I reached the corner I was running; and I ran through street after street, sweating with fear. But quickly as I went, my thoughts outpaced me. My lady was alone save for her women. The men were drilling, the Waldgrave was in the camp. The crowded state of the streets at

sunset, and the number of strangers who thronged the city favoured certain kinds of crime; in a great crowd, as in a great solitude, everything is possible.

I had this in my mind. Judge, then, of my horror, when, as I approached the Ritter Strasse, I became aware of a dull, roaring sound; and hastening to turn the corner, saw a large mob gathered in front of our house, and filling the street from wall to wall. The glare of torches shone on a thousand upturned faces, and flamed from a hundred casements. At the windows, on the roofs, peering over balconies and coping-stones and gables, and looking out of doorways were more faces, all red in the torchlight. And all the time as the smoking light rose and fell, the yelling, as it seemed to me, rose and fell with it—now swelling into a stern roar of exultation, now sinking into an ugly, snarling noise, above which a man might hear his neighbour speak.

I seized the first I came to—a man standing on the skirts of the mob, and rather looking on than taking part. 'What is it?' I said, shaking him roughly by the arm. 'What is the matter here?'

'Hallo!' he answered, starting as he turned to me. 'Is it you again, my friend?'

I had hit on Herr Krapp! 'Yes!' I cried breathlessly. 'What is it? what is amiss?'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'They are hanging a spy,' he answered. 'Nothing more. Irregular, but wholesome.'

I drew a deep breath. 'Is that all?' I said.

He eyed me curiously. 'To be sure,' he said. 'What did you think it was?'

'I feared that there might be something wrong at my lady's,' I said, beginning to get my breath again. 'I left her alone at sunset. And when I saw this crowd before the house I—I could almost have cut off my hand. Thank God, I was mistaken!'

He looked at me again and seemed to reflect a moment. Then he said, 'You have not found the young woman you were seeking?'

I shook my head.

'Well, it occurred to me afterwards—but at which window did you see her?'

'At a window on the first floor; the farthest from the door,' I answered.

'The second from the door end of the house?' he asked.

'No, the third.'

He nodded with an air of quiet triumph. 'Just so!' he said. 'I thought so afterwards. But the fact is, my friend, my house ends with the second gable. The third gable-end does not belong to it, though doubtless it once did.'

'No?' I exclaimed. And for a moment I stood taken aback, cursing my carelessness. Then I stammered, 'But this third gable—I saw no door in it, Herr Krapp.'

'No, the door is in another street,' he answered. 'Or rather it opens on the churchyard at the back of St. Austin's. So you may have seen her after all. Well, I wish you well,' he continued. 'I must be going.'

The crowd was beginning to separate, moving away by twos and threes, talking loudly. The lights were dying down. He nodded and was gone; while I still stood gaping. For how did the matter stand? If I had really seen Marie at the window—as seemed possible now—and if nothing turned out to be amiss at home, then I had not been tricked after all, and the message was genuine. True she had not kept her appointment. But she might be in durance, or one of a hundred things might have frustrated her intention.

Still I could do nothing now except go home, and cutting short my speculations, I forced myself through the press, and with some labour managed to reach the door. As I did so I turned to look back, and the sight, though the people were moving away fast, was sufficiently striking. Almost opposite us in a beetling archway, the bowed head and shoulders of a man stood up above the common level. There was a little space round him, whence men held back; and the red glow of the smouldering links which the executioners had cast on the ground at his feet, shone upwards on his swollen lips and startling eyeballs. As I looked, the body seemed to writhe in its bonds; but it was only the wind swayed it. I went in shuddering.

On the stairs I met Count Hugo coming down, and knew the moment I saw him that there was something wrong. He stopped me, his eyes full of wrath.

'My man,' he said sternly, 'I thought that you were to be trusted? Where have you been? What have you been doing? *Donner!* Is your lady to be left at dark with no one to man this door!'

Conscience-stricken, I muttered that I hoped nothing had gone amiss.

'No, but something easily might!' he answered grimly. 'When I came here I found three as ugly looking rogues whispering and peering in your doorway as man could wish to see! Yes, Master Martin, and if I had not ridden up at that moment I will not answer for it, that they would not have been in! It is a pity a few more knaves are not where that one is,' he continued sourly, pointing through the open door. 'We could spare them. But do you see and have more care for the future. Or, mein Gott, I will take other measures, my friend!'

So it had been a ruse after all! I went up sick at heart.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE HOUSE IN THE CHURCHYARD.

THE heat which Count Hugo had thrown into the matter surprised me somewhat when I came to think of it, but I was soon to be more surprised. I did not go to my lady at once on coming in, for on the landing the sound of voices and laughter met me, and I learned that there were still two or three young officers sitting with her who had outstayed Count Leuchtenstein. I waited until they were gone—clanking and jingling down the stairs; and then, about the hour at which I usually went to take orders before retiring, I knocked at the door.

Commonly one of the women opened to me. To-night the door remained closed. I waited, knocked again, and then went in. I could see no one, but the lamps were flickering, and I saw that the window was open.

At that moment, while I stood uncertain, she came in through it; and blinded, I suppose, by the lights, did not see me. For at the first chair she reached just within the window, she sat down suddenly and burst into tears!

'Mein Gott!' I cried clumsily. I should have known better; but the laughter of the young fellows as they trooped down the stairs was still in my ears, and I was dumbfounded.

She sprang up on the instant, and glared at me through her tears. 'Who are—how dare you? How dare you come into the room without knocking?' she cried violently.

'I did knock, my lady,' I stammered, 'asking your pardon,'

'Then now go! Go out, do you hear?' she cried, stamping her foot with passion. 'I want nothing. Go!'

I turned and crept towards the door like a beaten hound. But I was not to go; when my hand was on the latch, her mood changed.

'No, stay,' she said in a different tone. 'You may come back. After all, Martin, I had rather it was you than any one else.'

She dried her tears as she spoke, standing up very straight and proud, and hiding nothing. I felt a pang as I looked at her. I had neglected her of late. I had been thinking more of others.

'It is nothing, Martin,' she said after a pause, and when she had quite composed her face. 'You need not be frightened. All women cry a little sometimes, as men swear,' she added, smiling.

'You have been looking at that thing outside,' I said, grumbling.

'Perhaps it did upset me,' she replied. 'But I think it was that I felt—a little lonely.'

That sounded so strange a complaint on her lips, seeing that the echo of the young sparks' laughter was barely dead in the room that I stared. But I took it, on second thoughts, to refer to Fraulein Max, whom she had kept at a distance since our escape, never sitting down with her, or speaking to her except on formal occasions; and I said bluntly—

'You need a woman friend, my lady.'

She looked at me keenly, and I fancied her colour rose. But she only answered, 'Yes, Martin. But you see I have not one. I am alone.'

'And lonely, my lady?'

'Sometimes,' she answered, smiling sadly.

'But this evening?' I replied, feeling that there was still something I did not understand. 'I should not have thought you would be feeling that way. I have not been here, but when I came in, my lady——'

'Pshaw!' she answered with a laugh of disdain. 'Those boys, Martin? They can laugh, fight, and ride; but for the rest, pouf! They are not company. However, it is bedtime, and you must go. I think you have done me good. Good night. I wish—I wish I could do you good,' she added kindly, almost timidly.

To some extent she had. I went away feeling that mine was not the only trouble in the world, nor my loneliness the only loneliness. She was a stranger in a besieged city, a woman among men, exposed, despite her rank, to many of a woman's perils; and doubtless she had felt Fraulein Max's defection and the Waldgrave's strange conduct more deeply than any one watching her daily bearing would have supposed. So much the greater reason was there that I should do my duty loyally, and putting her first to whom I owed so much, let no sorrow of my own taint my service.

But God knows there is one passion that defies argument. The house next Herr Krapp's had a fascination for me which I could not resist; and though I did not again leave my lady unguarded, but arranged that Steve should stop at home and watch the door, four o'clock the next afternoon saw me sneaking away in search of St. Austin's. Of course I soon found it; but there I came to a check. Round the churchyard stood a number of quiet family houses, many-gabled and shaded by limes, and doubtless once occupied by reverend canons and prebendaries. But no one of these held such a position that it could shoulder Herr Krapp's, or be by any possibility the house I wanted. The churchyard lay too far from the street for that.

I walked up the row twice before I would admit this; but at last I made it certain. Still Herr Krapp must know his own premises, and not much cast down, I was going to knock at a chance door and put the question, when my eyes fell on a man who sat at work in the churchyard. He wore a mason's apron, and was busily deepening the inscription on a tablet let into the church wall. He seemed to be the very man to know, and I went to him.

'I want a house which looks into the New Strasse,' I said. 'It is the next house to Herr Krapp's. Can you direct me to the door?'

He looked at me for a moment, his hammer suspended. Then he pointed to the farther end of the row. 'There is an alley,' he said in a hoarse, croaking voice. 'The door is at the end.'

I thought his occupation an odd one, considering the state of the city; but I had other things to dwell on, and hastened off to the place he indicated. Here, sure enough, I found the mouth of a very narrow passage which, starting between the last house and a blind wall, ran in the required direction. It was a queer place, scarcely wider than my shoulders, and with

two turns so sharp that I remember wondering how they brought their dead out. In one part it wound under the timbers of a house; it was dark and somewhat foul, and altogether so ill-favoured a path that I was glad I had brought my arms.

In the end it ran into a small, paved court, damp but clean, and by comparison light. Here I saw the door I wanted facing me. Above it the house, with its narrow front of one window on each floor, and every floor jutting out a little, gave a strange impression of gloomy height. The windows were barred and dusty, the plaster was mildewed, the beams were dark with age. Whatever secrets, innocent or the reverse, lay within, one thing was plain—this front gave the lie to the other.

I liked the aspect of things so little that it was with a secret tremor I knocked, and heard the hollow sound go echoing through the house. So certain did I feel that something was wrong, that I wondered what the inmates would do, and whether they would lie quiet and refuse to answer, or show force and baffle me that way. No foreign windows looked into the little court in which I stood; three of the walls were blind. The longer I gazed about me, the more I misdoubted the place.

Yet I turned to knock again; but did not, being anticipated. The door slid open under my hand, slowly wide open, and brought me face to face with an old toothless hag, whose bleared eyes winked at me like a bat's in sunshine. I was so surprised both by her appearance and the opening of the door, that I stood tongue-tied, staring at her and at the bare, dusty, unswept hall behind her.

'Who lives here?' I blurted out at last.

If I had stopped to choose my words I had done no better. She shook her head and pointed first to her ears, and then to her lips. The woman was deaf and dumb!

I would not believe it at the first blush. I tried her again. 'Who lives here, mother?' I cried more loudly.

She smiled vacuously, showing her toothless gums. And that was all.

Still I tried again, shouting and making signs to her to fetch whoever was in the house. The sign she seemed to understand, for she shook her head violently. But that helped me no farther.

All the time the door stood wide open. I could see the hall, and that it contained no furniture or traces of habitation. The woman was alone, therefore a mere caretaker. Why should I not enter and satisfy myself?

I made as if I would do so. But the moment I set my foot across the threshold the old crone began to mow and gibber so horribly, putting herself in my way, that I fell back cowed. I had not the heart to use force to her, alone as she was, and in her duty. Besides, what right had I to thrust myself in? I should be putting myself in the wrong if I did. I retired.

She did not at once shut the door, but continued to tremble and make faces at me awhile as if she were cursing me. Then with her old hand pressed to her side, she slowly but with evident passion clanged the door home.

I stood a moment outside, and then I retreated. I had been driven to believe Herr Krapp. Why should I not believe this old creature? Here was an empty house, and so an end. And yet—and yet I was puzzled.

As I went through the churchyard, I passed my friend the mason, and saw he had a companion. If he had looked up I should have asked him a question or two. But he did not, and the other's back was towards me. I walked on.

In the silent street, however, three minutes later, a sudden thought brought me to a stand. An empty house? Was there not something odd in this empty house, when quarters were so scarce in Nuremberg, and even my lady had got lodgings assigned to her as a favour and at a price? The town swarmed with people who had taken refuge behind its walls. Where one had lain two lay now. Yet here was an empty house!

In a twinkling I was walking briskly towards the Neu Strasse, determined to look farther into the matter. It was again the hour of evening drill; the ways were crowded, the bells of the churches were ringing. Using some little care as I approached Herr Krapp's, I slipped into a doorway, which commanded it from a distance, and thence began to watch the fatal window.

If the old hag had not lied with her dumb lips I should see no one; or at best should only see her.

Half an hour passed; an hour passed. Hundreds of people passed, among them the man I had seen talking with the mason in the churchyard. I noticed him, because he went by twice. But the window remained blank. Then on a sudden, as the light began to fail, I saw the Waldgrave at it.

The Waldgrave?

'Gott in Himmel!' I muttered, the blood rushing to my face. What was the meaning of this? What was the magic

of this cursed window? First I had seen my love at it. Then the Waldgrave.

While I stood thunderstruck, he was gone again, leaving the window blank and black. The crowd passed below, chattering thoughtlessly. Groups of men with pikes and muskets went by. All seemed unchanged. But my mind was in a whirl. Rage, jealousy, and wonder played with it. What did it all mean? First Marie, then the Waldgrave! Marie, whom we had left thirty leagues away in the forest; the Waldgrave, whom I had seen that morning.

I stood gaping at the window, as if it could speak, and gradually my mind regained its balance. My jealousy died out, hope took its place. I did not think so ill of the Waldgrave as to believe that knowing of Marie's existence he would hide it from me, and for that reason I could not explain or understand how he came to be in the same house with her. But it was undeniable that his presence there encouraged me. There must be some middle link between them; perhaps some one controlling both. And then I thought of Tzerclas.

The Waldgrave had seen him in the town, and had even spoken to him. What if it were he who occupied this house close by the New Gate, with a convenient secretive entrance, and used it for his machinations? Marie might well have fallen into his hands. She might be in his power now, behind the very walls on which I gazed.

From that moment I breathed and lived only to see the inside of that house. Nothing else would satisfy me. I scanned it with greedy eyes, its steep gable, its four windows one above another, its carved weather-boards. I might attack it on this side; or by way of the alley and door. But I quickly discarded the latter idea. Though I had seen only the old woman, I judged that there were defenders in the background, and in the solitude of the alley I might be easily despatched. It remained to enter from the front, or by way of the roof. I pondered a moment, and then I went across to Herr Krapp's and knocked.

He opened the door himself. I almost pushed my way in. 'What do you want, my friend?' he said, recoiling before me, and looking somewhat astonished.

'To get into your neighbour's house,' I answered bluntly.

(*To be continued.*)

BY FITS AND STARTS.

Do any of my readers know the purple braes of Glenlyon, in the Highlands of Scotland? One summer day, a good many years ago, a little girl of twelve years old was lying on a warm-scented heather bank, by the side of a salmon river, over which a fisherman was casting, with deft unerring aim, the whirling line and artful fly.

Whether his little daughter's eyes were fixed on him or not, it is certain that the eyes of the mind were far away, for on a sudden rush and spin of the salmon-line, followed by the rapid descent of the fisherman leading his fish down stream, she neither moved from her position nor evinced any of her usual interest in the exciting moments which followed. The salmon gave fine play, and was landed without the intervention of a 'gaff,' which the little girl held in her hand ready for an emergency. But when shouted to and desired to approach and view the capture, the dreamer obeyed listlessly and with an indifference which elicited some reproachful surprise on the part of the successful sportsman.

The two then went on to another pool, and again the author of the 'Moor and the Loch' proceeded to throw his casts across the eddying water, and again his young daughter fell to working out the plot of her first so-called 'novel.'

Before that date there does not occur to the writer's memory the slightest trace of any desire within her breast to weave imaginary scenes and delineate imaginary characters. She was an out-of-door girl, fond of every sort of pastime, and a most energetic and discursive reader withal; but as for writing anything herself, such an idea never entered her head.

The hour, however, had come. All her present surroundings were favourable to romance. Night after night the bell of the red deer sounded up to her window from the deer-forest on the other side of the glen, and the antlers of the beauteous herds

might be seen outlined against the sky as they trotted down from their feeding-grounds to their favourite drinking-place in the river hard by. In those same woods might be met the giant capercailzie, and above the heights now and again would soar the golden eagle; the hand of man had not then tarnished the rugged grandeur of the glen, and laid bare its lonely recesses —and what young soul just awakening to the beauties of the world we live in, and drawing in strange and new thoughts from every quarter, but must have had any imagination already possessed, roused and kindled beneath such fostering influences?

The result, however was laughable. A large schoolroom exercise book was somehow or other procured—probably with difficulty—and this being safely secreted away in an unused apartment, thither would the would-be authoress retreat whenever she could, and with infinite secrecy, and in terrible fear lest the thing should ever become known (which, by the way, it never did till the confession was nothing to anybody), there was committed to paper the outcome of that summer day's musings by the salmon pool, in the shape of the first chapters of a warlike Highland tale, entitled 'Macgregor; or, Our Chieftain.'

'Macgregor; or, Our Chieftain' was a fearsome cataran, revelling in robbery and violence, in moonlight raids and wholesale demolition of peaceful unsuspecting clans. On one of these terrific excursions the heroine was carried off, and the usual thing happened. The whole, of course, was a jumble of Scott, G. P. R. James, Fennimore Cooper, and such other romancists as had come within the little girl's range. The probability is that it had absolutely nothing to recommend it beyond the fact of its being written at all. Therein lay a germ of promise; first, in the longing to give vent to the hubbub of confused imaginings within the breast, and secondly, in the tenacity with which the small writer held to her purpose, absurd and grotesque as it was, until it had been, according to her view, accomplished.

The chapters were very short, the handwriting was very large, and the exercise-book was by no means a bulky one, so that the recital of Macgregor's adventures, including his reformation and marriage to the captive maiden, probably would not have filled more than a dozen ordinary pages of print; but, all the same, it was creditable to a hare-brained, happy-go-lucky little mortal of twelve, that she did not throw aside her self-imposed task mid-

way, but stuck to her guns till with a mighty flourish were inscribed at the close the magic words 'The End.'

The end, however, of the novel was to prove the end of its existence. No sooner had it been completed than, with a sudden sense of its worthlessness, it was demolished with equal privacy and precipitation, though in what manner cannot now be recalled to memory. Suffice it to say that Macgregor vanished, leaving no trace behind, and that the present writer is very sorry now that such was the case.

For three years the bloodthirsty chieftain had no successor. Possibly the work of education was being carried on too rigorously to admit of any desire for more pen-and-ink work. Beneath the supervision of governesses there were translations of Hans Andersen, of Schiller, and even (inspired by a young Scotch tutor of my brothers') of the early books of the Æneid. But while these were an outlet for a busy mind, they were not spontaneous, and are therefore of no interest from any point of view.

At the age of sixteen a circumstance, which is perhaps a little amusing, at any rate to those who can remember it, occurred. Being at a fashionable boarding-school, which was as full of humours and fancies as such establishments generally are, I found in it endless matter for jest, sometimes good-humoured, sometimes the reverse. My companions were ready to laugh, and I am afraid I did not much mind what they laughed at. One day the bright thought struck me of editing a weekly school newspaper, dealing entirely with the events of our own little world, and circulating amongst the girls, the governesses, and the masters.

All were pleased with the notion; and I fancy our elders imagined that the scheme would really prove beneficial to us as well as useful to them, by providing them with a new and excellent method of gauging our capacities. Alas! it only made them snigger! How much they sniggered, how much they secretly enjoyed the fun they found it their duty to denounce, we never knew; but one fine morning, shortly after the issue of the third number of the paper, Miss Lucy Colquhoun was summoned to appear before an august tribunal; was informed that her hand was detected all through the articles, some of which were of a character which could not possibly be sanctioned, as being altogether too personal, etc.; was reprimanded (though I really think not very severely), and the doom

of the offending periodical was pronounced. One trifling item it contained alone adheres to my memory. There was a certain Miss J. C——, a clod of a girl, and to her the following advertisement must certainly have given pain, had the point penetrated her skull at all: 'Born, in the mind of Miss J. C——, an Idea. The infant only survived a few seconds.'

The English essays which we were set to write by our excellent master, Mr. William Hunter (I hope he is alive and may see this) were a splendid training to one at least of his class of twenty-six girls during that period; and I cannot but think that his system might be more advantageously employed than it is. On our 'essay days' we were given a subject on which to write for the following week; then, while our last week's compositions were being examined, we had to write, then and there, an impromptu paper on any subject he chose suddenly to spring upon us. There was a brilliant girl, too soon lost to earth, the sister of the present Lord Justice-General of Scotland, who was my only rival—if I dare to say so without being vain, speaking of so long ago—in this essay class. Far, far did she outstrip me in everything else; a new language she could master in a few weeks, and the most recondite authors were searched through, and dwelt upon by her as daily mental food,—so that I doubt not, had she lived, she would have been known to fame; but in the mere matter of rapid composition my nimble pen often outran hers. In the essay class I held my own, and the triumphs won in that large, sunny schoolroom held me back from other forms of authorship.

On leaving school, however, the dormant taste was still there, unknown to all and suspected only by myself. I began again to make precipitate retreats for the purpose of filling in secret a manuscript book kept hidden in what was known in old-fashioned days as my 'clothes-drawer.' Being at this time in my father's town house, there were no empty rooms with their delightful quiet and seclusion to retreat to; but there was a large bath-room, and on the side of the bath I placed my book, while kneeling by the side I scribbled at racehorse speed, and in a tiny almost illegible hand (a contrast indeed to the bold characters of six years before), my next attempt at fiction. As no youthful member of our family circle could ever be long missed without being hunted out, and his or her whereabouts inquired into—for in our house there was constant supervision and considerable etiquette maintained—I had to frame and learn

by heart scenes and sentences, indeed whole paragraphs, beforehand—and herein I found the value of my excellent master's tuition—for having got hold of what I wished to say, I understood how to say it, and that without waste of time.

The story thus written was entitled 'The Moderator's Breakfast.' And being inspired by actual knowledge and observation —for it detailed many of the picturesque concomitants of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland with which I had been familiar from childhood—it was, I am inclined to think, worthy a better fate than that of its predecessor, which it shared. There were, I know, some good things in it; and I retain a distinct impression of one scene in particular; but at the time it only appeared so wretchedly inadequate to my aspirations that no sooner was it completed—I am glad to say it was completed—than every page was ruthlessly torn to pieces before any other eye than my own could rest upon them.

Then there rises another inch of the curtain. It is a winter Sunday afternoon in the old city of Edinburgh; the short daylight is almost gone, and the lamps are being lit outside. This time it is a young maiden of nineteen who is at work on a blank page enclosed within the book she feigns to read. She is not quite sure whether it is altogether the right thing to do to be busy with her pencil on a Sunday; but then it is a Sunday story she is writing, and the day has been so wet and so long, and she had read so much, and kept the hours up till now so strictly according to rule, that she thinks there can be no harm in devoting this dull period of the day to jotting down the thoughts which she has not been able to keep out of her mind previously. The page is headed 'The Merchant's Sermon,' and the little tale ultimately found its way into print, unknown to all but the writer's mother, who was presently, for the first time, taken into confidence.

Perhaps the latter was surprised, perhaps not; I rather think not, and that she had all along expected inclinations of the kind. On the other side of the house there was something of an intellectual ancestry. My grandmother, known as 'The Good Lady Colquhoun' was a prolific writer of those small religious works which are sure to achieve popularity when emanating from the pen of an important and highly regarded personage. Looking through them as I have done since, they do not, I confess, strike me as having any very peculiar merit, but those of Lady Colquhoun's sister, Miss Catherine Sinclair

(daughter of that quaint old oddity Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster, himself the compiler of a wondrous tome yclept 'Code of Health and Longevity!') were at one time widely read, and some of them still survive. 'Modern Accomplishments' and 'Modern Society' are indeed only to be found on the top bookshelves of libraries belonging to the past generation; but 'Holiday House' can still fascinate young people of the present day, if it happens to come in their way; while I fancy that the less known 'Charlie Seymour' would also hold its own if any publisher thought it worth his while to give it another chance.

This great-aunt of mine was the only person whom I can ever remember taking the slightest notice of my literary proclivities before I was grown up; and that only on one occasion, when, patting my head, she said in jest, 'This will be the next authoress in the family.' What made her say so I cannot imagine, but the words struck home, and were often pondered over in secret.

My mother herself wrote a little—a very little—and always on religious subjects. A small volume of her verses, entitled 'Rhymes and Chimes,' was published by Messrs. Macmillan a good many years after the date to which I have last referred; but the only one of these which has reached any publicity is her well-known ending to Henry Kirke White's opening lines 'Much in Sorrow, Oft in Woe.' Of this beautiful hymn so often sung in our churches, Kirke White only wrote the first six lines. It was finished by Fanny Fuller-Maitland at the age of sixteen, and though after her marriage she penned at intervals the other hymns and poems subsequently collected and published, she only rarely felt the inclination to put her poetic fancies into words.

We were readers, not writers; and although spending a good deal of our time in a city so prominent in the world of letters as the 'Modern Athens,' it was not the *literary* set, but the *old country family* set we belonged to.

In those days there was a difference wide as the poles between the two. Miss Catherine Sinclair, it is true, mixed freely in both; but she was regarded as a most exceptional person; and I often now regret that though some of the great men whose names are inseparably connected with the Scottish capital at that palmy period of its intellectual existence did occasionally dine at our house—and I presume my parents dined at theirs—there was no real familiar intercourse, no delightful interchange

of thought, no intimacy between them. The simple truth was neither my father nor mother cared for society in any shape, even of the best, and rather repelled than cultivated it.

This, while in some respects it was a loss, proved in others perhaps a gain to me, their youngest daughter—at least so said Mr. John Blackwood—*the* John Blackwood, prince of editors, and monarch of publishers; for, having at that time never breathed any other atmosphere than that which I have since loved best to depict—namely, the simple country life of gentle folks—he considered that I was enabled to render it more faithfully than I could have done had any other been introduced to my notice during the early and impressionable period of youth.

To return to the Sunday afternoon on which I made my third essay into the realms of fiction. 'The Merchant's Sermon,' first jotted down on stray shreds of paper hidden within the sheltering volume on my knee, was transferred to a neatly bound brown morocco album, and carefully printed out, together with an illustration! It was followed at intervals by others of the kind, among which was 'Polly Spanker's Green Feather,' which also found its way into print after some years, and has lately been re-issued by the S.P.C.K. in several forms. This brown album is still extant—a curiosity in its way. Every little story is printed with care and pains, for I wrote at that time such an odd uncertain hand, that printing seemed preferable, even at the cost of some additional labour. Each little tale also has its illustration—and several of them being inspired by Mrs. Gatty's charming 'Parables from Nature,' the illustration is also more or less a copy. Indeed the drawing is better than the writing, for drawing was then, and would be still could time be found for it, my favourite occupation.

No one knew anything about the little brown album, and by-and-by a second one was procured and filled.

It was upon the completion of this second volume that one day, in an agony of nervous excitement, I approached the back of the sofa upon which my mother was reclining. I could not look her in the face; and I can see myself now thrusting into her hand from behind the two books, as I muttered a request, in a voice most unlike my own, that she would look at them. I had chosen a time when she was alone, every one else being out for the afternoon; and when she had smilingly assented with a few words of loving encouragement, I felt that the worst was over, and beat a precipitate retreat. I knew that she would

keep her word—and she did—but what was my horror on re-entering the room two hours later in company with a troop of brothers and sisters, to behold the sacred—the almost guilty—brown albums lying out upon the table by her side, as if they were ordinary books! To get between them and all eyes was the work of a moment; and I had huddled them out of sight successfully before I could breathe again.

The next point was to glean my mother's opinion. That she did not make any remark or betray any consciousness in the presence of others was quite satisfactory, but even now I cannot help feeling a kind of pity for my poor self when I recall how wistfully I lay in wait for any spontaneous criticism during the next twenty-four hours, and how it never came! It was all right in the end; more than right, indeed—for at length, on my broaching the subject in sheer desperation, it met with the readiest and kindest of responses, together with the most affectionate self-blame for the forgetfulness which had necessitated a second appeal. We then talked over the little compositions quite happily together. My mother was an excellent critic, and while she allowed me to perceive that she was pleased on the whole with what I had done, she spurred me on to further efforts, and warmly approved of my 'keeping dark' the new pursuit. Neither of us ever thought it would turn to more than a 'pursuit,' until some twelve months afterwards—I quite forget how it came about—the famous physician, Sir James Simpson, had been paying a medical visit, and on his departure, when I went into my mother's bedroom, she said to me, 'Simmy says he will offer that little story of yours to Dr. Blaikie for the *Sunday Magazine*, if you like; and I really think it would be worth while to let him do it.'

Something in their conversation had elicited from her the fact that one of her family was making secret attempts at authorship; he had a great admiration for my mother's intellectual powers, as well as for my father's sporting work, 'The Moor and the Loch,' and he may have thought it possible that one out of their nine children would take to literature. At any rate, this kind 'Simmy' kept his word, even in the midst of his own tumultuous life; and in the course of time the manuscript of 'The Merchant's Sermon,' which was the 'little story' referred to, written out with copy-book neatness, and tied with ribbon as became a maiden effort, found its way to the office of the *Sunday Magazine* and—lay there.

Yes, it lay there for over two years, acknowledged, but probably unlooked at, whereupon my mother, somewhat nettled, wrote to have it back, and received for answer the gratifying information that it had actually gone to the printer's!

It appeared in May, 1869, and the shock it administered to the family would no doubt have been greater than it was had we not been immersed in the bustle of preparation for my approaching marriage, which took place the next month. Even the writer did not think so much about her fledgling as she had hoped and expected to do. During the two intervening years writing had again fallen into abeyance, other occupations and amusements having taken its place.

Still the murder was out, and though somewhat shy about it, I was thankful to have got rid of my secret; and thankful also that it had excited little comment, and was soon suffered to pass into oblivion.

With the autumn days of the ensuing year, the old desires began to be at work again, and there would now be no need for concealment and no fear of discovery, since I had many hours of the day to myself, with the whole house at my command. In solitary walks a new world began to spring into being on every side, and its denizens would talk to one another as it were, over my head. These ghostly companions were often very funny, and I had to laugh aloud, when outwardly I was alone. My husband was obliged to be absent during the greater portion of the day, and I should have felt still more lonely than I did had it not been for this new mode of passing the time.

And then a great deal in my new life offered a remarkable contrast to that left behind me. It came altogether as a fresh experience in every sense, as was natural, considering how very limited my range of vision had hitherto been. I felt the necessity for talking about much that I saw, and of winning sympathy in my view of it. It was therefore perhaps not to be wondered at that instead of recurring to what was familiar—too familiar at that time to impress itself with any vividness upon the brain—when choosing anew a subject for authorship I should wash in upon the canvas a different picture altogether, only preserving one figure, the central one, from out the store-house of memory.

That central figure was 'Mr. Smith.'

'Mr. Smith'—the book—began to be written on this wise. I was taking a long solitary ramble through the Cheshire lanes

one December day about eighteen months after my marriage, pondering on the character of this best of men, a real and actual Mr. Smith whom I had known during a few previous years, and of whose death I had heard shortly before. It had often been said in my hearing that this Mr. Smith was a most uncommon character. As a family we were wont to repeat to each other little anecdotes of him, and his sayings and doings had come to be circulated amongst us, until, when we heard of any instance of delicate tact, or consideration, or benevolence, we would exclaim, 'Just like Mr. Smith!'

The happy idea struck me—Why not make a hero out of this 'short stout grey man,' whom every one, from highest to lowest, loved; and against whom jealousy and detraction themselves could find nothing to allege? Like Daniel, his enemies could have found no fault in him except as regarded the law of his God.

As I walked slowly and ever more slowly homeward through the gathering dusk, and finally sat down alone within my little drawing-room drinking my solitary tea and staring into the fire, the idea became more and more overmastering, until, hastily pushing aside the tray, I spread upon the low table by my side a large sheet of paper, wrote down the name, and almost without pausing to think covered it on both sides. By dinner-time half the first chapter of 'Mr. Smith: a Part of his Life,' very nearly as it now stands, was written down.

Once begun the work continued rapidly. My husband was pleased that I had found a new occupation which amused and interested me; but we both felt there was no occasion to make it public. The rough draft was complete in about three months, and then followed the long and careful writing out for the press —with all the corrections and additions—which occupied about six months more.

And here let me digress for one moment to observe that I have no patience with the young aspirant in the fields of literature who talks of the 'drudgery' and the 'trouble' and the 'worry' of this writing out. It ought to be—it is—to the youthful beginner in whom there is a spark of the true fire, a task of pure joy. The pen should be loth to quit the page; should hang fondly over every paragraph; should pause over every word which, however good, might be altered for the better; the sheet should not be laid aside till it shows fair and clear to the reader's eye, and is no blurred and blotted mass to be deciphered painfully, and with hesitation.

How can an editor or publisher judge the effect of a scene or description which he can barely comprehend because it is conveyed in an illegible scrawl with half the words perchance scored out and reinstated? This may be all very well when the author's name and the quality of his or her work is established; if such an one likes to send in the scribbled sheet full of erasures, or if, as is probably the case, it has become a necessity to do so through overpressure, it is of little importance (alack! my own manuscripts are no longer what they once were!)—but to those whose step is on the first rung of the ladder, suffer me, after twenty-one years of busy authorship, to offer this single word of counsel: Grudge no trouble, no time, no strength, which you can by any means bestow upon the preparation of your work before it passes from your hands into those of others. If the work be worth doing at all, depend upon it every iota of pains thus taken will repay you a thousandfold.

'Mr. Smith,' by an anonymous writer, went up to Mr. John Blackwood, with a request from my father that he would look at it for a friend. I do not think Mr. Blackwood had any idea as to whom the 'friend' was; he said afterwards that if he had supposed it was any one of the Colquhoun family he would have pitched upon my eldest brother, whose talents were acknowledged, and whose brother officers indeed for some time after the publication of 'Mr. Smith,' claimed its authorship for him. But so little did Mr. Blackwood imagine my father had any personal interest in the manuscript, that it lay by for a whole year, and he required to be reminded of its existence—as Dr. Blaikie had been of its tiny antecedent—before giving it a glance of his eye. That done, however, two rapid notes followed on the same day. I have them both among my treasures; and thereupon all the rest has been easy, and no more secrets remain to be betrayed.

L. B. WALFORD.

MARGERY GERVASE.

A PORTRAIT.

BY HELEN SHIPTON, AUTHOR OF 'THE LAST OF THE FENWICKES,' 'ALSTON CRUCIS,' ETC.

SHE was a beautiful old woman when I knew her, tall and vigorous, with a ruddy colour and plentiful snow-white hair, and she lived all by herself on the tiniest of farms on the edge of a great moor.

She was liable to be called from her work or out of her bed at any hour of the day or night, when sickness or sorrow visited a tolerably wide circle of distant neighbours; but otherwise she was much alone, and would tell you of her dreams, or the chapter she had been 'led' to read, or the thought that had been 'borne in' on her at her prayers, in a way that made it evident that these were the events of her peaceful days.

Her talk was as scriptural as a Cameronian's, for The Book represented to her all literature as well as much besides; and from this habit she was looked upon as 'a mother in Israel' by some who could not really have been much in sympathy with that charitable spirit of hers.

They expected her, I believe, to make a most 'edifying end;' but she disappointed them at the last—wrapped a mantle of dignified silence about her, and so dropped the burden of her eighty odd years, and went where I cannot but think she must have felt very much at home.

But I write from my own dim recollection, and begin, perhaps, at the wrong end of her story. Let us go back seventy years, to the days when Margery Gervase was still young and bonny; when joy still seemed to her a thing to be grasped at and hungered for, and grief a thunder-cloud behind which was neither sun nor sky; when she could still walk twenty miles in a day and not be weary, and tend a sick neighbour all night and do her day's work afterwards without flagging.

She was twenty-eight, and the three years during which she had been Margery *Gervase* sometimes seemed to her longer—more full and joyous, that is—than all her life before, though she had no words in which to express her passionate love for her husband (whom she never spoke of by any softer term than 'the master'), and indeed would have thought it wrong as well as foolish to try to do so.

Some would have thought her home but a dreary one, for as yet there were no children to brighten it; and in the chimney-corner of the grey little farmhouse sat her husband's mother, a stern-faced, rigid old woman, who called herself a Wesleyan, but was in truth more of a Calvinist than John Wesley would have approved.

Such as it was, Margery loved it, and never left it, save to go to market on a Saturday, and on various errands of mercy, which the old mother-in-law characterised in general terms as 'gadding.' She would have been no better satisfied if she had been told that her son's wife was a born sister of charity, and could no more help going where she was needed than she could help breathing—a peculiarity of which her neighbours were not slow to take advantage.

It was this idiosyncrasy that, seventy years ago, brought her out on a wild November night, on a lonely upland road, going she hardly knew whither and with a strange companion;—old Mrs. Gervase's bitter upbraidings for being such a fool as to go at all still ringing in her ears, and making the way seem all the longer and more dreary.

A blusterous north-west wind was blowing over the wild bare hills, and it had been dark so long that it seemed like the middle of the night, though it was but between eight and nine.

Margery thought of her husband, and wondered if he had come home from the sale where he had been kept all day, and whether he would be vexed with her for starting out without waiting to see him, and then drew her shawl closer round the little basket she was carrying, and quickened her pace in order not to be left behind by her companion.

He hardly deserved the name, for he kept always a few paces in advance, and though he occasionally broke out into grunts and ejaculations, and even into articulate words, they were never addressed to her, or even apparently to himself.

Such conduct might have been trying to weak nerves, but Margery was not nervous. She knew that this man, William

Wagstaff, was only half-witted; but she had known him all her life, and he had never harmed anybody.

She was not at all afraid of *him;* if she felt a little thrill it was at the thought of what he was taking her to—a man ill of small-pox, and lying deserted in an outhouse, who had seen no friendly face but that of the poor half-wit for days.

Seventy years ago the terror of small-pox was more vivid and abiding even than now. The worst fangs of the scourge were already drawn, but those whose fathers remembered it as something only to be compared to the Plague, or the Black Death, could not realise their own comparative safety. Even Margery Gervase would rather have tended anything else, and she did not wonder at or blame her husband's mother for having reproached and abused her for obeying the summons, with a virulence which her religious principles might at least have restrained.

But Margery could not have refused to go without violating every instinct of her nature, and *her* religion, on the rare occasions when she reasoned about it, seemed to her to speak with the same voice.

So she went on her way, and blamed herself for being afraid, but sometimes wished that John knew where she was, and had prayed 'God speed her' when she started, and sometimes that her companion was like other people, and would turn and speak an encouraging word, and again blamed herself for being inclined 'to rest on an arm of flesh.'

The strange walk was ended at last; they had reached a little farmstead, as grey and bleak and lonely, as boldly perched on a rounded hill-top, as the home of Margery's married life; and skirting the farmyard they came to a barn, on the side of it most distant from the dwelling-house.

Here the half-wit opened a crazy plank door, and pointed to a flight of stone steps, dimly visible by a faint glimmer from what seemed to be a small loft above a cowshed.

The loft had neither hay nor straw in it, save some wisps that were applied to stop the chinks in the sloping, unceiled roof. It held a stool and a truckle bed, heaped with rugs and blankets, for the people of the farm had tried to atone for their cowardice by sending out to the sufferer all and more than all they could spare or he could need in the way of food and covering.

As for the man who lay upon the bed, I simply dare not attempt to describe him! I think that his aspect had little or

no effect upon Margery. God forbid that I should seem to make light of any feature of such heroism as hers; but I think that no suffering being could ever have been loathsome to her, any more than a sick child to its mother.

He was conscious, though he accepted her ministrations in a sullen silence that marked his feeling towards the world in general rather than towards this comely, gracious, helpful woman who had appeared out of the darkness and the storm to his aid.

How can I tell you of what she was thinking as she ministered to him? She could not herself have told any one. She was tongue-tied by every circumstance of her upbringing, every habit of her life; and her thoughts were the strangest medley of the mysticism that was a part of her nature, and the practicality that hard schooling had taught her.

Thoughts of the lepers of the Bible, whose state, in her ignorance, she pictured to herself as something like this; awed, loving thoughts of Him who healed them; a vague wonder whether, if He were to be found on earth now, she would have the courage and the strength to carry this poor sufferer bodily to His feet; whether John would help her; whether it was wrong and cowardly to feel relief that it was not required of them;—all these were mingled with homely, womanly self-questionings as to cleanliness and the like: how she was to provide decent change of linen for the poor 'lost' creature; whether she could wash what he now had on without danger to John and his mother, and whether the latter might not justly blame her if she attempted it.

And all the while the half-wit sat at the foot of the stairs, and holloed up them at intervals what no doubt he meant for ghostly counsel and advice.

'Tha'll die, Jack! Tha'll none get ower it this time.' 'I'n fetched her to thee, Jack; and tha mun mind what hoo says to thee, for hoo'll talk to thee about thi' soul.' 'Thi' soul's i' a bad road, I doubt; and tha's none going to get thro' this bout, so mind what tha' art thinkin' on!' And so on, while the sick man hardly heard him, and Margery rather wished he would hold his peace, but was not at all so much shocked as some of us would have been who are not in reality half so tenderhearted as she. It seemed to her nothing more than the truth; and had she not heard of a rough or careless word being 'blessed' where gentler warnings and wiser instructions had failed?

I think her patient was past heeding even her words, though

possibly something of the spirit of them may have broken through the icy crust of misery and stupidity that had grown over his soul.

He hardly spoke a word; and presently his poor friend at the bottom of the steps grew tired of his unanswered exhortations, and of listening vainly for the murmur of Margery's low voice from above.

'Sithee, missus!' he shouted after a pause, 'I'm getten stark wi' sitting here, and I'm boun' to goo whoam.'

This amounted to a threat, and Margery heard it with some consternation.

'Nay, Bill,' she called softly, coming to the head of the stairs. 'You brought me here and you'll not go away without me, surely? I'll not be so long, now; and then you'll go home with me and get some supper.'

'Your old missus yonder 'ill none gie me any supper,' said Bill, decidedly, 'and I'm none going to wait upo' that! If yo' want to walk along wi' me, yo' mun just come your ways now.'

The dark, lonely road had a certain amount of terror for Margery, just because she could not have said what there was to fear.

She tried again to persuade the half-wit to stay with her, but did *not* try to persuade herself that her patient could now do without her. She had a little plan for his comfort, and until that was carried out it would have seemed to her impossible to leave him.

So she listened wistfully to the sound of Bill's retreating step as it died away in the distance, and went quietly on with her task, feeling a little sinking of the heart as she thought how late it must be getting, but not letting the slightest hint of hurry appear in her voice or manner.

The time came at last when she felt that she must go. John would be waiting up for her, tired out with his long walk and the day's business, and for his fatigue she had some compassion if none for her own. But it was reluctantly that she lit the extra candle she had brought with her, put the mug of water within the sufferer's reach, and left him alone in his dreary quarters.

'If John doesn't mind I'll come again to-morrow,' she said to herself; and in planning how to arrange her day's work so as to make a spare hour—no easy matter—the lonely miles of the road home were passed over with few doubts and tremors.

The little house was all dark as she turned in at the farmyard gate.

'John doesn't generally think to put up the shutters,' she thought, 'but I dare say the windows 'ud rattle to-night;' and she did not allow herself to think that *she* would never have barred up the blink of the home-light if it had been John who was out in the darkness.

Undoubting, she stepped into the tiny porch and lifted the latch, but the door would not open. She shook it, but it held firm—it was locked.

'John, it's me!' she cried, wondering; but there was no step on the floor, no hand to turn the key.

For a moment she stood there, puzzled and abashed; and then it seemed to her that she knew how it was. John had somehow been kept out all night, and the old mother had not thought proper to sit up,—would, in fact, rather enjoy being able to say that she had had to get out of her bed to let Margery in from her gadding. What matter! it was all right, as long as nothing was amiss with John; and Margery hurried round the house to the side on which the old woman slept, and caught up a handful of earth, and flung it up at the window, heedless of reproof in her anxiety to be assured that her guess was correct.

There was no light there, of course; but neither was there any movement or any answer, even when in her urgency she tried another and a heavier handful. Desperate with anxiety, Margery darted round to the seldom-used front door, and shook and knocked on it with a force that echoed through the whole house. If any one was alive in the place they must needs hear that.

And at that moment the window above did open, and a man's head was thrust out, dimly visible in the darkness.

'John, is that you?' she gasped, her voice changed by terror or relief almost beyond recognition.

'Ay, it's me,' he answered; and his voice too seemed changed. 'What are you doing there?'

'Waiting to be let in! John, the door's fast! Didn't you know?'

'I know right enough. Did you look to be let in after your goings on?'

'Let in? John! Why, I believe you don't know me. It's Margery.'

'Ay, I know you; and I know where you've been, and where you'd best go back to! You're not fit to come into this house, and I wonder you durst try it. Maybe you thought I didn't know of your doings?'

Margery could not see her husband's face, and it seemed to her that her ears deceived her. Such a tone she had never heard in his voice before. At this moment he flung out something—a piece of paper—and she saw it glimmering white as it fell, and mechanically caught it, but forgot it even while she held it crushed in her hand.

'John!' she faltered, bewildered past the possibility of effective pleading, 'aren't you going to let me in?'

'No! And I wonder you've the brazen face to ask it!'

He was shutting the window, and she cried out, as if her life depended on staying his hand—

'Where am I to go, then?'

The window came down with a bang, but it did not quite drown the words 'What do I care?' Perhaps it gave them an added emphasis.

Margery stood quite still for a moment or two, then a certain pride, common to mortally wounded creatures, awoke in her, and made her realise with a sort of surprise that she could move,—that she could walk, though the earth was rocking under her feet—that she *must* walk out of sight of that window. She forgot that it was black night, and that her form at three yards' distance was indistinguishable; and eyes from that closed window seemed to pierce her through and through.

She knew well enough now how it was; they were afraid to let her in, afraid of the small-pox. The old mother had been wilfully deaf, and her husband had used hard words to hide his fear. They did not mean to let her in.

The cold north-wester rushed upon her round the corner of the house, as if delighting in finding her shelterless and friendless, and the blast made her stagger where she stood. It made her feel suddenly weak and tired, though ten minutes before she had not known that she was weary.

Margery walked a few steps across the yard without knowing where she was going, except that it was out of reach of the wind. A shed door stood open, and she stepped inside, and as the straw that lay upon the floor tangled itself round her dragging feet, she half-unconsciously sank down upon it, sitting as she had seen tramps sit, but as she had never in all her happy life

sat before, with her arms clasped round her knees and her head resting on them.

She did not think—who thinks while all the senses reel after a death-blow?—but all her soul ached with one great 'If.'

'*If* he had loved me, he would never have taken it like this!'

That was what she would have said if she had been forced to give sorrow words. 'If he had loved me as I love him, he would not have been afraid; he would never have shut me out in the cold night and rated me like a hound!'

The pang struck back into the past, and robbed her of every memory in it worth having—the dreams of her long courtship, the sunshine of her wedding-day. It brought home to her what a woman more used to introspection would have realised long before, that there had been little talk of love in her husband's wooing, that she had taken it for granted that she was to him what he was to her, had taken much for granted that perhaps had never been.

It was all clear to her at last; he had never cared for her, he did not care now. And the fibre of nobleness in her own nature made her feel with almost keener poignancy the truth that he had not cared for *himself* either, for his duty as a husband or his honour as a man.

Through base, selfish fear he had acted an unworthy part, and nothing could set him right again in the eyes that had reverenced and idealised him. She sat there amid the ruins of her life and her love, and her thoughts were none the less bitter because she had no words for them, even in the depths of her own soul. She could not look beyond that night. Doubtless, when his fright was over and all was safe, her husband would be willing that she should return to him,—even desirous, for her work was worth a good deal. She had no need to fear that she would be long without a home; but she could not care just then to know how the future would go. Her husband had driven her from his door and from his heart and his life with the self-same deed, and to the latter he could never take her back, even if he wished it.

It was not in Margery's nature to keep a debtor and creditor account with any one—to reckon up the faithful service she had rendered to her husband, or the gentle consideration she had shown to his mother. But now, for once, her heart cried out that she had been ill-repaid for all the love that she had lavished;

that she, who had been always merciful, had met with judgment without mercy.

One may guess that she felt this, from a certain shame and reticence with which she alluded to the feelings of that night. What she *did* I know from her own lips.

'I said to myself at last,' quoth she, long afterwards, '"There's this in it—since my John doesn't want me, I can go back to poor Jack Goodall." And I went. I didn't know what time it was, nor what I was to answer if any one spoke to me, nor how I was to live. I scarce knew whether I was in the body or out of the body; but I just got up and went back to Moorhay.'

Her hair was white as snow, and 'John' had been long years in his grave when Margery told me the story of that night. She had often told me of his death and funeral without a tear or a sigh, with the easy cheerfulness of one who was thinking all the while, '*I too shall go in a minute: what time have I to be vexed?*'

But her lips quivered a moment with the sting of remembered anguish as she said, 'since my John doesn't want me.' The wound had been so deep that the scar had been tender through all the years between youth and age.

But she evidently saw nothing remarkable in the fact that, with her wound still fresh, she had risen up and gone back to the work of love that had cost her so dear. And I said nothing. It would have 'put her about' that any one should seem to think much of her doings, though with the garrulousness of age she loved to talk of old times; and what, indeed, was there for any one to say, till the Judge Himself should say 'Well done'?

* * * * * * *

When the grey dawn-light crept into the loft where Jack Goodall lay sleeping, Margery suddenly bethought herself of that piece of paper, which she had held clutched in an unconscious grasp, till she had needed her hands for some service, and then had thrust, without thinking of it, into her pocket. Her hand encountered it there at last, and the touch roused a vague wonder in the mind that had passed beyond grief and a sense of wrong into a dreary apathy.

She drew it out, and began slowly to decipher it, standing close under the round hole that served as a window to the loft.

Her husband's writing was what she had expected to see; but he was too good a scholar to have penned those shaky,

crazy lines under any circumstances. And this is what she read—

'DEER SON,

'Your wife have gon off with that Will Wagstaff, spite of all i could say or do. If she thinks to com back do not you let her in, that is my advise. I told her i was not going to stay heer with any such doings so have gon to my darters.

'Your Mother,

'HANNAH GERVASE.'

Margery's wits were not at their brightest, after her night of walking and watching and grief.

She read this strange epistle through twice, and stood staring at it in blank bewilderment, hardly realising by whom it must have been written, or what it meant.

Then suddenly a light flashed across her mind. With a low, half-uttered cry she clasped her hands over her face, while the paper dropped unheeded at her feet, and she felt her cheeks beginning to burn against her cold, trembling fingers.

The poor half-wit was not the only William Wagstaff of the neighbourhood; indeed, the name suggested to most people a very different person—a young man who was in full possession of his intellect, and for whom, before he went away from the parish, half the girls were supposed to be pulling caps.

He had been away ever since Margery's marriage, and she knew why, though she had hardly thought once of him in those three years. But she remembered now to have heard some time ago that he was coming back, and remembered too that the only occasion on which John and she had had a quarrel during their engagement was when he had 'lowered' himself to be jealous of this same Will Wagstaff.

Could it be? Had he misunderstood his mother's words, and did he think *that?*

Margery snatched up the letter and read its brief contents once again. Certainly John might have understood them *so*, and then——

She turned with a quick, impulsive motion, as if to go home that instant; then checked herself, paused, and finally sat down on the stool.

'He needn't have been so ready to think *that* of me, if that's what he did think,' she said to herself. 'Well, he'll find out his

mistake before long, I reckon! And then, if so be he's not afraid—if he is the man I took him for—it's his part to come to *me*.'

He was not afraid, I suppose, for it was not very long before there came another voice at the foot of the stairs, and a hurried step mounting them two at a stride, and the stout, stolid-looking farmer strode into the infected room, and took his wife, in spite of her half-terrified protest, into a close embrace, tender as it was clumsy.

Margery never told me what he said to her then; and, indeed, I suspect he said very little.

But somehow, with few words or with none, he contrived to make her understand what she was to him so effectually that she was never in doubt on that point again.

To her fears that he might take the small-pox, he answered briefly that it would serve him right if he did, not taking into consideration that such a contingency would be far more of a punishment to her than to him.

But he did not take it, nor Margery either, though she tended poor Jack Goodall till he died. And when the routine of life on the little farm began again, the power of the stern old mother-in-law was all but gone, and Margery, though kinder to her than ever, was a freer and happier woman.

'I've had a blessed life, a happy life, my dear,' she used to say to me, ending her long tales of the uneventful past; 'I thank my God for every day of it.'

And if sometimes I felt a little doubt and wonder, looking round the desolate little homestead where she lived so sparely and worked so hard, when I looked in her face I believed her, every word.

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

LEGION of white-winged gulls with your petulant crying,
What have you learnt from the light tossing waves in their glee?
Petrels that scream through the spray when the storm-fiend shoreward is flying,
Sing us the song of the sea!—
'"Oh, fair and free are your flashing wings,
But freer am I!" is the song it sings.'

Grim grey cliffs unchanged in your patriarch glory,
Tide after tide has rolled through your echoing caves,
Centuries long you have heard, while the wild sea told you its story—
What is the song of the waves?—
'"Ah!" they laugh, "we shall swirl and roar
Long after the cliffs are known no more!"'

Shining weed, far down in the blue deeps swaying,
Crimson and gold and green in fairylike throng,
Wonderful sounds and strange through your silent alleys are straying—
Whisper the ocean song!—
'"Deep, deep, the hushed waves keep
Guard where the ocean secrets sleep!"

'Never shall echo our halls to the foot of a mortal;
Never our secrets fall from an earthborn tongue;
Never may those return that pass the enchanted portal
Where the song of the sea is sung!
For the salt tides ebb and the salt tides flow,
But they wake not those that sleep below.'

HELEN OUSTON.

THE ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY A. F. HORT.

PART II.—TEXTUAL CRITICISM.

SUCH, then, is the material—Greek manuscripts, versions, quotations: assuredly the scholar has not here to make his bricks without straw. A word on the *amount* of documentary evidence. There is an incomparably greater body of testimony than is available for fixing the text of any classical writer; hence it is possible, and, owing to the transcendent importance of the subject-matter, desirable to settle points which, in editing Virgil or Sophocles, would generally be disregarded as unimportant, or left undecided, for the reader to make his own choice. In fact, if it seems that in the New Testament so vast a number of readings is under discussion, that we are inclined to ask whether a text in which so much is, or has been considered doubtful, can be on the whole trustworthy, we must always bear in mind these facts: That in editing the New Testament we aim at a far nearer verbal correspondence with the lost original, than is possible in editing a classical author; and secondly, that, setting aside quite small points of difference, such as those of mere spelling, which do not materially affect the sense, the number of words in the New Testament as to which there is still doubt, amounts to only about one thousandth part of the whole. It is with this thousandth part, generally speaking, that the science of textual criticism has to deal; and here again it is worth noticing that critics find it worth while to consider differences of reading, which are in themselves unimportant. In this matter, as in so much else, the study of error clears the way for the perception of the truth.

It will be readily seen that the science of textual criticism is no mere guess-work, but a science of very complicated methods,

and presents problems of extreme delicacy in the weighing of evidence. Its principles can hardly, from the nature of things, be satisfactorily expounded in a single lecture, but it may be of interest to point out, avoiding technicalities, some few considerations which are not immediately obvious to those who have not given thought to the matter.

In the first place, what do we mean by the *text* of the New Testament? There is a certain looseness in the conventional use of the word, which must be understood in order to avoid confusion. It means properly by derivation a 'woven web,' that is, in this connection, the actual framework or *texture* of words written down, as distinguished from the sense which they convey to the reader. The 'text' of Virgil, then, should mean the actual words which Virgil or his amanuensis wrote down; or, more accurately still, which he *meant* to write down (for any one may make slips). Then to restore the 'text' of Virgil means to discover the actual words which he used by clearing away the errors introduced by successive copyings. But the word is also loosely used for the words of some particular copy, not the author's own words; or, again, for *all* the existing copies of his works spoken of collectively. It is in this sense that we say, 'The text of such and such an author is in a bad state,' whereas we really mean that the various *copies* of his text are corrupt: if we had his *text*, our search would, of course, be at end before it had begun. With this explanation, we are free to use the word 'text' in more than one sense, remembering that it does not always mean precisely the same thing.

The aim, then, of textual criticism is to arrive at the author's actual web of words, which has become altered or corrupted by repeated copyings, continued in the case of the New Testament text through several centuries. The ideal of the New Testament critic will be to discover approximately the words written down, probably in papyrus-rolls, by the apostles and evangelists. I say 'approximately,' because we have to remember that our *direct* evidence for the text only carries us back to the fourth century; we cannot conclude with certainty as to errors which may have crept in between the writing of the autographs and the date of our earliest manuscripts. But criticism is not only concerned with the correction of error, it must also—and this may easily be forgotten—certify correctness. In passages, the interpretation of which is doubtful, it is extremely important to be able to say, 'The text is sound,' that is, it can be proved to

have been faithfully transmitted from the earliest time to which our investigations reach. The textual critic's decision is here of all the more value, that it is, or ought to be, free from the bias, however unconscious, of the commentator. The words, and the words only, are the critic's province; with the interpretation he has nothing whatever to do.

Now, why does a text become corrupt simply by being copied? The answer is: Because human nature is weak. The saying of the Latin Grammar, 'Any one may make mistakes,' is 'none the less true for being a truism.' What sort of mistakes then are they to which the variety of the human species called copyists, is specially liable? They are of many kinds, because one copyist is not necessarily like another. Some are more literary than others, some more conscientious, some more sleepy. It will suffice to point out a few sources of error. The obvious classification is into conscious and unconscious errors, but a hard-and-fast line cannot be drawn between the two classes, and many may be best described as *semi*-conscious errors.

Unconscious errors are those due to inattention in its manifold forms; with these we can all sympathise; or, again, to distraction, an equally familiar cause. Let any one, who boasts himself immaculate on this score, try to copy a page of a letter, say in German character, while thinking of something else, or in a room where others are talking. These various forms of imperfect attention have been classified under technical names, with which we can here dispense. These terms denote, among others, the tendencies to write one word twice over, to omit a word or words, to skip a line or more, to misspell, while attending to the form of the letters rather than the sense. These errors may be aggravated by many causes, internal or external, such as want of intelligence or education on the part of the scribe, abnormal sleepiness induced by a mechanical occupation, unintelligent or too rapid dictation, copying from a copy itself carelessly made, unconscious remembrance of another text, or in the text itself chance resemblances, especially at the end of words or of a line, which mislead the eye. Moreover, the copyist was most often without the modern helps afforded by paragraphs, stops, or even division between the words. I need hardly add that the division into chapters and verses is quite modern. Very familiarity with what he was copying often led the scribe astray. He knew the sense, when his business was with the words before him, and so what was in his mind often affected

his reading of what was before his eyes. Amusing instances could be given of errors of this class, which exhibit in a most interesting way the human characteristics of the men whose handiwork we are apt to regard as so much dusty parchment. One would often like to know more of these obscure benefactors of humanity, with whom the jaded penman finds it so easy to sympathise. It would take too long to quote examples of each kind of unconscious error; one of the commonest is that called a gloss, that is, the incorporation in the text of a marginal note. For instance, in a passage in 2 Corinthians, the words 'it is so written in many copies' are actually given by one manuscript as part of the text, to the confusion of the sense, it need hardly be said. In this particular instance the error is obvious; more often the gloss, having once got into the text, has been forced by alteration at the hands of another scribe, who saw the confusion, but not its cause, into apparent harmony with the grammar and sense of the passage, making confusion truly worse confounded.

Conscious error is a far more serious matter, and cannot be entered into at length here. I may mention as a common and very baffling tendency the desire to produce verbal harmony, for instance between the different accounts of the same event or speech preserved in the different gospels. Akin to this is the predilection for a smooth text, leading men to smoothe away difficulties by substituting more familiar words or by paraphrasing. Instances in which doctrinal bias has corrupted the text are likewise not unknown. Enough has been said to show that the critic's task is one of great complexity, and he needs all the vast array of documents available, as well as a mind trained to the weighing of evidence, in order to diminish as far as possible the field of uncertainty and conjecture, and give to as many disputed passages as possible the certainty which belongs to the greater part of the text. How, then, is he to reduce to order the seeming chaos of conflicting testimony? It can only be by *classification* of the documents according to their respective characters. As all copies are ultimately descended from a common source—the autographs of the New Testament writers—all must stand in a kind of affinity to one another. It becomes therefore possible to trace certain lines of descent, and the study of documents thus becomes *genealogical.* We are then able to dispense with a manuscript which can be shown to have been copied from an older one, also still extant.

And again, though priority of date is a strong presumption in favour of a higher degree of purity, it sometimes happens that a later manuscript is of *more* value than an older one, when, that is, it is seen to be derived from a lost manuscript older than the oldest before us. For instance, if we have two manuscripts, X of the sixth century and Y of the tenth, and can show that Y is a fairly faithful copy of a lost Z of the fifth century, descended through a line of accurate copyists, Y will then probably be of greater value than X: in other words, it is not the number of *years* in a manuscript's life which causes corruption, but the number of *copyings*.

Studied in this way, the documents group themselves into families presenting, so to say, different racial types. If this were all, the critic's task would be comparatively simple. As it is, the families have often *intermarried;* that is to say, deliberate revisions have taken place, such as that of the Latin versions by Jerome; or again, a copyist may have had more than one text before him, and may either have decided between various readings with only the slender stock of critical judgment at his disposal, or else have fused them together and given us a reading compounded of two or more. This is technically called 'conflation.'

The result of all this is that there is a great deal of *mixture* in all our documents, and that, though scholars can distinguish certain clearly marked lines of descent, they cannot say of any manuscript, 'This belongs to such and such a family,' but only, 'This manuscript is stamped more or less strongly with the character of such and such a family, while showing also traces of other family types.' I have said, I think, enough to show the general character both of the difficulties and the interest of the science. It will now be easily seen that, before finally deciding between conflicting readings, the critic must have formed an opinion on the relative value of the documents. Such an opinion can only be formed by study of the contents of the documents themselves, whence a twofold process is necessary: first, examination of the readings preserved by a given manuscript with a view to obtaining an opinion as to its family relationships, and so a presumption as to its value; and secondly, examination of its readings in particular passages with a view to deciding between them and the readings of other manuscripts; in other words, before making the final decision, we must generally consider not only the probability of one

reading as against another, but also the authority of one whole manuscript as against another or others, and still more the authority of one *group* of manuscripts as against another group. Thus the superior value of one manuscript or group of manuscripts over others may come in to decide between rival readings, either of which is in itself unobjectionable. The perception of this fact, that manuscripts can be classified in groups and families, is perhaps the most important modern development of the science of textual criticism. It reduces chaos to order, and makes a quick end of more than one crude, old-fashioned method, such as that of deciding by mere numerical preponderance of testimony. Mere *number* of witnesses is, of course, nothing, if their testimony is *collusive;* it is the number of *independent* witnesses with which we are concerned. It is difficult to give an account at once clear and compressed of the principles of this science; it may be well, for clearness' sake, to recapitulate in a different and slightly more technical form what I have already said.

Suppose, then, that we have before us a passage in which there is a variety of testimony as to the reading. The problem is to decide without having recourse to a guess, and at the same time without allowing weight to our own individual prejudice. The result will not be satisfactory unless we go on some definite scientific method. Now we may ask, 'Which reading makes the best sense here, and is best attested by the style and known characteristics of the author?' In other words, 'Which is St. Luke, for example, likely to have written?' If we settle the question in this way, we are using what is called 'Intrinsic Internal Evidence.' Or again, we may ask, 'Which reading is the *copyist* most likely to have made St. Luke *seem* to have written?' The evidence so obtained is called 'Transcriptional Internal Evidence.' *Internal* evidence, then, or that supplied by the passage itself as to its own character, is of two kinds, each of which is valuable, and neither of which can safely be neglected. Danger, however, lies in the *exclusive* use of either or even of both of these methods, because they must be to some extent what logicians call *à priori.* They leave scope for the individual bias or prejudice, however unconscious, of the critic; and again the combined use of the two may leave us with this result—that of two rival readings, A and B, A is intrinsically the most probable, and B the most probable transcriptionally, in which case we have no means of reconciliation. Thus a third

method must be called in to arbitrate, and to supplement the defects of the other two. This is the study of external or documentary evidence. This, which may be called the 'Comparative Method,' is of paramount importance here, as in other sciences. It demands that, instead of deciding each passage on its own merits alone, we shall bring to bear on it the history of *all* the documents concerned, and deduce our own conclusion from knowledge gained by study of their character. And in this investigation we shall not be content to pit one document against another, but shall arrange the documents in groups and families. In this way we are enabled to account for the wrong readings as well as to discover the right. We can say of which family each of the various readings before us exhibits the characteristic features, and so decide which has come down to us by the purest line of transmission. I have assumed, of course, a somewhat simple and straightforward case. It will readily be believed that this process involves subordinate investigations of many different kinds. The value of its results, when combined with those of the two methods of internal evidence, is expressed in the dictum—'Knowledge of documents must precede final judgment upon readings.'

In conclusion, when all has been done that textual criticism can conceivably do with its present materials, we attain the authority, not of course of the autographs of the apostles and evangelists, but of copies descended from them, and not many generations—to keep up the family metaphor—removed from them. We reach, that is, a point at which the different lines of descent are converging to the common ancestor, the autographs. There will still remain the possibility of corruption *between* the autographs and this point, and in such cases, which are probably very few, the critic can only note the probability of 'primitive corruption.' It is in this limited area, if anywhere, that conjectural emendation may be allowed, since restoration is beyond the reach of the ordinary methods of evidence. There is a general feeling that in dealing with the words of the Bible guessing is out of place, and so the scholar must be content in such cases to note primitive corruption as likely, and leave the text as it stands. He may, of course, record his guess in a note, but not insert it in the text as having authority, however plausible.

This short sketch, fragmentary as it is, may, I hope, serve to show at least what is the magnitude and delicacy of the work

which has been gone through, in order that we might have as faithful as possible a record of the New Testament writings. Textual criticism is an exacting science, and the critic must, it is clear, be equipped for his task with mental qualities not of the commonest, and, specialist as he is, his training and his grasp must be wide. The last critical edition of the Greek Testament produced in this country represents the labours of the best part of thirty years; yet who shall say that labour so bestowed is conversant with words and not with realities?

THE SAILORS WHO SWIM FROM THE HEAD.

BY C. M. YONGE.

THEY are not acrobats, but of a longer genealogy than ourselves. The surviving members of the family are not at all popular, but their former dwellings are among the most valued of our curiosities, and the cradles of one of the race are models of beauty.

We know some of their relations, for most of us have picked up shells on the beach, some polished with fresh sea-water, others adhering to rocks, others on sea-weed—and these are generally thrown away with the exclamation, 'Here's a nasty creature inside,' though it is the 'nasty creature's' proper home, and we are the cruel giants who wish to eject him.

The shells that escape being discarded in the packing as rubbish become part of the nursery accumulation, and serve various imaginary purposes till they disappear in fragments. Or travellers bring home a few handsome specimens, which adorn mantelpieces, less regarded than the accompanying china curiosities. As to any study of shells, most people regard it as did poor Mr. Casaubon when advised to distract his thoughts with conchology.

Yet great part of the surface of our globe is formed of *débris* of shells, and the perfect ones have fitly been termed 'medals of creation,' for their structure assists materially in showing the age of the stratum in which they lie. These head-footed sailors were the most remarkable and beautifully housed among them, though not the most ancient.

The entire race are termed Mollusca, from the Latin *Mollis* (soft), their bodies being entirely soft, without bones, but with muscles, and enclosed in an envelope, called the mantle. This is full of glands, where, in most cases, lime or calcareous matter is secreted from the water and even from the air, and then deposited again in the beautiful dwelling that we call a shell.

The thickness of the shell generally depends on the amount of lime diffused in its habitation. Thus sea-shells are, as a rule, stouter in fabric than fresh-water ones; land shells are frail; and some mollusks, better known to us as slugs, creep about without any shell at all.[1]

They are distinguished from the crustaceans, *i.e.* the crabs and lobster-kind, by their shells being more entirely composed of carbonate of lime, whereas there is much phosphate of lime in the crustacean carapace, which, moreover, is cast off every year and renewed, while the shell of the mollusk is born with it, and grows with its growth.

Almost all the shells preserved in stone belong to genera which have living representatives, but are modified in each stage.

These fossils used to be appealed to as tangible witnesses to the Flood, left by it on the tops of mountains; and so inconvenient was this proof in the eyes of Voltaire that he promulgated a counter theory that they were sports of nature—stones, made in the form of shells. Science has a good deal changed opinions since the days of Voltaire, and we know now that these fossil remnants existed long before the Deluge, and neither prove nor disprove it.

Mollusca all have breathing and digestive organs, and a species of heart and circulation. It is by the arrangement of these that they are classified first into those with heads and without heads.

Highest in order stand those provided with heads and legs, and well-footed indeed they are; but, strange to say, they are for the most part unshelled, or with only a strange pen-like bony shell inside the queer body. In fact, they seem to have left their shell behind them in the course of ages.

The existing representatives of this race of Cephalopods are those unpleasant animals known as squids, cuttle-fish, or poulpes. Their bodies are a sack, but they have heads, with large, bright fierce eyes, and a sharp beak, and from their heads spread out, like the arms of an Indian divinity, a whole star of arms or feelers, eight or sometimes ten of them, and much worse than the Indian monster's ray-like arms and hands starting from the elbow, and apparently only serving to be chopped off by the conquering hero. For these are very long, and furnished with little suckers which hold fast on to their prey, while within the formidable parrot-beak is a long, ribbon-like tongue with sharp

teeth on either side of it—a most terrible weapon. Besides this, some of the species carry a bag of ink, with which they darken the water. They are fearful monsters in the Pacific Ocean, where, besides the eight lesser arms, they have two longer feelers. Their full spread is at least six feet long, and when they once lay hold of a bather, the grasp of their feelers is frightful, and nothing can be done for him but to cut off the limbs one by one, and pull them off afterwards. One, the *Oumastæphes Sagittalus*, or Flying Squid, can jump out of the water upon the deck of a ship, and others sometimes threaten to come on board of canoes, and lay hold of the unhappy mariner with the feelers. They have an internal shell, or skeleton, which is sometimes seen in collections of curiosities, and called a sea-pen.

The formidable creature which Victor Hugo describes as a *Poulpe* in his *Travailleurs de la Mer*, was one of these, and there can be little doubt that the Scylla of the Odyssey, with her six long necks armed with rows of sharp teeth, was another giant squid—the twelve feet and the dog's heads being imaginary.

Spartan black broth was probably coloured with the ink of these animals. The *Sepia officinalis* and others of the same eight-armed genus are eaten on the Mediterranean coasts. The ink forms our well-known brown material for painting, and it is also said to be made into Indian ink, mixed with lampblack from the smoke of the lights in idols' temples. In a fossil specimen Dr. Buckland found the ink fresh enough to enable Sir Francis Chantrey to draw the portrait of the remains of the owner. In this case the bag was in company with a Belemnite. These last are cylindrical-pointed fossils, much like cigars—no doubt mere skeletons of forms of Octopus. They have been called elf-bolts, thunder-bolts, fairy candles, and in Egypt, the leeks used for the food of the Israelites. They are found in almost all the strata from the palæozoic to the secondary and tertiary formations.

But it is one of the Octopus tribe that is the most interesting. We all of us have looked with admiration at the delicate tissue-paper-like boat of the nautilus, or argonaut, rippling like the waves, just tipped with sepia-brown, and gracefully curved over. Indeed, if we know no other verse of Alexander Pope, we all have been told to

> 'Learn of the little nautilus to sail—
> Spread the thin oar and catch the driving gale;'

and pictures used to be familiar of the shell, boat fashion on the water, with large fans raised up as sails, and three oars propelling it on either side. The notion is as old as Aristotle. Indeed, Miss Edgeworth mixed the argonaut up with the Chamber Nautilus—the Nautilus proper, endowed it with cells, and explained that these were filled with water to enable it to sink.

Alas! it turned out, under more accurate observation, that nobody had ever seen an argonaut sailing. Indeed, when it moves on the water, all its arms are gathered together; the shell is in a reverse position—upside down, as it were; all the arms drawn up together, and the direction what we should call backwards; and it was further found that the lungs contain a large tube, which injects water and ejects it sharply, so as to carry it on its way. However, it appeared that, unlike other mollusks, the creature did not adhere to the shell, but could leave it behind on being alarmed, and another great difference is that when freshly caught the shell is soft and limp, and only hardens afterwards.

M. Rang at Algiers, and Madame Jeanette Power at Messina, gradually by patient observation solved the mystery. The male argonaut is an ordinary octopus without a shell, except the internal one. The female alone possesses the shell, which is made by secretions from the cells of carbonate of lime in the so-called sails, or membranes. This was shown by the fact that if the membrane were damaged, the shell on that side was imperfect. Madame Power kept a number in a cistern, perceived when they laid their eggs in the shell, saw the infant argonauts emerge in twenty-five days, and, after twelve more, they began to expand their webs slowly, deposit fresh boats, or rather cradles, and fearlessly leave their mother. They hold on to the shell by their webs, but never set them up as sails, and live chiefly outside, as it were, but perish if separated from it. The *Argonauta Argo* is found in all warm seas; the Mediterranean is full of them; and they are also found in many parts of the Atlantic. Scores of the shells are washed up on the South African coast, and I have one, given me by the hero of the *Blanche*, which fought a nearly forgotten fight with the Americans in the war of 1814. This is less frail and more shining than *A. Argo*, and without the chocolate tips; but I do not know whether it is a different species. There are two other species, *A. hians* or gaping, and *A. gondola*, a coarser-grained shell. Cuttle-fish, or squids, or calamaries, *Sepia officinalis*,

of very formidable dimensions, are found by fishermen on our own coasts, clinging round the fish in their nets, and when caught, are cut up to serve for bait in their turn. Their skeleton bone is shuttle-shaped, with white powdery stuff adhering, said to be good for tooth powder. I used to pick them up many years ago in a pebbly cove below Plymouth Hoe, now improved away.

Linnæus classed with argonauts all that he did not understand, including among them the tiny microscopical things now known as Foraminifera, and inhabiting the bottom of the present ocean, as well as being the material of chalk in billions of millions.

Cephalopoda with large, handsome shells were evidently far more numerous in those long-past ages that formed what geologists call the secondary system. There is a broad and peculiar stripe extending across England from Dorset to Yorkshire which teems with remains of the beautiful shells called Ammonites, from their supposed resemblance to the ram's horns with which Jupiter Ammon is endued. There can be little doubt that these coiled shells, with a certain resemblance to twisted snakes, 'making corkscrews of themselves,' as Mark Tapley says, were the origin of the classic tale of serpents turned to stone by Medusa's head. Similarly a Christian legend at Whitby told—

> 'How of ten thousand snakes each one
> Was changed into a coil of stone
> When holy Hilda prayed.'

These transformed snakes of St. Hilda are still plentiful about Whitby. Indeed, ammonites of all sizes are common throughout the secondary series, ranging from the size of the wheel of a wheelbarrow to that of a pea. I have seen them near Weymouth forming the coping along the top of a stone wall. They are often exceedingly beautiful, with all varieties of ribs and knobs and varied sculptures on their flat spiral coils, and on division are seen to have been all cellular shells, curiously like the most fully developed shell of the minute Foraminifera.

There are only two living descendants of these: First the *Spirula Australis*, or Ram's horn, a pretty little white coil much like a ram's horn, and with the coils separate (unlike the ammonites), with cells dividing the interior, each division pierced. Almost every collector soon acquires a number of

these, more or less broken, for the empty shells are to be found all over the coasts of the entire ocean, even in England, yet till very recent times nobody knew what the owner was like.

A Frenchman named Perou, on a surveying expedition to the South Pacific early in the century, was the first to discover that the spirula is embedded within the sac of a cephalopod about as large as a mouse. Even now the perfect animal has so seldom been seen that the form of the feelers is uncertain, and the habits are unknown.

Almost equal uncertainty prevailed as to the great Chamber Nautilus, the *Nautilus pompilius*, though its shells were known in classic times, and dedicated to the deified Egyptian priestess, Arsinoë. Aristotle likewise described them, they having been seen on the voyage of discovery sent forth by Alexander, and the shells were often mounted and made into cups or vases. But the inhabitant remained a mystery till one was caught near Erromango, floating on the water. It seems that they cover their shells so much with their bodies as to be seldom recognized, and are often taken for lumps of blubber; and, like the argonauts, the males are small, shell-less and insignificant. The shell, which every one has seen, is very largely composed of nacre, or pearly matter within, and curved over. The outside is white with broad chestnut bands starting from the back and narrowing off and with a dark plum-coloured shade at the apex. The front of the shell is a deep cavern, where dwells the nautilus, but when dissected we discover that the inner part is spiral and divided into a succession of curves, a number of cells connected by a little pearly tube running through all. The nautilus on outgrowing her bower moves forward, filling up in her rear with a plate of shelly matter, but leaving a membranous thread running through all. She creeps with her heavy shell upwards at the bottom of the sea, but seldom comes to the surface.

She is the sole survivor of hosts of curious forms found in rocks, such as the *Asinoceras*, like a pastoral staff, and the *Turritiles*, just like the Tower of Babel in old Scripture illustrations; all vanished in life, though preserved in death.

Nearly related are the strange-footed purple snails, you will call them; indeed violet snail is their proper English name, *Ianthina* their Latin title, from their colour, for they are always of the same tint of purple in varying shades of depth; and Linnæus, going by their form, classed them all as one species

Helix Ianthina; while more modern classification has disposed of them in various ways. They are certainly not snails, like as is their shell, for they have a large head, a short, swollen proboscis, with a perpendicular mouth, furnished with thick lips and teeth or hooks, two pair of little tentacles, the outer pair of which have, at their base, small dim eyes. Their foot is very small, not made for land or shore walking, but ending in a broad fin with a float of vesicles or little bubble-like appendages. The shell is exceedingly light and brittle, and with this float of tiny bladders, it dances about, upside down, as we should say, on the sea, the shell below, the float above, going in whole fleets together, four species often in one. The eggs are deposited in little bubbles, and these hatch, and the small shells grow and come to the outside of this curious raft as younger ones follow within, till at last they are detached and start on their own account. On calm days in the high seas, sheets of them may be seen, in increasing numbers, towards evening, but they sink themselves in bad weather and sometimes are driven ashore in such hosts that the coast is quite purpled with them; but there they lie, poor things, incapable of moving by land, and either dying or being washed out again by the next tide. If alarmed, they put out their tongue and eject a purple fluid. They are found in all warm seas, and the shells get cast up in numbers on most coasts. My largest and most purple *Ianthina communis* was sent me by Mrs. Gatty from the north coast of Ireland. *Ianthina exigua* is very like the greater —exquisite little Maoris, for they come from New Zealand.

Once there were classed with the argonauts, certain wonderfully delicate fragile creatures, looking like Phrygian caps made of thin wrinkled glass, more transparent and brittle than even the argonaut, and with a sharp ridge or keel along the outer side, whence they are called Carinaria. Linnæus made them *Argonauta carinaria*, and as such I knew their likeness in 'Wood's Catalogue,' the guide of those Linnæan days, and still an excellent one, as far as it goes. Great was my delight at receiving these two beauties which had been brought up by a fisher in Corfu, and happily preserved in spite of their extreme delicacy. I have since learnt that their modern name is *Carinaria fragilis*, and I have seen some in museums considerably larger, but quite as pure and glassy in texture, coming from tropical seas, but they are so frail that few would capture or preserve them who did not appreciate them. These

shells are in fact the bells which protect the liver and bronchial apparatus of a sea slug, furnished with a long trunk enclosing teeth, after the Ianthina fashion. The creatures swim with a sort of membranous wing spread above them, the bell hanging below, with the apex undermost, and direct themselves by the two fins on the rear.

TWO SONGS.

1.

'TWIXT the blue of the sky and the blue of the sea
('Sweet, sweet, sweet to be free!')
The sky-lark is singing his gay melody,
('Sweet, sweet, sweet to be free!')
And the daisies look up with the sun in their eyes,
To seek for the song in the far-away skies,
And my heart with a burst of rejoicing replies:
'Oh, ye birds of the air so delightsome and free,
Praise the Lord in sweet songs to the sound of the sea.'

2.

'Twixt street and street, 'twixt court and crowded lane,
The sky-lark sang, and mourned his fate in vain:—
For boundless blue, one strip of white-hot sky;
For plashing waves, the turmoil of the street;
And for the daisied fields where dew-drops lie,
One patch of withered turf beneath his feet.
Poor lark! whose song still in mine ears is ringing,
Not praise, but deep despair, is in *thy* singing.

CATHERINE PONTON SLATER.

FONTEVRAULT: PRESENT AND PAST.

I.

IT was on a summer morning of clouds, showers, and pale sunbeams, that I sat on the quay at Saumur, at the door of the Café Touche, waiting for the omnibus that runs every day to Fontevrault. It was Saturday, and the market on the quay was a pretty sight: various quaint caps, and lingering attempts at costume; loads of bright vegetables and fruit carried about on boards; then a shower, and an instant putting up of large cotton umbrellas, blue, green, red—faded, but still a variety of brilliant colour against the grey background of wall and river. The faces in Anjou are good and kind, and good humour seemed to prevail among the market-people, in spite of the doubtful weather. Many of them, old and young, strong and characteristic figures, came for their breakfast to the Café Touche; its kind mistress had given me a chair inside when it began to rain. Frequently their dogs came with them, slinking modestly by as if they knew what would happen and were prepared for their fate—a most inhospitable reception from the Touche dog, who, though welcoming men and women with perfect politeness, would allow no dog in the café but himself. They therefore retreated to the edge of the pavement, and sat there looking sad.

The omnibus at last came, and I got in, in company with many market baskets and two fat and friendly women. The road runs for a long way by the Loire, and turns inland at Montsoreau, where there are quarries, and a fine château, now dilapidated and degraded. This is a neighbourhood full of such relics; the château where Margaret of Anjou spent her last sad days is close by, and there are several very remarkable churches not far off, each worthy of a pilgrimage. But no one will care to turn aside to them till the great pilgrimage to Fontevrault has been made, and so the little omnibus rattles along the country road up the valley, sometimes by walls of limestone with caves in them, such as were lived in by D'Arbrissel's first monks, and in

some parts of this country are used for human habitation still; sometimes by rich slopes where the varied crops look as well as in beautiful Touraine; sometimes under groups of trees, chiefly acacia, walnut, Spanish chestnut—till at last, in a still more wooded country, we come into an old, quiet, remote village, with the stately length of a church which has even from the distance a terrible look of desecration, and long lengths of white walls and deserts of grey roof forming a large *enceinte*, its gateway opening on the small white square of Fontevrault.

One is not shown much, even after the warder at the gate has taken down one's name and age and other particulars, and after he and his family and other warders have studied one's appearance with serious interest. But a few years ago, I believe, women were not admitted within the gates at all; and caution is no doubt necessary, with nine hundred prisoners in charge. This degradation of Fontevrault is nothing new. 'La perle des abbayes,' the burying-place of the Plantagenets, has been a prison since 1804; its half-ruined buildings were only allowed a few years to mourn the last of its long line of abbesses, who, after much poverty and suffering, is said to have died at the Hôtel Dieu in Paris in 1799.

It requires a good deal of imagination, especially when one is neither an antiquary nor an archæologist, to restore those white buildings to their former state and use; and yet one must say, to the credit of the French Government, that all those parts of the Abbey not utilised for the prisoners are very carefully preserved. The cloister, quiet and peaceful, still with its low arches surrounds a green garden where the learned abbess, Madame de Rochechouart, may have sat translating Plato through summer days not so very long ago. The elegant vaulted refectory is also preserved, and the chapter-house, with its curious series of frescoes that illustrate the early history of the Abbey by portraits of abbesses and princesses in the costume of their time waiting on the various scenes of the Passion. Then there is the Tour d'Evrault, a curious round construction with many chimneys, standing by itself in one of the courts, which puzzled the learned for years till they decided that it was the ancient kitchen of the Abbey. Of course the object of greatest interest is the church of the 'Grand Moutier,' anciently one of three or four churches within the walls, beautiful and quaint in its architecture, splendid in its rich appointments, equal to St. Denis or Westminster in the grandeur of its associations. For

Fontevrault was for many centuries one of the great holy places of Christendom, the greatest Abbey, or nearly so, in France, with many religious houses both of men and women depending on it, under the imperial rule of its abbess, who was generally of the blood royal of France or belonging to one of her noblest families. English kings and queens were buried there, for it was before all things the great sanctuary of Anjou; and in late centuries the princesses of France were sent there for their education. Not always consistent, too much invaded sometimes by the world, if not by other powers of evil, the Order of Fontevrault has on the whole a fine record in English and French history. It is at least a very interesting record of how a long line of clever, intelligent, devoted, and often heroic women could rule and could reform a great community.

The nave of the grand church is strangely used now, being divided horizontally into stories, dormitories for the prisoners. Rows of little iron beds, with blankets rolled up on them, fill all that space now; the ground floor is divided into workshops. The capitals of the pillars break through the boarded floor of one dormitory; another lies close under the vaulted roof, whose beautiful pendants have been ruthlessly destroyed. In spite of insult and mutilation, the church has much remaining of its former beauty, and is still a subject of study and rejoicing to archæologists. It was consecrated in 1119 by Pope Calixtus the Second, who was then paying a visit to Marmoutier, St. Martin's great Abbey at Tours, now swept from the face of the earth even more completely than Fontevrault.

The choir of the church has not yet been profaned like the nave. Bare and cold and plain, with no furniture but rows of wooden benches, it is used as the chapel of the prison. The amiable old man who acts as guide throws off here a little of the sorrowfully romantic air, the smiling pathos, with which he showed those terrible dormitories. He walks up with satisfaction to the grating which shuts off a white and glaring little chapel. Here, at any rate, an English visitor must stand transfixed—'Les tombeaux des Rois.'

And in a certain way, indeed, those poor effigies are infinitely more impressive here than if they lay in the safe and peaceful solemnity of Westminster Abbey. The idea of removing them from Fontevrault was a sentimental mistake. It is the natural home of our Angevin kings. Henry II. was carried here from Chinon through the forest, over the bridge—*le pont des nonnains*

—which he built over the Vienne on purpose to make a nearer way to his favourite abbey. Richard Cœur de Lion was brought from Châluz, where the archer killed him, to be laid at the feet of his father, against whom he had rebelled, in the holy place of his family. When the *cimetière des rois*—the place of which my guide could not even show me—was opened at the Revolution, and the royal remains scattered abroad, it is supposed that those of Richard were rescued and carried to England, so that he now sleeps at Westminster. Here too lay his mother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, who after Henry's death took the veil at Fontevrault, and died there at the age of eighty-one. The fourth of this lonely group is Isabella of Angoulême, the wife of King John, whose heart was buried here, though his body lies at Worcester. The four statues are well known by picture and description. They lie here majestically side by side; they are finely carved, and have an effect of life-likeness. Three of them, the two kings and Queen Eleanor, are of stone; Queen Isabella is of wood, and perhaps the most curious of the four. They are painted in pale colours, chiefly red and blue; Eleanor holds an open book. Perhaps the frivolity and cruelty of earlier years had fallen away from an old age among the quiet nuns of Fontevrault. But if the effigies of these royal Plantagenets speak the truth, there could hardly be a deeper peace than this in which they lie under the old white walls, the lights and shadows of each day passing through their lonely chapel—the same walls, the same daylight, that looked down once on the magnificence of their funeral services.

One could easily spend hours within the Abbey gates, tracing out many old buildings with their new uses; but no such privilege is allowed to an English stranger. And after all, the charm of the place is more strongly felt outside it, in the quaint little square, the narrow streets, the village church with its grand high altar, a relic of *le grand Moutier;* in the lanes that wind away into that still, green country, first diving between white walls half covered with ivy, all part of the Abbey's old precincts. There, outside the atmosphere of grey paint, grey blankets, prisoners, and warders, it is easier to realise how this place was for centuries the home of such a different kind of life —not faultless, not shadowless, not without its own special gloom—but at least possessing the glory of a high religious ideal, and thus helping—at its best, it must have done so—to raise and sanctify the brilliant society that pressed in upon it.

An abbess of Fontevrault, however saintly she might be, could not separate herself entirely from the world. She was at the head of a great and influential institution; she had to receive visits from kings and queens; she had to hold her own in worldly matters for the sake of her community; and she had to cultivate worldly wisdom, without which it would have been impossible to carry out her highest religious objects, and to guide the many smaller establishments, the priories of men and women, that depended on Fontevrault. The religious life of the Middle Ages had to be the salt of the world. There was always a danger that the world would become the strongest; but surely neither, in those days, could do without the other, and this is a commentary on certain worldly descriptions of life at Fontevrault. The abbess of those days was a great lady in French society, as well as the spiritual head of her community. It may have been a pity, but she could not help it. Robert d'Arbrissel might have foreseen something of the sort when he, the founder of Fontevrault, chose as its first abbess, in 1115, a brilliant and distinguished widow, Pétronille de Chemillé. We hear of her elegance and vivacity as much as of her firmness, vigilance, and activity. Robert gave his disciples to understand, we are told, that a psalm-singing maiden was not at all the kind of superior necessary for them. Their abbess must have a good understanding in temporal affairs, and be capable of detecting and defeating the plans of the wicked.

The story of the founding of Fontevrault is curious. About the year 1098, Robert, the Breton monk, the eloquent preacher of the Crusades, found himself followed by two or three thousand persons, who were evidently unfit for Crusaders, but were bent on leading a religious life under his rule. A great mixed community of men and women, they lived for some time in holes in the rocks or huts in the forest. But this way of life could not last very long; the crowd of hermits, one may imagine, became a little unmanageable. Robert, with the help of a few rich and pious nobles, determined to build habitations for his flock, the rules of whose Order he had already worked out. Then, round a precious spring in a wood, were built the church and the convents of Fontevrault—Saint-Jean de l'Habit, for men; Saint-Lazare, for the sick and afflicted; the Madeleine, for reclaimed sinners; and the mother-house, the Grand-Moustier, for the nuns, with the grand Abbey church that belonged to it. This was the centre of Robert's foundation, and

these were the old white walls that we hardly recognise now. On Fontevrault depended more than thirty other convents of the same Order, scattered in Anjou and the neighbouring provinces of Poitou and Touraine. Later, through the favour of the Angevin kings, several convents in England were placed under the authority of the Abbess of Fontevrault. The best known of these was Ambresbury. The Order also possessed at least two priories in Spain.

The most singular feature in Robert d'Arbrissel's foundation was that all his communities, both of men and women, were placed under the supreme rule of a woman. This was not quite an original idea of his, for the arrangement already existed in several French and Italian monasteries. But it was very rare, and it seemed to many minds strange and perilous. Robert's reasons have been much discussed; they were probably a mixture of mystic religion and worldly wisdom. It is most likely that among the women who followed him he found a much higher level of intelligence than among the men. At that time, France was sending the strongest, the bravest, the most actively religious of her sons to fight for the Holy Sepulchre, and those who stayed behind were more fitted, probably, to obey than to command. The first abbesses of Fontevrault were women distinguished by birth, character, and learning, as well as holiness. They kept the Order on so high a level that it was honoured from the beginning by kings. The ranks of the nuns were filled by women of high birth, and the position of the abbess was almost royal. But in spite of all this, the early history of Fontevrault was full of struggle. Many difficulties arose from the rebelliousness of the monks, who showed over and over again that they did not quite recognise the duty of obeying a woman. It seems that after the reigns of the first four abbesses, during which the Abbey and its priories went on growing in riches and power, the number of the religious increasing every year, there came a period of distress, of falling away from the first ideal. This was partly owing to the English wars, which impoverished Fontevrault so much that about the end of the twelfth century, under Mathilde de Flandre, the nuns were reduced to living by the work of their own hands. For a hundred years, all through the thirteenth century, the chronicles tell of trouble without and within. The abbesses of the period, excellent women no doubt, were not quite great enough in mental capacity for the post they held. The holy Robert

would not himself have appointed them, though there is not one of whom we may not read '*A vescue religieusement, est morte saintement.*' They had no authority over the distant priories, which went their own way, and several of which had almost ceased to exist before the end of the fifteenth century, when Marie de Bretagne arose, 'a mother in Israel;' they could not manage the monks, who began to usurp power; discipline was relaxed, the finances were mismanaged, the rule was not strictly kept; there were quarrels at elections, so that the Pope had to intervene. Now and then, it is true, a stronger spirit arose, such as Aliénor, daughter of John, Duke of Bretagne, and granddaughter of Henry III. of England. She might be called an Englishwoman, for she was born in England, and took the veil at Ambresbury, becoming Abbess of Fontevrault in 1304, and dying there in 1342. She was a woman of splendid taste, who enriched the Abbey with gold and silver plate, fine tapestries, and valuable manuscripts. Her personal dignity, perhaps, awed the rebellious monks, and her traditions may have helped her successor, Isabeau de Valois, who had, however, as the great-granddaughter of Saint Louis, high claims enough of her own. But she did not reign long, and after her death the former troubles broke out again in worse forms still. There were abbesses, such as Théophanie de Chambon, high-minded and energetic, Blanche d'Harcourt, Marguerite and Marie de Montmorency, who did their best, and attempted measures of reform; but they were not strong enough, and in the intervals of their reigns the crosier was held by weaker hands, which let any recovered power slip away again. Marie de Montmorency, daughter of the great Constable, resigned her post in despair in 1460.

Marie, sister of Duke François II. of Bretagne, and first cousin of Louis XII., was one of the greatest, if not the most celebrated, of the abbesses of Fontevrault. She threw the whole strength of a talented mind and a fervently religious nature into the reformation of the Order. Every difficulty was thrown in her way, for both monks and nuns had been accustomed too long to laxity and liberty, to the easy, almost nominal rule of former abbesses. Most of them had not much wish to return to 'primitive discipline,' though the present state of things was leading fast to ruin. The Abbess Marie occupied herself first and chiefly with her priories, which, from a comparative list of their religious in 1209 and 1460, given by M. Jubien in his curious little book on Marie de Bretagne, seem almost to have

died out of existence. They had to be reconstituted entirely; for this means, and for the still greater task of reforming all that remained, her hands were strengthened by the authorisation of Pope Pius II., who deputed a bishop, two abbots, and a dean, to examine into the whole state of the Order and to draw up a new constitution. This seems to have been done with the greatest mildness and wisdom, and with a tender regard for the weak moral state of the present monks and nuns. In fact, the reformation of the Abbey itself was by no means complete enough to satisfy some more ardent spirits, among whom the Abbess herself might be counted. In 1471 she left Fontevrault with a few devoted followers for the priory of La Madeleine at Orléans, where, after rebuilding the church and cloisters, destroyed by the English in the siege of 1438, she drew up a new and stricter Rule for the Order, formed out of the Rules of Saint Benedict and Saint Augustine, with the statutes of Robert d'Arbrissel. This Rule was confirmed by Pope Sixtus IV., and was first accepted and put in practice at La Madeleine. It was not at once made obligatory on the whole Order; the lazy generation of the mother-house was left in peace with its mild reforms till 1479, two years after the death of the Abbess Marie, when the Pope's decree made the new Rule universal. But the religious of Fontevrault remained self-willed and unmanageable as before, though they mourned the great Abbess whose heart their obstinacy helped to break. For she died at fifty-three, *brisée de fatigue*, before her work was done. The Court of Bretagne went into mourning; even the favourite parrot of the Abbey grieved for the loss of Madame Marie, who seems to have been as charming and attractive as she was spiritually noble.

M. Jubien reprints from the Fontevrault archives, preserved at Angers, an inventory of all the goods of Madame Marie de Bretagne, made after her death by several of the principal nuns. There is a long list of 'Reliques et Joyaulx,' many of which, from notes on the margin, seem to have been given as souvenirs to relations, or to special friends in the Abbey, or sent to different priories. Some of the relics have a curious sound: for instance, a laurel leaf framed in gold, 'sur laquelle a de l'escripture que monsieur Saint Jehan fist de l'Apocalice;' a little silver-gilt frame containing part of the chemise of Ste Marguerite; 'quatre chemises de linge de notre Dame de Chartres.' Many of the *joyaulx* are very magnificent; gold,

diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, ivory caskets, coral paternosters, as well as 'cassidoine et jaspe.' Later comes the long list of plate and linen, with which no French princess of the time can have been better provided; carpets and tapestries, cooking utensils—all these things seem to have been the Abbess's personal property. Then her books, which filled a chest; Bibles, Psalters, Fathers of the Church, Lives of the Saints, sermons and homilies, Hours and Orisons, the Ten Commandments written on parchment, two copies of Boethius on Consolation, and a great many more, some splendidly bound. Almost the only secular book in the long list is 'le Dialogue et Quadrilogue Maistre Alain Chartier.'

E. C. PRICE.

(*To be continued.*)

REVELATIONS OF A REVOLUTION.

(Transcribed from the Papers of an Austrian Officer, by E. Gerard.)

SEATED in a velvet-cushioned carriage of the Oriental Express, bound for Paris, I lately chanced to overhear the conversation of some American fellow-travellers, and as they discussed what they styled the hardships and discomforts of this means of locomotion, with that delightful candour which is their national characteristic, anathematising the pace as rococo, the culinary arrangements as obsolete, and the railway officials as so many antediluvian fossils, I fell into a gentle reverie on the subject of travelling, past and present, while some trick of memory conjured up before my mental vision the long-dormant picture of the very first journey I had ever taken.

I was then a brat of four, when my father, who held an official position connected with Austrian salt-mines, took me with him on a journey of inspection from Vienna to Wieliczka, a distance of some 250 miles. Why he had chosen thus to burden himself with a lively child on a three days' journey, performed in a lumbering mail-coach, and why I had specially been singled out from among my numerous brothers and sisters as a desirable travelling-companion, might puzzle the uninitiated. To me the case is a perfectly clear one. Fain would I flatter myself that my infantine charms, my angelic disposition, and the precocious sagacity of my baby intellect, had obtained for me this distinction; but honesty, always the safest policy, compels me to acknowledge the reasons rendering my companionship desirable to have been of widely different nature—I was, in fact (as I have often since been told), such a remarkably disagreeable and unmanageable boy, that my father literally durst not have left me behind, well knowing me to be utterly

beyond my poor mother's control. He must inevitably throughout his journey have been haunted by appalling visions of broken necks and broken crockery, ruined clothes and burning houses, had I remained behind in Vienna ; so that, after all, my good-natured parent found it simpler to cut this domestic Gordian knot by bodily abstracting the little pickle.

The space of the mail-coach interior being decidedly limited, my father caused a tiny wooden chair to be constructed, which, placed between his knees, made a comfortable enough seat for a small urchin such as I was.

It is not, however, the history of this first journey that I would here relate, though I have by no means forgotten its details. For instance, I remember quite distinctly that the sausages which I ate at Lundenburg disagreed with me at Prerau ; that I lost one of my shoes at Teschen ; and that my father bestowed upon me a picture-book at Biala, and a flogging at Cracow ; but these episodes, though fraught with deepest interest to myself, are perhaps too exclusively personal to be generally appreciated.

This expedition was, moreover, but the first of many other such trips I took with my father, and now that he has departed on the longest journey of all, never more to return, it is pleasant to look back upon these vanished days and rescue from oblivion a few scattered incidents belonging to the past.

One journey in especial is stamped upon my memory with singular vividness. It was in the autumn of 1847 when I, as a schoolboy of twelve, accompanied my father and one of my sisters on a tour of inspection through Hungary and Transylvania. My starting-point was Innsbruck—beautiful Innsbruck, as some people called it—lying deeply imbedded in the Tyrolese mountains. For my own part, I was never able to perceive the beauty of Innsbruck, but perhaps I am prejudiced on the subject. What captive ever admired his jail, be it never so picturesque? And what schoolboy can find beauty in the site of a college to which he has been banished in order to penetrate the mysteries of Euclid and to cultivate the ghosts of Virgil and Livy?

The result, in my case at least, was a melancholy one. I never became in the smallest degree attached to either Virgil or Livy, and I conceived a morbid dislike to mountain scenery, which I have never wholly been able to conquer. The prospect of a journey to Hungary was therefore positive rapture ; to see

broad, sandy plains and endless pusztás seemed to me equivalent to pleasure and freedom, while mountains were inseparably linked in my mind with mathematical problems and the Latin grammar.

I left Innsbruck on a Monday evening, and travelled *viâ* Salzburg and Linz to Vienna, reaching the capital, where my father and sister awaited me, on the following Thursday morning. From Vienna we proceeded by steamer by the Danube, taking with us a carriage, as my father knew by experience what kind of vehicles we should otherwise have to depend upon.

The journey down the Danube is too well known to require comment; it was rather slow work, as we anchored at night, and the fact that I found time to get through twelve volumes of a long-winded German novel, containing five heroines, eleven and a half heroes, three murders, sixteen duels, four suicides, and two elopements, will sufficiently demonstrate our rate of progression.

There was nothing very remarkable about our fellow-passengers, with the exception of an old Turkish Pascha travelling with his daughter, who in consideration of her tender age—she was barely eight—was suffered to show herself freely unveiled before our eyes. Squatted among their rugs and cushions on the deck, and with their own cook in attendance, they had made themselves quite at home. I was much taken up in watching their doings, their dinner in particular being to me a deeply interesting sight. They ate with their fingers, of course, but, as the food was all served in the shape of small round balls, the effect was not so clumsy as might be expected.

At last we reached Orsowa, where our carriage was disembarked, and the land journey commenced up the beautiful wild Czerna valley that leads to Mehadia. Among my most vivid recollections here, were the branches of wild grapes festooned from tree to tree and the classically handsome peasant women, fantastically decked out with gold and scarlet fringes.

At Mehadia, the Hercules' Bath of old Roman times, we spent two most enjoyable days; then proceeded eastward, partly over the remains of a Roman road, through the 'Iron Gate' pass, and the Hatzeger valley into Transylvania. Here we occasionally met strange carts, drawn by four buffaloes, and constructed, without a particle of iron about them, of wood and wicker-work only, with *square* wheels too, such as I have never seen

elsewhere, before or since. These carts when they moved produced most unearthly sounds—a sort of screeching groan, which heralded their approach long before they came in sight. We now heartily congratulated ourselves upon having brought our own carriage, for half a day's journey in one of these extraordinary vehicles must infallibly have unhinged our brains and dislocated all our joints.

Journeying on past Szarmizegethusa, the old Dacian capital, and the splendid fortress of Vajda Hunyad, once seat of the King, Mathias Corvinus, we came across many an old Roman relic—quaint inscriptions cut in stone, and richly carved columns, sometimes built into the wall of a modern edifice. I do not recollect what the inscriptions were about, for I did not try to decipher them. I had not come here to read Latin upon my holiday journey. Far more congenial and interesting to me were the herds of semi-wild buffaloes we sometimes met with—meetings not wholly unattended with danger, for these buffaloes can be exceedingly savage at times. Most congenial of all was the excellent buffaloes' milk, which for the first time I tasted here.

Reaching Hermanstadt, by good luck we came in for a magnificent pageant on occasion of the installation of the last Comes, or Saxon Count—Salmen by name.

So far our journey had been solely one of pleasure, but now my father's work began in earnest. I do not exactly remember—or perhaps I never was told—what was the nature of his business in these parts. At that time he held an appointment in the department of mining affairs at Vienna, and had successively been engaged in the direction of the Imperial salt-mines at Hallein and Wieliczka. He had now apparently been despatched on a general tour of inspection to the different Government mines in Transylvania, and it was evident, from the style in which we journeyed, that a considerable sum had been placed at his disposal for travelling and entertaining expenses.

We first halted at Maros Ujvàr, the largest and most important salt-mine in Transylvania. The usual mode of descending here into the pit was simply to sit astride upon a loop of broad girthing, several of which, attached to a rope, were lowered together. We, however, being regarded as visitors of distinction, my father, sister, and myself were luxuriously accommodated in a large washing-basket, and thus gradually lowered down into

the large dome-like space, that had been illuminated in honour of the visit.

After this we visited various other mines, proceeding in due course to the district of Vörös Patak, where gold was being washed, much on the same principle as in California. Gold-washing was at that time very fairly successful, and an active workman could easily realise ten florins daily—a large sum for those times and those parts. But the workmen, chiefly Roumanians, were seldom wise enough to make hay when the sun shone, or to lay by a nest-egg for a rainy day, and spent most of their earnings, as fast as made, on such superfluous gear as gaudy rags and musical-boxes.

A story was here told us of a Roumanian peasant who, having washed gold for a considerable time, desired to celebrate his feast-day with extra magnificence. Accordingly he directed his wife on that day to prepare all his food with gold dust. Butter and lard were good enough for common days, but to-day he was resolved to feast like a king.

The wife apparently found nothing objectionable about the proposed *menu*, which might have been transcribed somewhat in this fashion :—

MENU.

JULY 27—FEAST OF SAINT PANTALEON.

Soup.

Bullion doré.

Hors-d'œuvre.

Mamaliga * à la Crœsus.

Entrée.

Brindza † au Roi Midas.

Rôti.

Ye Golden Calf.

Dessert.

Gilded Plums.

The programme was faithfully adhered to, every dish being cooked with pure gold dust strewed upon each fruit and vegetable with a lavish hand, and the first courses, at all events, were partaken of with relish. I do not recollect whether the dessert was ever reached, or if it was while gorging on the golden calf that the wretched man gave up the ghost. Certain it is that he died before nightfall, and that his golden dinner was also his last one.

* Mamaliga—a species of polenta, the usual diet of Roumanian peasants.
† Brindza—sheeps' cheese.

It seems, however, that eating gold was not an entirely original invention of this particular peasant, for it was a not uncommon practice among the Roumanian workmen to filch gold dust by swallowing small portions of it. The authorities, aware of this abuse, were forced to take preventive measures, which, however, will hardly bear repetition.

We now abandoned our carriage, and travelled by bridle-paths across the mountains on horseback; for though most of the places we intended to visit were connected by very fair roads, this mode of proceeding had not only the advantage of considerably curtailing the route, but likewise of being infinitely more enjoyable. The scenery, though mountainous, was beautiful, as even a prejudiced schoolboy could not help acknowledging—wild and desolate, with seldom a trace of human life between the scattered villages that we passed at intervals.

After visiting the gold-mines at Nagyàk and Abrud Bànya, we proceeded on to Falathna, the most important point on our programme. The last day's ride before reaching this place I well remember as being a very long and fatiguing one, and when, on arriving at the little town, we found an elaborate supper awaiting us at the house of Nemegyei, the director of the mines, it was, in spite of a schoolboy's appetite, a rather formidable ordeal to sit through the endless courses of a meal, such as was considered *de rigueur* to satisfy the legitimate standard of Hungarian hospitality.

I was good-naturedly bantered on the evident signs of fatigue I displayed, especially by my table neighbour, an official named Sebes. Little did I or any one else dream that before another year should have elapsed, both these gentlemen—or, indeed, all the company excepting ourselves—would be dead—murdered in the Revolution shortly to break out, of which as yet no forewarning signs were discernible to the naked eye. I can vividly recollect what a shock it was to hear of the death of our kind entertainers; but it was only much later that I learnt the full details of this horrible tragedy.

The world is but a small place after all, as every one knows; and so it came about that, some fifteen years later, when I was a captain in the army, I chanced to come across the son of one of those same officials, from whose lips I heard the details of this massacre, so weird and terrible, that I think I may be excused for breaking the thread of my narrative, in order to relate them.

The Vienna Revolution of '48 had broken out in March, but it was only some months later that Transylvania followed suit. Preparations had slowly and secretly been going on for some time past. Hungarian emissaries had produced fermentation among the Szekels, causing them to turn against their Saxon and Roumanian countrymen, who naturally were opposed to the idea of a union with Hungary. Joining those Hungarian troops that had already emancipated themselves from Austrian rule, bands of Szekels marched through the land, pillaging and burning the Roumanian and Saxon villages on their path. The Roumanians—or Wallacks, as they were then called—stirred up meanwhile by Austrian agents, were not slow to return the compliment, partly joining the regular troops, partly forming themselves into independent bodies under leaders of their own choice, such as Janku, Salomon, and others. Under the pretence of loyalty, these hordes were principally intent on plunder, and seemed often unable to distinguish between friend and foe. The officials employed in the Transylvanian mines had of course stood hitherto in the service of Austria. They were mostly, however, of Hungarian nationality, and it was not very apparent which side they would ultimately decide upon taking in the present outbreak. It suited the Wallacks' purpose, however, to regard them as enemies on the occasion of which I am about to speak.

All the gold extracted from the mines of this district was in those days delivered over to the authorities at Záláthna, whence it was ultimately passed on to the mint at Vienna or Kremnitz as soon as a sufficient quantity had accumulated. It was Janku —if I mistake not—who had long had his eye on the treasures which he believed to be collected at Záláthna, having, of course, no idea that the director of the mines had been prudent enough secretly to remove the whole stock of gold to safer quarters.

It must have been about the month of November that this Wallack horde appeared on the heights above Záláthna, surrounding it on all sides. Already the officials had received repeated warnings from some Wallack servants still loyal to them, that the horde had resolved upon a general massacre; but no one had hitherto seriously believed in these threats. It was only when some, who had determined to leave the place, were shot down in the attempt, by Wallack outposts, that the others began to realise their position, and as at dead of night

their ears were saluted by the howls of the drunken marauders assembled round their camp-fires, they were filled with horror and consternation, for it was now too late to attempt a defence.

When the Wallacks had assured themselves that no serious opposition was to be feared, and that no outside help could reach their victims, they appeared one forenoon in the little town, or rather village, of Záláthna, where they at once rushed to the gold depositories. Finding these empty, they seized the director, thinking by means of torture to get him to reveal the place where the gold was concealed; and finally, as he was incapable of complying with their wishes, they made a large bonfire of all the ledgers and documents they could lay hands upon in the offices. Upon this pile the unhappy man was slowly roasted to death, after which they proceeded to murder every man, woman, and child they came across, first plundering the houses and then setting fire to them.

In one part of the town, however, about three hundred persons, many of them women and children, had assembled with a few faithful Wallack attendants, who also stood in terror of their countrymen. The men, armed as best they could, with guns, swords, and axes, guarded the little party in the van and rear; in the centre of the column they had placed the women and children, with a few carts and carriages containing the sick and wounded, together with a few necessary provisions and some valuables. Thus they proceeded slowly on the road leading to Karlsburg, followed by hundreds of Wallacks, who lacked the courage openly to attack them.

About ten o'clock at night fatigue compelled them to halt a little. The Wallacks seized the opportunity to open a parley with the fugitives, and after long debating to and fro, an agreement was effected. The fugitives were to deliver up their arms, and the Wallacks, in return, pledged themselves by solemn oaths to escort them safely as far as the gates of Karlsburg, and there deliver them over to the Austrian governor of the fortress.

Looking back upon these events, it seems like madness on the part of the men ever to have consented to such an arrangement, but, lacking an efficient guide and commander, they allowed themselves to be persuaded by the exhausted women and children.

Amongst the fugitives was an official named Zboray, one of our supper-party of the previous year, together with his wife and five children. The eldest of these, then a lad of about fourteen,

was the person from whose lips I subsequently learnt the details of this terrible tragedy. Let him here speak for himself.

'Hardly had the arms been yielded up, when the Wallack leaders issued orders that all were to draw up in line along the road, under pretext that this would facilitate the distribution of provisions. Thus we all stood huddled together in the dim uncertain light afforded by torches held by some of the men; when suddenly, with a bloodthirsty howl, they threw themselves upon us, and there ensued a terrible struggle.

'Before I had well realised what was happening, my father fell, pierced by a bullet. One of my sisters met with the same fate, and a few minutes later, another shot, hitting me on the head, stretched me likewise on the ground. . . . I became insensible. . . .

'When I recovered consciousness, it was broad daylight, and I found myself lying, stripped of my clothes, in the bed of a little watercourse that flowed alongside of the high-road. I felt that a stream of something liquid was trickling down upon me as I lay. I put up my finger to ascertain its substance: it was thick and warm and red—the blood of the murdered victims that lay heaped on the road above me. A little way off I caught sight of several Wallack women stripping the corpses, and giving a last death-stroke to such as still breathed.

'I hardly know what inspired me to do it—Providence surely—but I raised myself to my knees, naked as I was, and stretching out my arms cross-wise, after the fashion of praying Wallacks, I began aloud to recite the Lord's Prayer in their language. Those nearest to me came up and asked how it happened that I, apparently one of their nation, should come to be amongst the dead; and then asked me my name. Here again Providence came to my assistance, by recalling to my mind the striking resemblance I was said to bear to one of my schoolfellows, the son of a Roumanian priest. I passed myself off as that boy, and pretended only to have stumbled by accident last night upon the scene of carnage; and as I spoke their language fluently, and had no clothes on me to betray my nationality, my story could not be disproved. I was then conducted to the leader of the band, and though I could see that I was regarded with great distrust, and that a strict watch was set upon me, they spared my life. I was dressed in peasant

clothing, and forced to be spectator of the succession of revolting orgies that succeeded the division of the booty.

'When darkness had again set in and my captors were all noisily carousing round the watch-fire, I seized an opportunity, when vigilance seemed relaxed, and crept towards the unburied dead that lay at a little distance from the camp. After groping about for some time I found my mother's corpse, recognising her by the peculiar shape of a belt which she always wore. Her body was still warm, and it almost seemed to me as though she gave a faint sign of life when I spoke to her and gave her a last kiss. Just then, however, a Wallack, catching sight of me, called out roughly to ask what I was doing; but the excuse I gave, namely, that I was seeking spoil, seemed so plausible, that I was not further molested, beyond being told to return to the camp, an order which I thought wise to follow without further delay. And this was the only farewell I was able to take of my family!

'A common grave later united the bodies of the slain, and travellers passing by the spot will now find a cross erected to their memory.

'And now I had to move on with the horde; but I knew that my life hung only by a thread, for a messenger had been despatched to the priest whose son I professed to be, acquainting him with my presence in the Wallack band.

'Many were the scenes of horror I witnessed during the course of our baneful march. The one most vividly imprinted on my memory is the destruction of a small Hungarian village, of which I was the unwilling spectator. The place was first plundered and sacked, every one who resisted being cut down unmercifully. When the pillage was ended there remained about a hundred survivors, men and women. The latter were forced to look on as their husbands and brothers were butchered; then they themselves were shut into the little wooden church and the building set fire to. The shrieks of the dying victims haunted my dreams for a long time to come. One woman there was whose face I can still see before me. She had beautiful long brown hair which hung in two plaits. Twice she made her escape from the burning church. The second time two men laid hold of her by the hanging plaits and hurled her back into the flames. For several minutes I watched before the opening where I had seen her disappear, but she did not come back again. . . .

'At last I succeeded in making my escape from the Wallack horde, but I dared not approach the dwellings of man, keeping myself concealed among the lonely mountains, and nourishing myself on roots and berries. I cannot say how long a time passed in this way, but it must have been several weeks. Snow began to fall, and the nights were bitterly cold. Weakened as I was by privation and hunger, I was gradually sinking into a state of semi-stupefaction, when a shepherd chanced to stumble upon me, and, finding my appearance suspicious, conducted me to the Austrian governor of the fortress at Karlsburg.

'There some time elapsed ere I could get any one to believe my tale, or succeeded in establishing my real identity. Fortunately, however, more than one of those who saw me were touched by my truly desolate condition, for I was not only destitute, but absolutely alone in the world, having, in that terrible massacre, lost friends, parents, brother, and sisters at one fell blow. The compassion of some of these kind people it was that rescued me from misery, and enabled me to begin life anew—furnished, moreover, with a stock of such bitter experience as I trust rarely falls to the share of a lad of fifteen.

'I have nothing more to add to the history of this terrible autumn and winter of '48, save that, during my residence in the fortress of Karlsburg, I distinctly recognised amongst the officers a man who, dressed in peasant garb, had been a passive spectator of the ghastly midnight scene on the Karlsburg road.' *

Our homeward journey—to which I now return after this somewhat lengthy digression—led us over Hermanstadt, Arád, and Szegedin. We had travelled at first with post-horses harnessed to our own carriage; but from Arád to Pest it was customary to engage *Eilbauers* (literally, hasty peasants), a now extinct institution for which the modern tourist in Hungary would seek in vain.

The Eilbauer was a small peasant proprietor, owner of four fleet horses, which he was willing to hire out to distinguished travellers, or high officials bound, as was my father, on a journey of inspection. He occupied a peculiar position among his fellows, and was not to be confounded with the baser sort of

* Zboray died a few years ago as captain in the Austrian army. When peace was finally restored after the Revolution of '48 and '49, 142 decorations were distributed in Transylvania, Janku, amongst others, receiving the cross of the knights of the Franz Josef Order.

hireling who draws no line between the quality of his passengers, and who, for filthy lucre, is as willing to serve a ragged Jew as a crowned head. The Eilbauer had his own prejudices of caste and his own pride. He particularly piqued himself on doing things in good style—on the breakneck pace with which he scoured the wide Pusztá, and his accomplished dexterity in managing the long, curling, lasso-like whip.

We had reached Soroksár, the last station before Pest, on a Sunday afternoon about two o'clock. Sounds of music met our ears as we entered the village—the strains of a gipsy band, playing a Csárdás to the peasants grouped in front of the public-house. Dancing and carousing were the order of the day, as could be seen at a glance. Every man over sixteen and under sixty was clasping a dark-eyed lass by the waist, or else holding in his hand a glass of fiery amber wine.

This looked ill for our chances of procuring a relay of horses, and the landlord, when consulted, was also of opinion that so long as the music was playing no peasant would be found willing to abandon the festive scene. Dancing would probably last till late into the night, and then only might we hope to get away.

My father, however, was a thoughtful and long-sighted man, and a practised student of human nature and its weaknesses. In view of this particular contingency, he had taken care to pay the previous Eilbauer in peculiarly attractive metal—to wit, three beautiful, brand new, Hungarian silver Zwanziger,* engraved, moreover, with the image of the Blessed Virgin, the Patrona Hungariæ.

His calculations as to the effect of this talisman proved to be correct. While we were still sitting at table eating our dinner, we noticed how a little knot of peasants had gathered round our former coachman, coveteously eyeing the silver pieces which he proudly displayed. By-and-by, when their glances began to wander from the coins towards the magician, whose pocket might be supposed to contain more of the same metal, we guessed that the bait was beginning to take; and when, after a little more hesitation, a spruce young fellow, attired in wide-flowing linen *gatya* (trousers) and richly broidered vest, approached our table, we knew, even before he had opened his lips, that our fish was hooked.

* A Zwanziger was equal to 35 kreutzer, present coinage, or about 8½*d.* English money.

This peasant declared himself willing to start for Pest at once, on condition of receiving the same remuneration as his predecessor, paid down in the identical silver pieces stamped with the image of the Patrona Hungariæ.

The bargain was struck, and in less than ten minutes four swift horses were bearing us away at full gallop.

Before our eyes stretches the lonely Pusztá, seemingly endless in its vast monotony, yet with a charm all its own; with scarcely an object at long intervals on which to fasten the eye, sometimes not even a cart-track to guide the wanderer, for there is no road upon the Pusztá, and each one drives where he lists. The wheels leave no more impression on the sand than a passing vessel on the ocean; the wind sweeping over the plain has destroyed all traces of former travellers.

A draw-well—its long wooden handle raised heavenwards like a pointed finger—a few scattered groups of acacias, or a deserted tanya (shepherd's hut) are all the landmarks we see. Sometimes the tanya, the trees, and the draw-well appear to us as though reflected in a gigantic lake on the horizon; but as we come nearer the whole picture melts away before our eyes—there is no well, no tanya, no lake even; only the midday sun is here at work with cunning sorcery, the Fata Morgana of the Pusztá weaving delusive pictures to mock the traveller.

Sometimes, too, we pass by a flock of shaggy, unkempt sheep, tended by a still shaggier shepherd. The large wolf-like dogs pursue us, barking fiercely. It seems as though they would leap on the carriage and tear us to pieces; but our peasant cracks his whip at them and urges on the horses. We fly past them like the wind, and soon their savage yelping dies off in the distance.

Then we catch sight of a church-steeple and rejoice to think that a village is close at hand—scarce ten minutes off, it must surely be. Yet an hour—two hours pass, and the village is not yet reached; the steeple seems to flee before us, further, always further into the endless plain.

Occasional reaches of marshy ground alone bring some variety into the scenery of the Pusztá. Large flocks of water-fowl, too unsophisticated to be scared by the approach of man, people the forest of reeds and bulrushes, whose vibrating stems are as many Pandean pipes on which the wind loves to play; producing music, now soft and tender as a gentle lullaby; now loud and fierce as a demon chorus.

Several times in the course of our last journey we had seen a gallows-tree erected on the outskirts of some town—to-day again we catch sight of one, its sinister outline easily recognisable even at this distance. Something is swinging from the cross-beam—it is too far off to distinguish details—but the black cloud of hovering crows leave no doubt as to its nature. . . .

The sun is sinking low as we approach the capital. Our driver straightens his figure on the box, and cracks his long, curling whip through the air as noisily as though firing off a succession of pistol-shots. This in order to put his horses on their metal, for it is *de rigueur* for an Eilbauer to arrive in good style. 'He Fecske!' (Swallow), 'Csillàg!' (Star) he shouts as he spurs them on to the last breathless gallop that is to bring us to the door of our hotel.

Five minutes later and we have arrived. The panting, sweating horses have been unharnessed from the carriage, and the Eilbauer made supremely happy by the gift of three silver Zwanzigers, as large, as bright, and as beautiful as had been those other pieces that had stirred his ambition.

He pockets the money, vaults upon the nearest steed, bare-backed as it is, and gathers up the other three horses; he thinks not of food or rest either for himself or for his racy little animals, for must he not be back at Sorôksár before nightfall to finish dancing the Csárdás with black-eyed Ilona who is waiting for him? He cracks his whip a last time—louder and more joyously than ever—and disappears like a whirlwind in an upraised cloud of white dust.

Mournfully I stood at the inn-door watching his departure, listening to the fainter growing sound of eight pairs of galloping hoofs down the road, and wishing with all the strength of my heart that Providence had been pleased to make me a light-hearted Hungarian Eilbauer, instead of a wretched Austrian schoolboy. He was going back to the Pusztá and the Csárdás; to pearly wine and golden freedom; and I—my all too brief vacation at an end—was returning to Innsbruck and the hateful society of Virgil and Livy.

HARLECH CASTLE.

'THE housemaid and the cook have been quarrelling,' said a lady, who had just come back from a delightful trip to Italy. 'It makes me feel as if Siena and Perugia did not exist.'

There are places even more absorbing than Siena and Perugia, places where it is possible to feel that cooks and housemaids never existed at all. In the very heart of the country,—alone in a great wood, or with the sea and sky,—upon a mountain, surrounded by other mountains,—no human habitation near,—no clock but the sun and moon,—people are often filled with an unwonted sensation of happiness, which comes upon them so naturally that it does not even surprise them, although, looking back to it afterwards, they are astonished to see that they enjoyed the most perfect fruit of self-denial, without any fight for it. They never had to deny themselves; they simply lost themselves. In the crowded life to which they are most accustomed they find it hard indeed, try how they may, to be as good as they were without trying at all.

In one of Tolstoï's paradoxically truthful and artistic works, for which it is difficult to find a name,—romance it is not, novel it is not, poem it is not, prose it is not, and when we have denied that it is like any other book that ever was written, we have got no nearer to the affirmation of what it is,—the hero goes through an experience of this kind. Swarms of gnats settle down upon him, while he is out hunting in the forest. At first he is maddened beyond endurance by their stings; gradually he comes to *enjoy* it, from the intensity of his feeling that he is at one with Nature, that he and they are alike *bêtes du bon Dieu*; and from sheer pleasure and from the filial gratitude which springs up in his heart, accompanied by keen realisation of the individual life of every insect even, and of himself in particular, there is born the vehement personal conviction, apart from all apparent need or opportunity of

putting it into practice, that real happiness consists only in self-denial. The reader is startled into perceiving a close interconnection between two states of feeling which are usually held to be separate. Certainly, it is strange to see how—even when they appear to be most remote from each other—men are always thinking of men.

If this be true where men have never lived at all, it is doubly true of the course taken by thought in places that once belonged to them. Once we have admitted the fact, the most curious thing is that it should not always be so. There are ruins and ruins,—ruins which have lost their ghosts, and gone back to be mere unhaunted bits of wood and stone, fragments that Nature has claimed again, and re-enchanted,—ruins over which there broods a humming sense of life that time cannot silence.

Harlech Castle belongs to the latter class. It is full of something that eludes definition. There is more behind that massive gateway than meets the eye; there are sounds only just too thin to be caught by mortal ears. In a favourable hour Fancy may please herself with a review of shadows, shadows that have almost reached the reality of having names. As we lie dreaming on the ramparts, the cawing of the white-headed rooks changes into the clang and clash of arms; to the tune of *The Men of Harlech* march past the sturdy masons of Edward I. under Henry de Elreton,—the chivalrous protectors of Margaret of Anjou,—the Bardolphs of Henry IV. contending with the wild, fanatical followers of Owen Glendower,—the Cavaliers and the Puritans. Would that we could dream a little harder, a little longer!

QUILLA.

SHAVEN CROWN.

CHAPTER VIII.

DENIS'S FAILURE.

IT was evident that Denis's errand was looked upon with much more disapproval among the Beddings than it had been among the Addings. Instead of Walram's assembling a town meeting round the Meeting-tree, he heard what Denis had to say in his own hall, with an audience consisting of five or six leading men of the tribe, Wolfhild and her two foster-sons, and his young wife. Denis was not at his best, or most impressive, when he had only a few hearers; the sympathy of a crowd moved him, and drew out of him an effective kind of rough oratory not devoid of pathos. But his mind was not logical, and though probably the Beddings would have been no more logical in his place, they had sense to feel some of his arguments unsatisfactory. Thus, when Wolfhild suggested that none but a *nithing* would leave his old lord for a new, without good reason shown, and that Woden and the gods of Asgard had brought them over the sea to a prosperous land, and driven back its old inhabitants before their arm, Denis could only say that the gods of Asgard were devils, and would burn in hell for ever. Thunstan started up, with his hand on his sword; but Walram waved to him to sit down again.

'You say one thing,' said Walram, who was of a naturally placid nature, which Wolfhild greatly resented; 'we say another. Neither you nor we have seen the gods for ourselves; we can but judge as our fathers have told us, and as we find. Woden has made our arms strong; can we tell that this White Christ will make them any stronger? By your own tale, He did not care to save Himself. How can we tell that He will care to save us?'

'He will save all His men from worse than the death of the

body,' said Denis, whose Christianity had gone so far that he was quite aware that it did not promise continual victory in feats of brute strength, but who found it difficult to put the idea clearly before his hearers. 'And as for strength, you know what is the strength of the Bare-sark, who runs wild among the people with no fear of death. Christ's men fear death no more than that Bare-sark!'

'Nor Woden's men neither!' cried Wolf. 'Does the shaven crown dare to call us craven?'

'Peace, Wolf,' said Walram. 'This is the messenger of Ethelbert, and it is not seemly to pick a quarrel with him.'

'A word, Lord Walram,' said Wolfhild. 'Meseems that Ethelbert only insults the Boars of Bedd by sending a messenger of this kind to them. Not only is he an outlander, which is in itself shame to us, but also Wolf here can tell you what he heard about him from his father's brother, Frithric the One-eyed, at the Yule meeting on the Red Hill.'

'What did he hear about me?' said Denis, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking, in spite of his peaceful vocation, as if he would be an extremely tough customer to handle.

'I heard,' said Wolf, with a contemptuous glance, 'that in his own country he had been in trouble for man-slaying; and when the kinsmen of him he had slain sought for him to slay him in their turn, he slunk off, instead of meeting them man to man, and hid himself in a house full of such as he, who pledge themselves not to fight, and whom men may not slay for fear of the White Christ.'

'It is false!' said Denis. 'If I slew, I paid the blood-money, and I feared no man when I took this gown upon me; nor fear I any man now!'

'Dare you fight me to-day?' said Wolf.

'I dare,' was the instantaneous reply, and the two men glared at one another across the hall for a moment.

Then Denis recollected himself, drooped his eyes and folded his hands. 'When will this lust of fighting leave me?' he thought with shame.

'Peace, peace!' said Walram. 'The task before us now is one of words, not of blows. Listen, Boars of Bedd. We have made homage to Ethelbert and his forefathers since we have been here in this land; but also we have made our homage to Woden and the gods of Asgard, long ago, on the other side of the grey water. When two lords pull two ways, how is a

man to serve both? If we break with Ethelbert, can we yet serve Woden? and if we break with Woden, can we yet serve Ethelbert? It is not good for a man to break with his liege lord, if he can help it; but neither is it good to break with the gods. We must take homage to Christ and keep Ethelbert, or we must take homage to Wykhelm of Wessex and keep Woden.'

'Messenger of Ethelbert,' said Wolfhild, with an extreme politeness in her voice, which made Swangift understand at once that she had something in her mind beyond what she said, 'it is well to know what our neighbours have done in this matter.'

'The Sandrings,' said Denis, 'have taken homage to Christ at Ethelbert's bidding.'

'And the Addings?' said Wolfhild.

'The Addings, I have little doubt, will follow the bidding of Ethelbert, as the Sandrings have done. Eastward, one tribe after another has taken baptism.'

'Ah,' said Wolfhild, 'the Addings are to show us the way, and we are to follow humbly in their footsteps: we who have avenged ourselves of them when we seized this woman'—she pointed to Swangift—'and kept her for a hostage to stop their raids upon us!'

A low growl, like that of wild beasts poked up with a stick, went round the hall, while Swangift turned scarlet, and the angry tears rushed into her eyes.

'Nor is this all,' said Wolfhild. 'What think you, Lord Walram, and all you Boars of Bedd, of this messenger of Ethelbert'—she spoke with scorn in her voice—'taking in his arms the heir of Walram, and laying on him the evil spell of water which these men of Christ put themselves under, that he may grow up false to Woden and the tribe whereunto he was born, and the lordship whereof he is heir?'

'Dash the brains out of the babe,' said Thunstan, 'and slay the traitor who did it with a lingering death!'

'And the Adding woman who saw it done and made no outcry!' said Wolf.

Swangift was but a girl, but she was a mother, and she came of no craven blood.

'Walram!' she cried, 'will you hear such things said of your wife and your lawful heir? This is the tale of the slave-woman Uda, and who does not know what a slave-woman's word is worth? A spell! He but blessed the babe in the name of his

Lord, that he might be safe all his life on this and the other side of death; and no blessing comes amiss to a babe. And see how he lies and smiles in his sleep, my beauty and my darling!'

Walram was at all times readier with deeds than with words, and his answer was to put his great arm round Swangift and draw her with the baby on her arm to his knee.

'None touches my wife or my child,' he said, looking fiercely round at the Boars of Bedd. 'Nor will I have Ethelbert's messenger harmed in my hall. Whatever I may do at last, I have not yet renounced his homage. And what tale is this of a spell, Wolfhild? What did the shaven-crown to the babe, Swangift?'

'He dipped his hand in the pitcher of water, husband, and sprinkled water on the babe's forehead, and moved his fingers thus'—and she imitated the sign of the cross. 'That is no spell. Have I not seen spells laid on folks? Who knows how to weave spells better than the Lady Wolfhild? If I desired a spell laid upon my enemies, to whom should I go but to her? And she would mix me bat's blood, and the beak of a black hen ground to powder, and the dried leaves of a young ash, and who knows what else? There is none skilled like her in spells in all the country. Husband, there was no spell laid on our babe.'

'Ethelbert's messenger,' said Walram, 'what didst thou do to the babe?'

'I blessed the babe, as the Lady Swangift says,' said Denis. 'To us men of the White Christ, spells and magic are a deadly sin. I would not use such if I were to die for it; and least of all upon a helpless infant, against whom I could have no grudge.'

'Call in the woman Uda,' said Walram, 'and let us hear her tale.'

Uda was spinning outside the door. She came in immediately; but for once Wolfhild overdid her part. She transfixed Uda with her glance so that the woman trembled, and her eyes kept furtively seeking Wolfhild's as she spoke.

'Now by Woden's beard!' said Walram, 'that is no true woman, for she seeks not my eye, nor my wife's, but yours, Wolfhild. Come hither, slave'—and he signed to her to stand with her back to Wolfhild. 'Now, speak the truth, or thou shalt die a slave's death. What did the shaven-crown to the babe?'

Perhaps it was the attitude of Walram, with his arm round Swangift's shoulder; or perhaps the stern voice in which he spoke cautioned Uda to speak the truth; or perhaps the blazing cheeks and eyes of the 'Adding woman,' who, after all, was her mistress, made her careful what she said. However it was, the story she brought forth was a very lame one—how she had seen the shaven-crown sprinkle water on the babe's head, when every one knew that it was bad for babe's heads to be touched with water before the month, and how she had felt it her duty to speak of it to those who knew.

'Boars of Bedd!' said Walram, standing up, but still keeping his protecting attitude with regard to Swangift, 'are we warriors to stand here discussing old wives' gossip about wetting the heads of babes, or are we to deal with men's matters?'

And then there rose a great guffaw from all but Wolfhild and her foster-sons, and Swangift, who felt more ready to cry than to laugh.

'Let all these things be,' said Walram. 'We do not feel moved to renounce Woden, or to defy Ethelbert before he seeks to work us harm. Go back, Shaven-crown, and tell Ethelbert that we stand by the old ways; but that we abide Ethelbert's men all the same, so he but leave us alone. If he tried to force us into his new ways, there might be another tale to tell. This meeting is over.'

Denis rose, bowed to Walram with more courtesy than any Bedding was disposed to show to him, and walked out of the hall. When he had got some thirty yards off, Wolf the son of Grim came behind him and dealt him such a cuff on his back that he only saved himself with difficulty from an ignominious fall upon his face. He faced round, however, and said—

'What will you have, that you cannot ask for by mouth like a man, but must deal a blow like a bear?'

'I will have that fight you promised me,' said Wolf. 'Here are two swords; take your choice.'

'I did not promise it. I said I was not afraid. I am Christ's man, and I may not touch a weapon, by my vow.'

'Wrestle, then,' said Wolf, contemptuously, 'and we will see which is the better man.'

Wolf was the best wrestler among the Beddings.

Denis's answer was to shorten his gown into a kilt, to take out of its bosom the crucifix and holy-water bottle he carried, to roll up his sleeves above his elbows, and to put himself in a

posture of defence. By this time a ring of Beddings had formed around the two, eager to see the fun of Wolf's flooring his antagonist. And Wolf intended to floor Denis so effectually that it would be a question if ever he rose again.

Wolf, though he was strong enough, however, proved to be well-matched by Denis, who had science quite unknown to his antagonist, having been trained at the Frankish Court. In spite of his recent illness and his want of practice, it was Denis who finally gave the throw to Wolf—a throw which would have been fatal had Denis not dexterously broken the contact of Wolf's head with the ground by interposing his own foot. Then, while Wolf rolled over, helpless and dizzy, Denis picked up his effects, arranged his gown, and departed towards the forest.

'He has more pluck than I thought,' said Walram, as he watched him go. 'No doubt he has learnt in a good school.'

CHAPTER IX.

A HEATHEN INQUIRER.

'So the child looked well and happy?' said Elfrida to Denis, as she sat on the wooden bench outside the porch, by the young monk's side, while Ermenric leaned against the pillar of the porch, and Witgils lay on the ground at their feet.

'Well,' said Denis; 'and I should say Walram the Bedding was a kindly husband to her. And they say a young mother is at her happiest with her firstborn son, and it is plain she loves the babe with all her heart. But with the Bedding folk, it is easy to see all is not plain sailing; and if Walram went to the wars, he would do better to take his wife in his train than leave her to the tender mercies of his people.'

Ermenric growled out a curse on the Beddings.

'It is the witch-wife I should fear for her most,' said Denis. 'She is of the kin of Walram, and it is plain she knows how to weave her spells, taught by the art of the devil, so that she can make every one but Walram do and see things as she chooses. But as for the babe, I set him free from her spells, for I gave him baptism. The poor young mother was sore troubled as to what might be done with him; and I have other messages for you from her, also regarding the wiles of this witch-wife.'

'And what are they?'

'The Lady Swangift bade me say,' said Denis, 'that she had a shrewd notion that the witch-wife had laid her toils to destroy Witgils the son of Roswald, that Walram's son should be the only heir to Warmund the son of Hawk. But she gave me to understand that the plot was none of Walram's; nor do I think Walram is a man to plot. He is of an honest and faithful nature, though doubtless too much led by that daughter of Satan, Wolfhild. Therefore she counselled that Witgils should be sent off for awhile to Ethelbert at Canterbury, that he should be out of the way of danger.'

'Thanks,' said Witgils, who was more pleased at being considered of sufficient importance to be plotted against than terrified at the information. 'And what should I get at Canterbury but jeers at my small stature? Ethelbert needs full-grown warriors, and he would treat me as a babe—perhaps he would send me to the women's bower with the young boys.'

'Nay,' said Denis, 'you are quick witted enough. Why should you not learn to read and write, and all the learning of the monks? I doubt not that you would have far less trouble in the reading than I had, and as for writing, I cannot handle a pen to this day.'

'That I leave to women,' said Witgils with superb contempt. 'No, I will not go to Canterbury with my goodwill. Ermenric, you will back me up, will not you?'

Ermenric nodded, and said to Elfrida—

'It were pity to send the boy off just when he is beginning to handle his bow and arrow so well, and to master all the depths of woodcraft. They call him now Witgils the Wily. And for the threats of the Beddings—a man will die when his time comes, and not before.'

'We must see what Warmund says,' said Elfrida; 'and now, lads, go take your bows and arrows, and bring me a few rabbits for supper. The stock in the larder is getting low.'

So the boys went off; and it was not until the next day that Ermenric and Witgils came to the field where Warmund was superintending his men at their labour, and said—

'Lord Warmund, a word with you, if you are at leisure.'

Warmund turned aside from his work, and sat down on the felled trunk of a tree.

'Lord Warmund,' said Ermenric, 'you have heard the tale of yon shaven-crown about our Swangift?'

'I have heard,' said Warmund.

'And are you content that matters should go on in this way, leaving her at the mercy of a Bedding witch-wife?'

'Content is one thing,' said Warmund, 'and able to hinder is another.'

'I am not sure that we are not able to hinder,' said Ermenric. 'See, she sent word to her grandmother to meet her at the blasted tree by the east of the Crow's Knoll, where on midsummer eve the Beddings light up the Bale-fire. What if I go with sufficient men, and lie in wait near there, and carry her off—nay, I would not bring her hither, but to the town of the other Addings our kin, who settled among the Mallings, eastwards—as my wife? And as I doubt she will not leave her babe behind, he shall be my foster-son, and shall grow up the Adding that he is by right of his mother, and fit to be heir of Warmund son of Hawk!'

'It brings shame on a woman to leave her husband,' said Warmund, thoughtfully; 'and the Beddings will surely avenge the loss on us. And with that witch-wife among them, there is no doubt that they know where and when to strike.'

'Ay, but we can strike too. We are stronger than we were then. All winter our folk have practised with their long-bows in the forest till their score is double as good as it was last year. And if we take homage to the White Christ, as now we think of doing, we shall have His might also at our back, and who can say but that one night the Beddings may not wake up to find their homesteads burning, and their women carried off to the Adding halls?'

'I will have nought to do with it,' said Warmund. 'If I gave consent that a man's wife, whom he has wedded with ring and with morning-gift, should be carried away from him, how could I punish my folk here if one carries off the other's wife, and thereby sets up feud and strife within the township? No, I will know nought of the matter; nor will I have Swangift brought hither among the Addings, should you carry out your purpose. You must take her to the other Addings and ask for refuge there for her. Doubtless they will give it in consideration of your strong arm.'

'You care naught for your granddaughter's safety, then, Lord Warmund?' said Ermenric, in a much mortified tone.

'I care for her safety as much as is fitting,' said Warmund, calmly. 'Be sure, if she comes to her end through Bedding treachery, sword and fire will not be wanted to avenge her.

And where man's or woman's weird calls them, there they go, whether amid foes or friends.'

He rose and walked back to his work, leaving Ermenric and Witgils together, much disgusted at this cool reception of their plot.

'Age ever chills a man's blood and makes him more wary than brave,' said Ermenric.

'But he forbade nothing—did you mark that?' said Witgils. 'I doubt he will not blame you if you do it, but would fain know nothing about it.'

'Ah?' said Ermenric, whose wits had not reached as far as Witgils.

'He will not bring the Addings into fresh conflict with the Beddings of his free will; but what ground can they have to put it upon us if Swangift has not been brought hither at all?'

'It is a fine thing to be wily-witted like you, Witgils,' said Ermenric. 'Now, I always think a man means what he says; but you seem somehow to see round the corner, below his words, into his heart.'.

Witgils was highly gratified by the compliment.

'But what I want to know,' went on Ermenric, 'is the kind of help I should be likely to get in the matter should I take baptism and be Christ's man. The Frank tells many wondrous tales that have set me thinking. There were the three warriors that were thrown into the furnace, and neither their gaberdines, nor their hose, nor even their beards singed; and there was the reeve who was cast to the hungry beasts to eat, and they all stood round him in a ring with their mouths wide open and did not dare to touch him, because he was Christ's man.'

'Why should you not ask him?' said Witgils.

'Well,' said Ermenric, 'I am not shamefaced generally, and I can give as good counsel in war, or about building a house or digging a field, as any man of my age in the tribe; but somehow I feel as if this Frank cowed my tongue. If he stood up to me with weapons I should not be cowed at all; but he seems to me a man of another sort from me, and I am not easy with him.'

'Maybe,' said Witgils, thoughtfully, 'it is because he is Christ's man, and if you and I were Christ's men we might cow others as he cows you.'

Ermenric shook his head.

'Somehow I don't believe in magic like that,' he began; but

before he had reached the end of his sentence, Witgils had sped off like an arrow from a bow.

The tall black figure with the shaven crown was visible at about five hundred yards' distance, and Ermenric soon perceived Denis and Witgils coming his way. He rose rather unwillingly to meet them, feeling that the quickness of the boy's wits was not at all times an advantage for easy-going and slow-minded men like himself.

'Witgils said you had something to ask me,' said Denis as they met.

'Ay,' said Ermenric. 'You ask him, Witgils.'

'He wants to know if all Christ's men can count on His magic at their backs when they go to battle,' said Witgils. 'If he took baptism, and fought Walram the Bedding unbaptised, would he beat Walram for certain?'

'No,' said Denis. 'Christ's magic is not that sort; and it would be a poor thing if it was. It would be like a full-grown warrior fighting a babe, which is nothing much to be proud of. You would not be proud of slaying a six-years boy, even were he armed with a sword that he could wield, and knew how to wield it.'

'Then what can He do for a man?' said Ermenric.

'Keep his heart faithful and brave in a good cause,' said Denis, 'even when all seems to be against him.'

'Well,' said Ermenric, after a long pause, 'I don't know that it is not as well that way. There would be little honour in fighting a man like Walram if all your blows wounded him and none of his could wound you.'

And with this the missionary and the inquirers parted.

CHAPTER X.

THE BAPTISM OF THE ADDINGS.

WHEN Denis had been at the Addings' town for about a fortnight, notice was given of another great meeting to take the final decision of the tribe as to accepting Christianity. Such were the elementary notions of our forefathers at this period, that many of them were seriously influenced by hearing that Denis had given baptism to Swangift's baby to save it from the spells of the Bedding witch-wife, and thought it would be greatly to be wished that they and their children should be protected

by a similar talisman. Elfrida determined that in any case Witgils should be protected by the same charm, as he stood, according to Swangift, in special danger.

Denis preached to the people again, and this time his discourse was a moral one, going through the Ten Commandments, and telling them what the profession they had in view would bind them to do. When we take the Ten Commandments as a standard of morality, we interpret it in the way our Lord taught in the Sermon on the Mount; but Denis took their simplest meaning as they stand, and the people to whom he spoke, rude and ignorant as they were, had sufficient moral development to recognise most of these as questions of right and wrong they already accepted.

The only really new one to them was the first, which Denis dwelt upon a long time, to the effect that Christ would not have a divided worship. Woden and the gods of Asgard, and sacrifices to them, and their worship, must be entirely given up by those who took homage to Him.

'Even if things go wrong with your babes, or your cattle, or your matters of war,' he said, 'you must not turn back and offer horses to Woden. Woden is an evil spirit, and a son of Satan the devil, who is an enemy of our King Christ; and it may be that he will give you many a shrewd pinch to make you return to his worship. But whatever may seem to be, the King Christ is the strongest; and to those who are faithful, even if they seem to get the worst of it, He gives victory and honour and conquest in the end.'

Graven images were not customary among the early Teuton races, and Denis left them out of his sermon; and he passed over the fourth commandment with a word or two about not working on the holy days of the Church. But he spake clearly and plainly as he went through the rest. They were to be true to their sworn word; they were not to kill or use their weapons except in war; and they were to be merciful to the wounded, and to women and children. They were not to take one another's wives, but to live pure lives without reproach. They were not to steal or overreach one another. They were not to bear false witness, even against an enemy. They were not to desire what belonged to another, lest they should break the other commandments. If they were minded to keep these laws, they might come on the following Sunday to the great pond in the depths of the wood, all arrayed in white, and Denis

would baptise them and receive them as Christ's men and women. This would be Whitsunday, the great day for baptisms in the colder countries of Europe, as Easter Eve was in the more southern regions.

The notion of individual conviction and individual training of the converts who had decided to leave heathenism for Christianity, was quite alien to those times, and indeed to those much later. It was not until the Reformation-movement had made plain to the sense both of the reformed and unreformed Church, that no corporate conversion to Christian doctrines did instead of individual conviction, that baptism was administered to converts with anything like the care and caution which is used now. For instance, in the Icelandic 'Story of Laxdale,' which describes the conversion of the gallant young warrior Kiartan and his men, the scale seems to have been turned in favour of Christianity, by the fact that King Olaf Trygvesson had nearly drowned Kiartan in a swimming contest, which so much excited the admiration of the latter for the muscles of the royal missionary that he could no longer resist his preaching, and persuaded all his men to take baptism.

So when Ethelbert took Christianity, ten thousand Kentishmen were all baptised in the river Parret, and as Augustine and his monks could never have performed the rite themselves on such a multitude, the first baptised were set to baptise those who came after them. But the Addings were no such unmanageable crowd as this. Four hundred and fifty-six, all in white linen garments, for which the stores of the thrifty housewives had been ransacked, stood together on the margin of the pond in the sun, and Warmund himself, in the same costume, held a kind of roll-call of the tribe previous to the ceremony. Two were missing—Cole the Forester, and his wife, who had deserted the settlement—and ten or twelve had been left to guard the homestead from any sudden attack by Beddings or other marauders. They were to receive baptism later.

Denis, looking overflowing with happiness—as well he might, believing as he did that eternal death awaited every man and woman that remained heathen, and that these, at all events, were to be saved from the common fate—stood on a little knoll in a clearing of the wood near the pond, and ranged them all before him, facing south. It was a fair sight: the bright May sun, the young green leaves, the bluebells that carpeted the wood, and

the shining water of the pond made a lovely setting for the white-robed crowd, who most of them looked awed, and some of them a little terrified at the scene in which they were taking part. For though some of the more sceptically inclined did not much believe in Woden and the gods of Asgard, others looked upon them as very real beings, who had every power to punish them for their desertion, if Christ's force was not more powerful still to keep all evil effects away.

Denis began his work by an address, in which he repeated over again many of the same things he had said before, as to the duties and the belief to which their Christian profession would bind them. He gave them a little exposition of the Apostles Creed and the Ten Commandments, and then the rite actually began.

'Turn round, my children,' he said, 'to the north; lift up your hands and say with me, "I renounce Woden and his evil crew, and all the powers of darkness. I will not call on them, nor sacrifice to them, nor give them allegiance any more. I will take no part in horse-feasts, nor in any heathen rites. Henceforth I am Christ's man and Christ's woman."'

The converts turned round to the north, and repeated the words as he spoke them. Perhaps it did not seem so difficult to defy Woden, now in the bright May sunshine, as it might have done in an October evening with the west wind sighing mournfully under a low grey sky, or on a winter night of driving snow and screaming, howling tempest. If any of them shrank from a feeling that Woden might at once blast them with his vengeance, nothing came. The blue spring sky was cloudless, the soft breeze blew gently and balmily through the trees.

'And now, my children,' said Denis, 'repeat with me the Christian's Creed, turning to the east, where the Lord lived on earth.'

Again the Addings obeyed without any exception. The words Denis spoke were in their own language, for he had had sufficient experience to know that the English were not easily bound by a promise in Latin, which they did not understand.

Then Denis proceeded to a shortened version of the Ten Commandments, given in his own words, and after each he asked his converts their promise to keep it. But when he had said, 'You shall not take away his wife from any other man, friend or enemy,' one of the white-robed figures stepped forward. It was Ermenric.

'Nay, that is too strong, Sir Priest. If a maiden is betrothed to me, and is then carried off with treachery by a vile Bedding, I will not promise not to carry her off in my turn if I get the chance, and she be so minded.'

A murmur of assent ran through the body of the converts. It was evident that Ermenric had the sympathy of his townsmen. Even Warmund looked doubtfully at Denis to see what he said to this declaration.

'Then, Ermenric Strong-arm,' said Denis, in a clear and decided voice, which rang out clear as a bell, 'the Lord Christ will have none of you for His man.'

'That were a pity,' said Warmund; 'for the Lord Christ would lose a strong arm and a faithful heart. Could you not see if He would make an exception in Ermenric's case, Sir Priest?'

'He makes no exceptions,' said Denis. 'Men of Add! do you think He is some little reeve, that men can make terms and chaffer with? He is the Lord of heaven and earth, and will have all or nothing.'

'Come Ermenric,' said Warmund, 'you must make the promise as the priest says. We can't have the whole ceremony stopped to chaffer with you because you have a woman in your mind, be she Swangift Edmund's daughter or another.'

'Yes, that must he do,' said another of the elder men. 'You have nothing to do now but to go on with it, Ermenric. You have already defied Woden, and you will be in a bad way if you turn back now from being Christ's man, and have none in the unseen world to take your part.'

'What will happen to me if I draw back now?' said Ermenric to Denis.

'If you die unbaptised,' said Denis, 'you will burn in the flame for ever and ever.'

'Well,' said Ermenric, 'I will risk it. I will put off baptism till another time. A man must carry through that whereto he sets his hand. The Lord Christ will know that, if He is as wise and just as you say, and will not be over-hard upon one who means to be His man when he can. And besides, I am young and strong enough to have no need to think of dying just yet.'

And Ermenric drew out of the crowd, and walked to the place in the wood where he had taken off his ordinary garments to put on the robe of baptism. He heard Denis' clear voice repeating the question as he walked away. It is impossible to say that he

was very comfortable in his mind; for he was well aware that he was now neither Woden's man nor Christ's, and though he never believed very much in Woden, he felt as if he had shut himself out from all unseen guardianship and protection when he severed himself from the rest of the Addings in the midst of the baptismal rite.

He put on his ordinary clothes again, and would have left the place, but for an impulse of curiosity, which made him swing himself up into the lower branch of a great elm tree, which commanded the clearing where the function was going on. He watched the white-robed men, women, and children go down into the water—the old and infirm standing at the side of the pond to be baptised in our modern way, by the pouring of water only, and the babes and little children held in their mothers' arms. As each came up, he turned to the east and made the sign of the cross, and left the place to change his clothes before he returned to the rest. When all had been baptised, Denis bade them all to kneel down while he prayed. He used first the ordinary Latin prayers belonging to the Baptismal Service, and then another in English; the clear, bell-like tones of his voice fell clear upon Ermenric's ears.

'Lord Christ,' he said, 'we are Thy men. We have renounced the evil demons, Woden and his crew, whom our forefathers served. We have renounced the evil passions of our own hearts, which are nearer to us and harm us more than Woden. Give us grace to keep Thy laws in our lives, and to be faithful to Thee to death, knowing that no man can hurt anything of us except our perishing bodies, while our deathless spirits trust in Thee. Amen.'

Then Denis blessed them, and then they all rose and went their several ways. Ermenric went home another way, took his bow and arrows and went out into the wood to hunt. He felt strangely lonely, and as if he had made some great mistake; more than once he debated whether he should go back to Denis and say that he had thought better of his refusal, and was ready to take baptism. Something bore in upon his mind the feeling that some good thing, better than anything he had ever known, had been within his reach, and he had declined it. But then again he thought of Swangift, and his plan for Midsummer Eve, and he could not make up his mind to promise to forego that. So he went about all that week, the only Adding who did not wear his white baptismal robe above his other garments, as was

then the custom. It was a relief to him when the week was over and the white garments put away, so that he no longer felt himself a marked man amidst the rest.

CHAPTER XI.

THE WILES OF THE WITCH-WIFE.

THE news that the Addings had taken baptism came round to the Beddings before long, and was the theme of much conversation, both in hut and hall. The Beddings had always been wavering in their allegiance to Ethelbert, and Wolfhild had for a long time desired that they should renounce their homage to the King of Kent, and throw in their lot with Wessex instead. They were not actually on the borders of Wessex, but not far off it, though the border of the kingdoms of what is called the Heptarchy were too fluctuating to be marked out definitely on a map. But they were stronger than the tribes which lay between them and the townships which openly owned the King of Wessex as their liege lord, and there was little doubt that if they declared for Wessex, the Warlings and others to the westward would follow their suit.

Wolfhild sat in the chair of state in her own house, with her raven perched on her shoulder, and her two foster-sons were with her. The door was closed and the slaves were out of the way. They were careful to keep out of the way when Wolfhild and her foster-sons were holding a consultation; for once Wolf had caught one of his own servants listening outside the unglazed window, and though probably only curiosity had caused his eavesdropping, a sharp and speedy death was his punishment.

'I wish,' said Wolfhild, 'that I had never let Walram wed that Adding woman. It was a mistake. She has wound herself round his heart, and I verily belief she has bewitched him. Did you see how he fondled her before all the elder-men of the people the other day? He never fondled Ethelgiva like that; and yet she was his first wife, and this one is but his second.'

'She is young, and goodlier than Ethelgiva to look at,' said Wolf; 'and her boy is strong and lusty, and Ethelgiva's died as soon as they were born.'

'She has got more spirit than I thought,' said Wolfhild, 'especially since the babe was born. And, indeed, at first I

thought all was well when I heard the babe's cry; but it was a bad thing that that outlander messenger of Ethelbert came and put his magic on the babe when none of us were there to say him nay. We are not going to breed an Adding to lord it over the Boars of Bedd when Walram is gone, and to do away with the customs of our forefathers and the worship of the gods.'

'But, mother,' said Thunstan, 'your magic is strong enough to undo the magic of the White Christ.'

'My magic,' said Wolfhild, 'can undo all spells whose working I know. But the worst of it is, the working of this magic I know not. If I could get hold of the wizard who works it, and work my will upon him, I could stop it all. But I cannot do that yet.'

'What would you do?' said Thunstan.

'I would bind him hand and foot, and I would force him to swallow the dried horseflesh from Woden's last sacrifice, in token that he renounced his homage to Christ and took homage to Woden; and then he would lose his power of magic and be like other men, as I should be like other women if I took homage to Christ.'

'And you might slay him if he refused,' said Wolf. 'But why would it not do as well to slay him as he goes about unarmed in the forest?'

'Because the very strength of this magic is that the White Christ has power on the other side of death as well as this,' said Wolfhild; 'and what would be the use of slaying his body to set his ghost free to work us more and more ill? No. Better leave him in life, unless he could be brought here alive, and forced by torments to forsake that which now gives him his power. But we are not yet safe enough with Wykhelm to defy Ethelbert thus. For the present, all I can do is to seek to undo the mischief he has wrought upon Walram's child.'

'And how will you do that?' said Thunstan.

'In fifteen days,' said Wolfhild, 'is the Feast of the Sun, and we burn the Bale-fire on the Crow's Knoll. We will sacrifice a horse first under the Tree of Meeting, and the babe shall have some of the flesh to suck. If it suck the morsel with relish, well; if not, the moment another babe is born to Walram, this babe shall die. The magic of the White Christ will have spoiled it for a good Bedding.'

'Why not slay the Adding woman at once? You have means, mother,' said Thunstan.

'Because I do not let go my plans so easily as you would have me; and if the Adding woman dies, and this babe is slain, how is Walram's son to claim rule over the Addings when he grows up? No, let her live, and trust to my magic to conquer the outlander's.'

'The babe is a fine, lusty boy,' said Wolf. 'If he sucks not the horseflesh, is there no other spell to work on him? He will be passed over the Bale-fire, with all the new-born young of the township. Will not the Bale-fire burn the white magic out of him?'

'I know not,' said Wolfhild. 'It may, or may not. We will see what it does. And after that, Thunstan, I have business for you. As soon as the Bale-fire brands are black, you are to go to Wykhelm of Wessex, and bring him certain words from me, that will cause him to send messengers to Walram and offer him good gifts for his homage. This is the time to strike, while Ethelbert of Kent is estranging the hearts of the men of Woden with his new-fangled follies.'

'Walram may call himself Lord of the Beddings, mother,' said Wolf, in an ecstacy of admiration, slapping his stout thigh as he spoke, 'but it is Wolfhild that is lady of him and of all of us.'

Wolfhild knew that the admiration was genuine, and did not disclaim it. 'One thing more,' she said. 'What has been done with Cole the Forester and his wife, who flitted through the wood at midnight from the town of the Addings, for fear of what might come to them from the matter of Swangift?'

'They are in the hut where Grip, the son of Helm, used to live. But not a man of the Beddings will give them a good word or foregather with them. They are contemptible traitors to their own folk, say all.'

'That is true,' said Wolfhild. 'A clout of the crown enough to drive the life out of the man is all he deserves; and yet it is no bad thing to keep a knife at hand that has lost its brightness, to do the dirty work. We may need such before we have done. Find the fellow, Thunstan, and tell him that you will supply his wants for a bit, but he must bind himself to do your bidding; and if he fails, you will slay him so that he shall be a week dying, and none to hear his cries. He is the sort to dread torture, I warrant you!'

There was a cruel steely glitter in Wolfhild's eyes as she spoke; and when she had gone out, leaving the two men alone,

Wolf said, 'They say women are more pitiful than men; but I doubt if there ever was a spark of pity in Mother Wolfhild.'

Thunstan laughed.

'Ask for pity from the lightning when it strikes, or the fire when it rages, or the north wind laden with snow. They will give it sooner than Wolfhild.'

The June days passed on till Midsummer Eve arrived. It was brilliant weather, and the afternoon sun slanted down, hot and fierce, on the great orgy the Beddings were holding around the Tree of Meeting, previous to adjourning to the Crow's Knoll for the Bale-fire. A horse had been solemnly sacrificed to the gods, slain and roasted whole, and now all free-born Beddings, with their wives and children, were called upon to partake of the flesh. The men were close under the tree, the women and children in a larger circle outside. Among these was Swangift with her baby. Wolfhild was presiding over the roasted carcase, as the special priestess of Woden.

When the chief portions of the meat had been dealt out to the elder-men of the tribe, Wolfhild gave over her place to Thunstan, and taking a piece of the flesh in her fingers, went up to Swangift. Swangift stood up when she saw the witch-wife come to her. She always felt more capable of withstanding her on her own feet than when she was sitting down and Wolfhild standing over her.

'Have you had your portion of the sacrifice of the gods, Swangift, wife of Walram?' said Wolfhild.

'Yes,' said Swangift; 'Walram sent me a portion first of all.'

'And did you give the babe a piece of it?' said Wolfhild.

'To a two-months babe?' said Swangift, smiling. 'How could he eat it, Lady Wolfhild? Why, he has touched no food yet except from my breast; my darling, have you?' And she lifted him up and kissed him lovingly.

'Nevertheless,' said Wolfhild, whose scorn for the girl-mother did not prevent her feeling, or thinking she felt, that Swangift was putting on the air of maternity with some contempt for her own childlessness, 'it is due to Walram that his son should share in the worship of the Boars of Bedd for their old gods, whom they will not give up for any mandate of a Kentish king. I have brought him a small piece here to suck;' and she stood to see what Swangift would do.

Now Swangift remembered Denis's warning about the heathen feasts, and feared very much that the morsel of horseflesh

handed her by Wolfhild, if applied to her baby's lips, would undo the virtues of the baptismal water which Denis had poured upon his brow. She determined that the baby should have none of it; and mother-love and mother-wit taught her to deceive even Wolfhild. She managed to hold the horseflesh in the palm of her hand, while she seemed to be holding it to her baby's mouth. It sucked at its mother's finger for a few moments, and then Swangift said, 'So sacred a morsel should not be thrown away when the babe has sucked it,' shifted the child so that its face was turned from Wolfhild to her, seemed to extract the horseflesh, but really slipped it from her own palm and swallowed it herself. Then she looked up at Wolfhild as if nothing had happened, with only a deeper colour in her fair cheeks.

Wolfhild walked away in silence, and Swangift pressed her baby closely to her breast, whispering to it, 'My pet, my darling, the witch-woman has not undone the White Christ's spell and given you back again to her fierce gods! You are His for evermore now!'

And poor ignorant little heathen as she was, with her superstitious belief in baptism as a charm securing her baby from witchcraft, and no notion of its higher meaning, Swangift nevertheless from that moment determined that whenever her chance came, whether with Walram's consent or not, she too would join the side of the White Christ, who was the guardian of her little child.

Wolfhild's reputed witch-power, however, was chiefly due to her extraordinary and minute capacity of observation. She had not failed to see the deepening of the colour in Swangift's cheeks, and wondered to herself what it meant. Whatever had been the fate of the morsel of horseflesh, she felt that with regard to the worship of Woden she and Swangift were upon opposite sides. Suppose the Adding woman should win over Walram to her side? No future lordship of the son of Walram over the hated Addings would make up for that.

But the horse-feast was over, and washed down with many horns of ale, and it was time to go to the Crow's Knoll for the rites of Midsummer Eve and the lighting of the Bale-fire. This was the summit of the forest ridge dividing the territory of the Addings from that of the Beddings, now bare of trees, and crowned by the Croydon water-tower.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS' ROOM.

IN August and September the Girls' Room may be shut up or given over to strangers. Many of you will be in the country, or at the sea, and some country mouse may be even doing the town in the languid season. Town, then, is not at all so bad a place as it is conventional to suppose. Your friends who remain will foregather with you so gladly, and there is room to look about you at the various shows which remain open. Then the shops have got rid of their dusty *chiffons* at the July sales, and will be setting forth their spick and span autumn novelties. And, after all, if it were a choice of town in June or in August, I should say, 'Keep in the country during the heavenly days of spring and early summer, and take a quiet little season in town when the country is overblown and exhausted with summer heat. In August one does not lose the dust by getting into the country. For a genuine, clean, bright August holiday, commend me to a sea-voyage, long or short, and let it be all sea, or as much sea as possible. Take a little-frequented route, where your fellow-tourist is not too rampantly in evidence. If you have little time for your holiday, a trip in one of the many coasting steamers will give you more change and fresh air than anything else. I have lately taken such a trip from London to Dublin by sea. The weather was absolutely calm and sunshiny, and we were always in sight of land, till the last night, when we ran from Land's End to the Tuskar Light, off the Wexford coast. The scenery is so distinguished that it might have been selected for a pleasure route; but the boats belong to an honest trading company, which lives two-thirds of the year on the cargo it carries, rather than on any passenger traffic. You have the delightful scenery of the lower Thames, which, widening into the sea between the flat coasts of Kent and Essex, brings you on many an enchanting flotilla of fishing-boats, with sails in all tones of orange and amber, to delight any one with an eye for colour. Then lazily all day you watch the distant pale

coasts of Kent and Sussex, and by evening are drifting close to the chalk cliffs of Dover. The Solent and Southampton Water, Plymouth and Falmouth harbours, the Cornish coast and Land's End, furnish many varieties of beauty; and then you have something wilder and softer than all in the exquisite Irish coast.

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A sea-trip makes one very indolent, and I doubt that the most industrious of girls will advance her work an iota on shipboard. That is where the benefit to body and brain of the worker comes in. It is absolute rest in the bright shining air; and one has a languid human interest in even the less interesting of one's fellow-passengers, that proves a sea-voyage to promote amiability. True, one sleeps and dresses, either in company with many strangers, or in a private cabin, wherein there is not room to swing the proverbial cat; but what does that matter, when one carries a heart at rest with itself? And such balmy peace is the best result of a sea-voyage.

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I am writing in a country of mists and shadows, clouds and sun, the thought of which, when one is in exile from her home, makes the heart sick. It is a lush, luxuriant, green country, where all things seem to run wild. The air touches your face softly as a caress; the clouds are making silver causeways on the blue heaven, and are leaning, soft-bosomed, on the crests of the hills; every patch of shadow on the shimmering gold-and-green mountains is like black velvet, so deep and soft is it. Dublin looks what she is—a decayed town, out of which trade and manufactures have fled. But she is the gateway to a sylvan heaven, and all manner of beauty is within walking distance of her streets. I visited the other day a little mountain wood in a deep glen over Dublin. The mountain road crossed a little bridge over a brown torrent, and wound through the heart of the wood. The tall mountain firs and birches went up one side to the crest of the hill, and down the other to the little river far, far below. But not so far that its singing and brawling was out of one's ears all day. The foliage met high overhead in springing boughs, delicately green and transparent, but close enough to keep off the light, silver rain, which fell harmlessly all day. We picnicked over a soft bed of last year's dead leaves, russet red. Amid the black-green moss of the hillside was the coppery track of many a mountain torrent.

The little river was clear as amber, and deep brown in its pools, where the silver trout lie. There was a scamper of rabbits among the bracken, and a glancing of grey and white bodies. An old woman went by in a donkey-cart, and looked at us curiously. She was the one human being who passed during the hours that we were there. We drove home at evening, through a wild and solitary glen. A few little cabins, ragged as a last year's nest, were perched here and there. The hills rose to each side of us, calm and majestic. We drove though a cloud blown in fine silver about the road and the fields; and now and again, far away between azure peaks, one caught the silver of the sea.

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I visited, a few days since, at her home near Dublin, Miss Jane Barlow, whose name will be a familiar one, I am sure, in the Girls' Room. The author of 'Irish Idylls' is very tall and slender, with a sweet, gentle face, and a very shy manner. Any one less like the ideal woman of Madame Sarah Grand and the revolting daughters it would not be easy to imagine. She is so happy among her beloved people, that it is almost impossible to tempt her from her home. However, Lady Aberdeen did lately persuade her to accompany her on a tour in the wonderful north-west of Ireland, a tour which, no doubt, will bring us other Irish Idylls. Miss Barlow's home is a kindly old house, festooned in roses and creeping green things. She, her sister, and mother are all gardeners, and are very generous with the beautiful fruit of their labours. Part of the house is a rentable cottage, mud-walled and thatched. The windows look over a few fields to the incomparable beauty of Dublin Bay, with Howth, a great amethyst, set in the midst. The hall-door of the house stood hospitably open to the summer air, and Miss Barlow came to meet me from the big, book-lined room, where she works at a little table near her father's big one. She told me once that her ideal working-room was one with many books, and no furniture, save a table to write at and *one* chair. This latter proviso was to keep the uninvited guest from staying too long. She seems to work very happily in her father's company, and he says she is so quiet that she does not make him regret his admittance of her. It is easy to see that this gifted young lady is greatly loved in her own home, and that her people are very proud of her—a sweeter thing to her, I am sure, than all the plaudits of the world could be. Miss Barlow loves animals. A very old pony and a little black kitten are now her

pets. There was a little dog, Rexy, belonging to her sister, who was killed by accident, and whose death they so deeply mourned that they have never replaced him. Readers of 'Bogland Studies' will recall the 'Rexy' of the poem 'Walled-Out; or, Eschatology in a Bog.'

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I feel I owe an apology to Miss Barlow, for giving her even such a quiet publicity as that of the Girls' Room. She is so shy and distrustful of her own powers, that it might well seem an intrusion; yet she is so kind and unself-conscious, that, I feel sure, she would not object to my telling my girls about my visit to her, because it would please them.

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Since I am so much upon Irish topics, I think the folk of the Girls' room will be interested in hearing a poem from the manuscript book of Frances Wynne, who died last year, little more than a girl herself. She had been married but a short eighteen months, and she died when she had been six days the mother of a son. She wrote one exquisite book of a girl's songs, 'Whisper,' which may be had still from Messrs. Matthews and Lane. I believe she would have kept the heart of a girl if she had lived till fourscore, but as it was, lest the world should break her, God took her in her girlhood. As I turn over the little black-covered book, I recall my last glimpse of her—when my chestnut tree was heavy with August, and all my purple clematis was flinging out great blooms over the wall. She noticed its beauty when we were saying good-bye, and as she went down the leafy road she turned round to wave a gay good-bye. This is a poem of a sick child, given back from death's door to his father and mother. I have never known any girl to have a more intense love of children, nor a more perfect understanding of them.

A RECOVERED TREASURE.

I had a sort of throbbing in my head,
  And felt a little bit too tired to play;
So mother came and put me into bed,
  Although it was the middle of the day.

Then everything grew very dark and hot,
  And in my ears I heard a humming sound;
I could not tell if it were night or not,
  Because the room went reeling round and round.

But I kept dreaming, dreaming all the time
About my garden and the robin's nest—
About big trees I should have liked to climb,
And my new engine that I loved the best.

And in my dreams a man would take my hand,
And ask me kindly had I any pain,
And do strange things I could not understand,
And then his face would fade away again.

The sun was shining brightly as I woke;
I said to mother, who was by my side,
'I want my engine, mother.' When I spoke—
I can't think why, but mother cried and cried.

It was so nice to leave that tiresome room
And run into the garden on my feet;
I found my pink carnation all in bloom,
And oh! my mignonette did smell so sweet.

Now father buys me crowds and crowds of toys,
And rides me, when he likes, upon his knee,
And never says, 'Not good for little boys;'
So mother tells him he is spoiling me.

Next month I will give you something else from that precious manuscript book, which contains the unfinished beginnings of another 'Whisper'—a 'Whisper' less gay, perhaps, but with a deeper meaning.

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The Girls'. Room will, I know, be very sorry for the death of Walter Pater. With him there is lost to literature a supremely beautiful style. Sometimes this wonderful artist in words was a little too finicking for one of a plainer appetite. I like myself to possess as I do the first (two-volume) edition of 'Marius the Epicurean,' but, to tell the truth, I never take it down with the same delight as I do his slender volume 'Imaginary Portraits.' This last seems to me to contain the flower of his genius. With the old exquisite manner, there is a wealth of colour in 'Denys L'Auxerrois,' for example, which we do not find elsewhere in his work. The description of the riotous flowering of that summer when the Greek Dionysus came to earth again, is a wonderful piece of writing; and not less a masterpiece in its grey austerity is the 'Sebastian Van Storck' of the same volume. I wish he had written more in the absolute simplicity of that little story of Watteau, 'A Prince of Court Painters.'

There the style is absolutely faultless without being cold. It has the clearness of the dew-drop rather than of the crystal.

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A book I would recommend to holiday-makers is 'Poems of Nature,' a new volume of the Canterbury Poets, selected by Mrs. Wingate Rinder. Mrs. Rinder selects only from contemporary poets, and so hampers herself unnecessarily, it seems to me. She also makes the mistake common to anthologists not of the very first order, of disproportionate representation. But when all is said and done, the book is 'a box where sweets compacted lie,' and an enviable friend for the moor or the sea.

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The recent big biography of St. Teresa, which I am sorry to consider a biography *manqué*, does not contain the Saint's 'Book-mark;' this always sounds to my spirit like a deep bell, the tolling of which breathes one word, and that 'Peace!' I give it for the benefit of any girl who would like to make it *her* book-mark. 'All passes' is a strange and solemn saying to the young and happy, but a time will come, a time of sickness or sorrow, when that thought will bring a healing balm to the soul.

'Let nothing disturb thee,
Let nothing affright thee,—
All passeth;
God only remaineth.
Patience wins all things.
Who hath God needeth nothing;
Alone God sufficeth.'

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON.

Church History Society.

Rules.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s*. II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume*. III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

June Class List.

Class I.

Honeysuckle	39	Ierne Countess	35	Gooseberry	34
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Class III.

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Vicaria	14	*Twenty-one	5

Juniors.

Class I.

Bo-Peep	33	Elingar	30

Class II.

Viola 27

* Two answers only.

REMARKS.

21. The Roman party in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. is very well described by *Etheldreda*, *Ierne*, and *Honeysuckle*. The question is rather misunderstood by *Gooseberry*, *Vicaria*, and *Twenty-one*, who give names of individuals of the Roman party instead of showing how it was made up.

First, there were the 189 Marian priests who refused the Supremacy oath at Elizabeth's accession, with a very few added after the Bull of 1570. Besides these, there were the Roman missionaries divided into *two* classes—(α) those for religious purposes only; (β) those chiefly for political ends. Cardinal Allen was the head of both movements, and he kept them separate. The Roman laity were mostly inconsistent enough to be loyal to Elizabeth, except as to views on the Supremacy, but some accepted the Pope's deposing power and joined in the plots. Bog-oak must beg all members of Church History Society never again to call the English Church *Protestant*, TILL THEY CAN SHOW THAT SHE CALLS HERSELF SO. *Vicaria* and *Countess:* The Duke of Norfolk was not a Romanist, and his death was not for religion. *Bo-peep's* account of the separation from Rome is the best, as she alone describes the actual setting up of the Bull by Felton.

22. *Honeysuckle* best shows the amount of Mary Queen of Scots' influence on the Reformation here. *Etheldreda* and others do not sufficiently work out that as long as she lived she kept the more loyal Romanists quiet in hopes of her ultimate succession. Had all pulled together the plots would have been rebellions. Their absolute fidelity was shown when they supported the English cause under the grievous blow of Mary's murder, and the hopes for their religion if the Armada succeeded. About Mary opinions will vary to the end of time; but there are only two tenable ones. Either she was a murderess, or worse, or she was a cruelly persecuted saint, perhaps a martyr. Most modern historians try to make her out a moderate murderess or a partial saint, not infrequently both. Anyway, several things, often shirked, must be faced. 1st. That Elizabeth had two or three honourable courses open to her, and that she took none. She might have declined her visit and returned her to her rebellious subjects as an open enemy, or she might have set her on her throne to rule under English protection, with all her political importance clipped, or she might have passed her on to France. By her blunder of imprisoning her, she brought the plots on her own head. Were Mary and her friends likely to consider prison the best place for her? 2nd. When Elizabeth saw fit to 'try' an independent princess because her husband had been murdered, (α) most of the direct evidence brought against her was forged, and we are still discovering more forgeries; (β) the principal witness was suppressed at the time by Murray, and afterwards murdered for fear he should tell the truth; (γ) supposing her guilty, her accusers were her accomplices, and there was *no* righteous desire to punish *them;* (δ) Mary was never confronted with her accusers, as she begged to be. Any jury nowadays would dismiss a case so supported. 3rd. As to the plots against Elizabeth, those who consider Elizabeth justified in successfully plotting against Mary and murdering her, can hardly think it a sin in Mary to plot unsuccessfully against Elizabeth, and *not* to murder her. But those who (with Bog-oak) think murder always a breach of the Sixth Commandment, even when sovereigns are the murderers and the murdered, defend Mary because the only way in which she, a defenceless prisoner, could be connected with any part of the plots, was when Walsingham and Burleigh, descending to a pseudo-plot by tricks of the lowest sort, succeeded in getting into their hands letters which never saw the light again till more forgery had been committed. Even so, there is no direct evidence that she plotted the death of her gaoler-cousin. She would have been mad not to have snatched at any hope of escape other than this. *Marguérite:* It was not her *presence* in England which incited men to rebel; it was her unjust treatment.

23. The persecution of Romanists in England is very fully treated by *Etheldreda, Ierne,* and *Honeysuckle.* It is a pity *Countess's* dates are wrong, for her account is one of the best. She gives 1517 instead of 1576 for Cuthbert Mayne's death, and 1584 for Campion's instead of 1581. *Veritas:* Campion was of St. John's, Oxford, not Cambridge; and he was

not 'murdered on the rack,' as *Elingar* says, but, alas! hanged, drawn, and quartered. *Viola:* Elizabeth's severity extended far beyond fines: 191 Romanists, mostly priests, were hanged, nearly all for denying the Supremacy. Of these, a few, *e.g.* Felton, who nailed up the Bull, died for undoubted treason. The rest were martyrs for religion, a religion which the law made treason—still, for religion. We cannot consider the Papal Supremacy a true article of the Faith; and as Edward III.'s statute of Treason made it treason 'to be adherent to the king's enemies in this realm,' the whole 191 undoubtedly were traitors in *law*—and the Government was within its rights in hanging them. But seeing they thus purged themselves of treason, *History* may regard them as martyrs for religion.

24. The college of Douai is admirably handled by *Etheldreda*, *Gooseberry*, and *Countess*, the first of whom alone mentions that the college lasted till 1793, and that St. Edmund's College, Ushaw and Oscott, now represent Allen's foundation. *Marguérite:* We must distinguish between most seminarists and the few Jesuits who came politically. We must also distinguish between Campion, who, though a Jesuit, kept his general's orders of non-interference in politics, and Parsons, who disobeyed them. It is noticeable that Kingsley has made these men (as Morgan Evans and Evans Morgan in 'Westward Ho!') mere dittoes of each other, confounding the gentle scholarly Campion with the coarser Parsons; making the two heads of the English Mission (who never met but twice for stolen interviews) waste their whole time in Cornwall (where they never were) over the Leighs. And even a story-teller's license cannot cover these men, conforming and attending service at Morwenstowe, and, moreover, only getting through it by cramming up the rubrics!—when both were converts of not more than ten years, and Campion had served as an Anglican deacon. *Marguérite* also omits the celebrated translation of the Bible into English, completed at Douai a year before the Authorized Version. *Vicaria* should have given the course of study of which Holy Scripture formed so large a part. *Elingar* and *Bo-peep* give good accounts of Allen. But was his desire quite unfulfilled? Could such faith and prayer quite fail? The conversion of England and its preservation in the Faith was granted, not just as he hoped; but may not the Faith preserved here for centuries in a truer and more catholic way than he thought of, be the true fulfilment of his prayer and the granting of his heart's desire?

THE CHURCH MOVEMENT.

In view of the fact that Disestablishment and Disendowment of a part of the National Church has become a practical question, it has been felt that all English people ought to be instructed in the history and true position of their National Church. To ensure this work being effectually carried out, certain organisation is necessary. Committees have therefore been formed—a Central and General Committee consisting of laymen and ladies under the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and Diocesan and Parochial Committees are in process of formation. These Committees are brought together wholly with a view to ensuring that every person in the kingdom who desires to form a fair judgment shall be able to obtain accurate and trustworthy information. This movement is on entirely non-party and non-political lines.

Every one who desires the maintenance of the national confession of Christianity is asked to join, or promote the formation of Parochial Committees.—*Communicated.*

'Hints for Workers' and other papers can be obtained from the Honorable Victoria Grosvenor, 117, Ebury Street, S.W.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 380.)

FIRST SHELF.

VARIETY SUBJECT.

JULY.

THE RESULTS OF MATCH-MAKING.

Many people were bold enough to alter the matrimonial arrangements of their favourite heroes and heroines; but only three have had the courage to meddle with the results. Of these *Per se Valens* chooses Aldous Raeburn and Dorothea Brooke to show the different views of philanthropy of their respective generations; but Marcella should not have appeared on the scene —the introduction of the outside figure from the real story takes away the *vraisemblance* of the imaginary scene. Dodo and Guy Livingstone are a tempting couple; and Dodo's style of conversation is cleverly caricatured by *Royal Adie—very* cleverly, indeed; but the lady is far from being improved by this marriage, and uses her wit with even less restraint than when we formerly knew her. Of the three, Chelsea China prefers the housekeeping of Stephen Remarx and Cecilia de Noel, as rendered by *Jon*, for it is always the friends whom we most admire, at whom we can laugh most happily.

It is a curious speculation whether, when 'one has sown the seed,' and all endeavour to reap the flower, the result can be anything but caricature. Chelsea China thinks it can. All new and marked types reappear under other names in contemporary fiction, and 'collaboration,' which is often thought so mysterious, is really the working out of the ideas of another in a more open way. It is often difficult to say where a new conception begins, or where it comes from; but it never 'leaves the world no copy.'

PRIZE WINNER FOR JULY.

Miss B. Scott, School Field, Rugby.

A SCENE FROM THE LIFE OF MR. AND MRS. STEPHEN REMARX.

Stephen and Cecilia are living happily together in a model flat in Whitechapel. They have given away all their money, and subsist on the Sunday offertory. By the end of the week they have very little left. It is a December afternoon. There is a thick fog. Cecilia is sitting sewing by a farthing dip. A lean tabby cat is purring over a saucer of skim milk. An aged fox-terrier hears Stephen's step at the door, and springs up to greet him. Stephen has a black eye, and looks weary.

Stephen. Down, Rover! Dear one, I am so sorry to be late, but I've had

a glorious day. As I was passing the Checkers I found a throng of dock-labourers out of work, and preached to them, from an inverted tub, on the deceitfulness of riches and the degradation of beer. The landlord came out, dear, and said I was spoiling his custom, and gave me this trophy. (Cecilia shudders.) But the brave fellows defended me nobly, and I've asked them all in to dinner at eight to-night.

Cecilia (*faintly*). To dinner, dearest?

Stephen. Yes, dear. Why not? Surely my Cecilia is above the unchristian prejudice of disliking to sit down with dockers.

Cecilia. Yes, yes, dear, of course. If there was but anything for them to eat! But—there's only a pound of oatmeal. As I knew we were going to dine with your aunt to-morrow, I gave away all there was in the larder to some starving beggars I met in the Minories. I thought we could do with gruel.

Stephen. We must run out and buy something. Here's fourpence.

Cecilia (*shaking her head*). I've only twopence, dear. We shall have no more money till to-morrow. I gave my last shilling to a lame crossing-sweeper this morning.

Stephen. We must pawn something. Haven't you anything?

Cecilia. Not a thing, dearest. We've pawned so much this week, you know. I've only this gown in the world, and if I pawn it, I shan't be able to go to church to-morrow. No, dear, you *mustn't* pawn your coat in this weather, with such a cold on your chest.

Stephen (*in a broken voice*). I suppose I must go and put them off——

Cecilia (*suddenly*). No, dear. No, don't do that. I've thought of something. Go out now, darling—preach, visit, do anything you like, and come back at eight with your dear brave men, and I'll have a dinner ready for you.

At eight o'clock the Remarxes and some dozen dock-labourers sit down to a dinner of six courses: soup, fish, a ragout, and another made dish, pastry, and oranges. The dockers are enchanted with the entertainment, and all promise to come to Stephen's church next day. Three offer to take the pledge. When they are gone, Cecilia throws herself weeping into Stephen's arms. He, much concerned, tries to console her. 'My dearest, you're over-tired. You've eaten nothing. Why didn't you? There was plenty.'

'Oh, my faithful Rover!' she sobs; 'my dear old Tabby! Oh, I'm so sorry to be so weak. I'm unworthy to be your wife; but let me cry a little, dear. When I think I shall never see them again——'

'Are they lost?' asks Stephen.

'Ah, dear,' she says through her tears, 'Rover was the soup and part of the haricot, and Tabby was the ragout.'

Stephen (*in horror*). Oh, my darling, where's your beautiful hair?

Cecilia. Sold dear. I bought the fish with that, and the pastry, and the oranges, and the things to flavour Rover and Tabby with. They say you *can't* disguise a dog, dear; but I think I must have disguised Rover, for one of them said to me, 'This 'ere's rare good soup, missus,' and they all had two helps.

SUBJECT FOR SEPTEMBER.

The six quotations which best represent Shakespeare's idea of female character.

SECOND SHELF.

VERSE COMPETITION FOR JULY.

Leopardi's 'L'Infinito' has been done much the best by *Dragon* and *Indiana*. We give both versions: *Indiana* has preserved the blank verse of the original and receives the prize, *Dragon* having already gained one this year.

'THE INFINITE.'

Aye dear to me hath been this lonely hill,
This hedge, which on so many sides shuts out
All sight of the horizon far away.
But sitting and beholding, here and there,
Limitless spaces, there my thought conceives
A silence more than human, deepest calm;
Where for a little while my heart fears nought.
As through the trees I hear the stirring wind,
This voice to that great silence I compare,
And th' Eternal helps me, and the times long dead,
And living is the present and its sound.
So in this vastness thought itself is drowned,
And in such sea shipwreck is sweet to me.

INDIANA.

PRIZE WINNER FOR JULY.

Miss Arnold-Forster, Wharfeside, Burley-in-Wharfedale.

'THE INFINITE.'

Aye have I loved this wild hill, and the hedge
That hides so much of the horizon's edge;
But when beyond its bounds I take my place,
And marvel at the illimitable space,
I dream in thought (which gives to fear scant lease)
Of heavenly silence, of profoundest peace.
And as the wind wails through the branches there,
Its voice with infinite silence I compare;
The eternal, and the seasons past and dead,
The living present, and its sounding tread;
Until thought fails in this immensity,
Making sweet shipwreck on its boundless sea.

DRAGON.

VERSE COMPETITION FOR SEPTEMBER.

Translate—

EDICTUM domini deique nostri,
quo subsellia certiora fiunt,
et puros eques ordines recepit,
dum laudat modo Phasis in theatro,
Phasis purpureis rubens lacernis,
et iactat tumido superbus ore:
Tandem commodius licet sedere,
nunc est reddita dignitas equestris;
turba non premimur nec inquinamur;
Haec et talia dum refert supinus,
illas purpureas et arrogantes
iussit surgere Leitus lacernas.

MARTIAL, v. 7.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

Rule of Three has won the half-yearly prize with a score of 174 out of a possible 216. Her name and address are Miss L. Copland, 4, Seedley Terrace, Pendleton, Manchester.

Others who have made good scores are *Old Maid*, 163; *Honeylands*, 159; *White Lion*, 156; *Feu-Follet*, 155.

Answers to July Questions.

1. Augustus the (physically) strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland (see Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great').

2. (*a*) The smuggler who carried off Harry Bertram. 'Guy Mannering' (Scott).

(*b*) Chaplain to 'The Brotherhood of the Rose.' 'Westward Ho!' (Charles Kingsley).

(*c*) One of the boarders often alluded to in 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table' (Oliver Wendell Holmes).

3. Ethelbert Stanhope at the bishop's party. 'Barchester Towers (Antony Trollope).

4. Shirley Keeldar. 'Shirley' (Charlotte Brontë).

5. The Emperor Charles V. 'The Emperor's Bird's-nest' (Longfellow).

6. The lines are part of a song in Keats' 'Endymion.'

Rule of Three is allowed half-marks for her quotations from Clough for No. 3, as it is rather like the one meant, although Airlie's coat was not *light* blue.

Helen says, in answer to No. 5, 'The Saracen conqueror of Egypt (Amrou) caused his tent to be left behind because a dove had built in it. The place was called Fostal (a tent), afterwards changed to Cairo.'

Correct Answers Received.

Helen, 36; *Aspley Guise*, *Double-Dummy*, *Madge Wildfire*, *Star*, *Sundial*, *White Lion*, 30; *Cleo*, *Coles*, *Green Marble*, *Klee*, *Sister Queen*, *White Cat*, 28; *Rule of Three*, *Feu Follet*, 27; *Sandal-wood*, *Starling*, *Sylviola*, *Bable Fox*, *Syndicate*, *Old Maid*, *L. Halliday*, 24; *Scott*, 20; *Isabel*, 19; *Honeylands*, 18; *Iris*, *MSS.*, 16; *Nemo*, *Cymenescra*, 14; *Helga*, *Scotland Yard*, 12; *A. Thornely*, 10; *M. R. A.*, 8.

Search Questions for September.

1. Who used a lady's head-dress as a duster?
2. Who was Michael Angelo Titmarsh?
3. What little boy sold his favourite toy to buy his mother a flower-pot and a geranium?
4. What elderly lady had 'part of a cold lion, sliced and fried' on her luncheon-table?
5. Who called himself 'the first man of his century,' and why?
6. What was said to be 'Latin for three farthings'?

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Notes and Queries.

Queries.

Old king, old ministers, old generals, old courtiers, old poets, old musicians, old opera dancers, *broken down*, faded, toothless, wrinkled, rouged, were slowly descending with idleness, weariness, and pleasure *to the tomb.*

Description of closing days of the life of a notorious monarch.

The words in italics are in their right places. Sentence is not rightly formed; but impossible to get right with all its many adjectives and nouns without finding the original.

Wanted.—The names of some nice French and German books (the latter not too difficult).—Wynn.

(Do you know 'Sans Famille,' by Hector Malot? Say if you want novels or other works.)

Advice as to the formation of a Parochial Guild for the care of Church needlework, the repair of altar linen and frontals, mending surplices, etc.—KETHA.

ANSWERS.

Theodora.—Your request shall be attended to.

Meta.—Do you know 'Jesus Christ,' by Père Didon? 2 vols. 1891. Paris, Librairie Plan.—D.

Calverley.—'Little things,' etc., is from a poem by Faber, beginning 'Hearts good and true.'—MARY HAMILTON.

S.C.—Your question was asked last month.

Mavourneen.—For 'Be the day weary,' etc., see 'The Pass-Tyme of Pleasure,' by Stephen Hawes (1517); Heywood's Proverbs (1547); Foxe's 'Book of Martyrs' (1554). George Tankerfield quoted the lines at the stake in 1555.

A Reader.—'The rapture of pursuing,' etc., see 'The Wind over the Chimney,' by Longfellow. 'In the teeth,' etc., Tennyson's 'Princess,' Canto 4. —MISS LAKE.

Context asked for in August Monthy Packet. The Last Word.

Creep into thy narrow bed,
Creep and let no more be said,
Vain thy onset! All stands fast,
Thou thyself must breathe at last.
. . . .
Charge once more, then, and be dumb!
Let the victors, when they come,
When the forts of folly fall,
Find thy body by the wall.

MARY HARVEY DREW.

C. C.—The answer to your riddle is, Ann wrote O. I do not know the author. The same question was asked in the 'Packet' eleven years ago, and the following answer was suggested by R. F. L.:—

The hand of a *man*, absent trunk, *head*, and all,
Wrote the letter of doom on Belshazzar's wall,
He the *blind* idolator, blindly read;
The message no light to his mind conveyed,
Though the *dumb* wall repeated it word for word,
And the voice of the Prophet in echo was heard—
Yes, the Prophet interprets it loud and clear,
And Belshazzar the king must *listen and hear*,
He must hear, who the downward path has trod,
Deaf to the voice of conscience and God.

A. PHIL. LEIGH.

RIDDLE.

A headless man had a letter to write;
It was read by one who had lost his sight;
The dumb repeated it word for word:
And deaf was he who listened and heard.

SOLUTION SUGGESTED.

Surely the letter O for *nothing* stands.
Your sense is nought, and nought your wit demands.
The headless man had *nothing*, sure, to write;
Nothing was read by one who lost his sight.
The dumb repeated *nothing* word for word,
And well might he be deaf who *nothing* heard.

E. F. B.

BOOK NOTICE.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION.

Mr. Benjamin Kidd's work on Social Evolution has very rightly been attracting much attention. It is a work which every one who takes an interest in the subject ought to read, and to read carefully. I do not propose here to make any attempt at reviewing it; but there are in it certain propositions which I think some readers of the 'Monthly Packet' would like to see discussed.

With the main thesis of the book, regarded as a forecast, I find myself in complete agreement. Mr. Kidd, at any rate, makes out a very strong case for his view that progress among the Western races will continue; that they will more and more dominate the world; and that they will do so in virtue of their *moral* advance. More than this, that the condition of this progress lies in the ever-increasing recognition of the religious sanction; since without that, there is nothing to make the individual place the welfare of society to-day, and still less of future generations, above his own material interests; by which is meant, of course, not the pleasure of the moment, but his material advantage regarding life as a whole.

But the difficulty arises in dealing with those earlier chapters, in which he seeks to set forth the nature of the religious sanction. For he affirms that altruism, the subordination of self-interest to the present or future welfare of society, is in conflict with reason; not merely that a supra-rational sanction is demanded, but that the course of conduct laid down is actually irrational.

This contention makes one inclined to gasp; but the gasp is modified by feeling that Mr. Kidd intends to follow this 'irrational' line himself; which proves at once that what he means by 'irrational' and 'reason' is not what ordinary people mean. For in the ordinary use of terms, to do what you consciously regard as irrational is actually impossible. The intended explanation appears to me to be this.

Man, *viewed as an animal in the material world*, necessarily seeks his own interest therein as a competitor in the battle of life. Any course of conduct which tells against him in the pursuit of that end is irrational. If he sets before himself some other end conflicting with this, the sanction under which he does so must be irrational. The fact that intuition—or the conception of himself as something other than an animal in a material world—tells him that the other end is better worth attaining, does not affect the irrationality of his attempting to attain it, or the supra-rational source of the belief that it is desirable.

In fact, Mr. Kidd seems to me to confine the use of the words 'reason' and 'rational' to the employment of the logical faculties in dealing with nature and material things. If this use of the terms is accepted, it follows that the faculty by which we recognise and deal with spiritual things (*i.e.* things supra-natural) is supra-rational. When it prescribes a course of conduct opposed to that laid down by 'reason' used in Mr. Kidd's restricted sense, it becomes irrational. It appears, therefore, that, granting the use of the term 'reason' in the sense in which he uses it, his proposition is sound; but, since the faculty by which we justify all our beliefs is one, he is wrong in limiting the term 'reason' to its operations in the 'natural' sphere, and doubly wrong, because he omits to state expressly that he does so limit it; while right in maintaining that the conclusions to which its operations there would lead us may be flatly contradicted by its conclusions working in the spiritual sphere, whereby alone the subordination of material self-interest (taking life as a whole) to other ends can be justified. Spiritual intuitions are extra factors in the problem of conduct added to the material facts. Reason, properly speaking, has to deal with *all* the factors; and it is a misleading use of terms to use 'reason' as he does, as applying only to its operation in dealing with the minor half of them.—A. D. INNES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHROVE TUESDAY AT ST. JAMES'S DIOCESAN HOME, FULHAM.

BY A VISITOR AT THE HOME.

The large Diocesan Home of St. James's, Fulham, provides for the training of sixty young women. It is situated midway between the stations of Hammersmith and Putney. It is worked by the Sisters of the Community of St. Mary the Virgin, of which the Mother House is at Wantage, and, through the example of their lives of cheerful self-sacrifice and devotion, many of those brought under their care are helped to realise that true happiness is to be found in the faithful fulfilling of Christian duty.

It was at eight o'clock on the evening of last Shrove Tuesday, when a boisterous gale was blowing from the south-west, that an alarm of fire was given, and passed quickly through the building.

The fire, which broke out in the laundry, on the south side of the main building, rapidly spread to St. Margaret's wing, where several young women were at work, and in a few minutes the whole of the main building was filled with smoke. The first thought which presented itself to the Superior was, 'How to save the inmates?' the second, 'How to save the house?' The efforts of all the workers were immediately brought to bear on placing the inmates in safety; and here the excellent discipline of the Home was in a remarkable way evinced. Not a scream was heard, and every order given was promptly obeyed. A few minutes sufficed to assemble every one in the hall, where they waited in absolute silence, calm, quiet, and perfectly under control—a control which could have been exercised over such rough, untrained girls, only through the complete self-control of those in authority over them.

By this time the fire had alarmed the nearest neighbour of the Home, the Vicar of St. Clements, who, with his assistant-curate, came immediately to offer help, and suggested that the greater number of the young women should be taken to the schoolroom adjoining his church, while the remainder were sheltered, until all danger was over, in the Chaplain's house. The Sisters, with the men, worked splendidly and before long the danger was considerably minimised, the buildings being, by 11 o'clock p.m., in a sufficiently secure state for the inmates to return. The men themselves said that had they been hindered by the necessity of saving lives, or by want of order and discipline in the Home, it would have been impossible to stay the ravages of the fire. It is fearful to think of what the loss of life might have been had the fire broken out two hours later.

As soon as the flames were sufficiently brought under, and the clouds of smoke had somewhat dispersed, those who had remained behind assembled in chapel to recite the Office of Compline. Never did every word of this most beautiful service stir the hearts of all who recited it with deeper emotion, or was uttered with truer thankfulness.

Where could earnest supplication and a restful trust in God, the commendation of the soul to Him, the promise of continual guardianship, and the most joyful thanksgiving, find better and deeper expression than in the opening words of the Office and in the Psalms which follow?

℣. 'Turn us, O God our Saviour.'

℟. 'And let thine anger cease from us.'

℣. 'O God, make speed to save us.'

℟. 'O Lord, make haste to help us.'

'I will lay me down in peace and take my rest: for it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell in safety.'—Ps. iv. 9.

'Into Thy Hands I commend my spirit: for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord, Thou God of truth.'—Ps. xxxi. 6.

'There shall no evil happen unto thee: neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.'

'For He shall give His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.'—Ps. xci. 10, 11.

'Behold now, praise the Lord: all ye servants of the Lord,' etc.—Ps. cxxxiv.

The next morning all who were able to gather round God's altar gave thanks with awe-struck hearts for the deliverance of the previous night.

A few months have elapsed since the fire, and those who are responsible for the working of St. James's Home feel that the outlook, from a monetary point of view, is a very serious one. Apart from the expense of renewing the buildings, machinery, and appliances of all kinds, which will not be wholly covered by the Insurance (Company), the loss of earnings for four months during the best part of the year is computed to amount to £400. It has been suggested that there are many who would gladly give help towards meeting this difficulty if the pressing need were made known to them. Is it too much to hope that all the readers of the 'Monthly Packet' will not only themselves send a contribution, but will seek to enlist the sympathies of others towards relieving the burden of anxiety which falls on those who are responsible for the support and carrying on of the work?

Our readers may be interested to know that besides work in the large laundry, the young women at St. James's are employed in the following industrial occupations—

(*a*) Church embroidery.
(*b*) Plain needlework.
(*c*) Printing.
(*d*) Bookbinding.
(*e*) Every branch of household work.

DEAR MADAM,—For some months I have been waiting in the hopes of seeing 'Two Noble Lives' (edited by A. J. Hare) noticed in the columns of the 'Monthly Packet,' and as some time has now elapsed, I venture to ask *Chelsea China* to mention it amongst her next book-notices.

As one of the oldest subscribers to the 'Packet,' I venture to draw attention to the lives of the two highly gifted sisters, the records of whom are so full of interest, and whose examples might worthily be followed by the young womanhood of to-day. They lived before the era of 'advanced education,' and yet how cultivated they were! And what delightful glimpses the earlier volume gives us of a yet elder generation of the great ladies of the earlier part of this century! Few of the thrilling records of the mutiny give one a more vivid picture of the anxieties and sorrows of that epoch than Lady Canning's letters, written to anxious friends at home, whilst she was at her post beside the Viceroy's side, doing all she could to help those who stood in sore need of help, and showing every quality of a devoted wife; indeed, the stress of those trying days, combined with the extra year during which Lord Canning held the Governor-Generalship, proved too much for her endurance, and she passed away in Calcutta. Of Lady Waterford, in another sphere, much may be held up to admiration—her efforts for the amelioration of Lord Waterford's Irish tenantry; her efforts to improve the cottages and homes of the Northumbrian villagers, amongst whom many of her later days were passed; her devotion to beauty in nature and in art, and her rare skill as a painter; the courage shown under many sorrows; the unwearying patience and kindness to all around, make up two very striking portraits of women's lives, which I think cannot fail to be read with benefit and pleasure by the maidens of to-day.

The purity, the dignity, and the refinement of the two Stuart sisters is visible in every page of the book, which deals with many varying scenes.

Trusting that *Chelsea China* will forgive me for intruding upon her.—G. E. C.

THE "WOMAN QUESTION."

Chelsea China has a word to say as to the literature encircling this vexed and difficult question. She does not mean to recommend, or to proscribe, any book supposed to deal with it, because, in her opinion, when a book is intended to make for righteousness, the rightness of reading it depends on age, character, temperament, circumstances, and, to some extent, on literary faculty. She is quite convinced that in these difficult matters, whether of law or of expediency, no half knowledge of facts can give any one a right to express an opinion, and this should be taken into consideration both by writers and readers, before they either approve or condemn. But as she knows that a good deal of puzzlement has been the result of recent writings, if any of her readers think discussion helpful, she will answer any letter that gives an address.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address CHELSEA CHINA on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.
NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1894.

MY LADY ROTHA.

A ROMANCE.

BY STANLEY WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF 'A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE,' 'THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF,' ETC.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

UNDER THE TILES.

HE had a light in his hand, and he held it up to my face. 'So?' he said. 'Is that what you would be at? But you go fast. It takes two to that, Master Steward.'

'Yes,' I answered hardily. 'I am the one, and you are the other, Herr Krapp.'

He turned from me and closed the door, and, coming back, held the light again to my face. 'So you still think that it was your lady's woman you saw at the window?'

'I am sure of it,' I answered.

He set down his light on a chair and, leaning against the wall, seemed to consider me. After a pause, 'And you have been to the house?'

'I have been to the house—fruitlessly.'

'You learned nothing?'

'Nothing.'

'Then what do you want to do now?' he asked, softly rubbing his chin.

'To see the inside of that house.'

'And you propose——?'

'To enter it from yours,' I answered. 'Surely you have

some dormer, some trap-door, some roof-way, by which a bold man may get from this house to the next one.'

He shook his head. 'I know of none,' he said. 'But that is not all. You are asking a strange thing. I am a peaceful man, and, I hope, a good neighbour; and this which you ask me to do cannot be called neighbourly. However, I need say the less about that, because the thing cannot be done.'

'Will you let me try?' I cried.

He seemed to reflect. In the end he made a strange answer. 'What time did you call at the house?' he said.

'Perhaps an hour ago—perhaps more.'

'Did you see any one in the churchyard as you passed?'

'Yes,' I said slowly; 'there was a man at work there. I asked him the way.'

Herr Krapp nodded, and seemed to reflect again. 'Well,' he said at last, 'it is a strong thing you ask, Master Steward. But I have my own reasons for suspecting that all is not right next door, and therefore you shall have your way as far as looking round goes. But I do not think that you will be able to do anything.'

'I ask no more than that,' I said, trembling with eagerness.

He looked at me again as he took up the light. 'You are a big man,' he said, 'but are you armed? Strength is of little avail against a bullet.'

I showed him that I had a brace of pistols, and he turned towards the stairs. 'Dorcas is in the kitchen,' he said. 'My sons are out, and so are the lads. Nevertheless, I am not very proud of our errand; so step softly, my friend, and do not grumble if you have your labour for your pains.'

He led the way up the stairs with that, and I followed him. The house was very silent, and the higher we ascended the more the silence grew upon us, until, in the empty upper part, every footfall seemed to make a hollow echo, and every board that creaked under our tread to whisper that we were about a work of danger. When we reached the uppermost landing of all, Herr Krapp stopped, and, raising his light, pointed to the unceiled rafters.

'See, there is no way out,' he said. 'And if you could get out, you could not get in.'

I nodded as I looked round. Clearly, this floor was not

much used. In a corner a room had been at some period roughly partitioned off; otherwise the place was a huge garret, the boards covered with scraps of mortar, the corners full of shadows and old lumber and dense cobwebs. In the sloping roof were two dormer windows shuttered and unglazed; and, beside the great yawning well of the staircase by which we had ascended, lay a packing-box and some straw, and two or three old rotting pallets tied together with ropes. I shivered as I looked round. The place, viewed by the light of our one candle, had a forlorn and depressing aspect. The air under the tiles was hot and close; the straw gave out a musty smell.

I was glad when Herr Krapp went to one of the windows and, letting down the bar, opened the shutters. On the instant a draught, which all but extinguished his candle, poured in, and with it a dull, persistent murmur unheard before—the murmur of the city, of the streets, the voice of Nuremberg. I thrust my head out into the cool night air, and rejoiced to see the lights flickering in the streets below, and the shadowy figures moving this way and that. Above the opposite houses the low sky was red; but the chimneys stood out black against it, and in the streets it was dark night.

I took all this in, and then turned to the right and looked at the next house. I saw as much as I expected; more, enough to set my heart beating. The dormer window next to that from which I leaned, and on a level with it, was open, if I might judge from the stream of light which poured through it, and was every now and then cut off as if by a moving figure that passed at intervals between the casement and the candle. Who or what this was I could not say. It might be Marie; it might not. But at the mere thought I leaned out farther, and greedily measured the distance between us.

Alas! between the dormer-gable in which I stood and the one in the next house lay twelve feet of steep roof, on which a cat would have been puzzled to stand. Its edge towards the street was guarded by no gutter, ledge, or coping-stone, but ended smoothly in a frail, wooden water-pipe, four inches square. Below that, yawned a sheer, giddy drop, sixty feet to the pavement of the street. I drew in my head with a shiver, and found Herr Krapp at my elbow.

'Well,' he said, 'what do you see?'

'The next window is open,' I answered. 'How can I get to it?'

'Ah!' he replied dryly, 'I did not undertake that you should.'

He took my place at the window and leaned out in his turn. He had set the candle in a corner where it was sheltered from the draught. I strode to it, and moved it a little in sheer impatience—I was burning to be at the window again. As I came back, crunching the scraps of mortar underfoot, my eyes fell on a bit of old dusty rope lying coiled on the floor, and in a second I saw a way. When Herr Krapp turned from the window he missed me.

'Hullo!' he cried. 'Where are you, my friend?'

'Here,' I answered, from the head of the stairs.

As he advanced, I came out of the darkness to meet him, staggering under the bundle of pallets which I had seen lying by the stair-head. He whistled.

'What are you going to do with these?' he said.

'By your leave, I want this rope,' I answered.

'What will you do with it?' he asked soberly. He was one of those even-tempered men to whom excitement, irritation, fear, are all foreign.

'Make a loop and throw it over the little pinnacle on the top of yonder dormer,' I answered briefly, 'and use it for a hand-rail.'

'Can you throw it over?'

'I think so.'

'The pinnacle will hold?'

'I hope so.'

He shrugged his shoulders, and stood for a moment staring at me as I unwound the rope and formed a noose. At length: 'But the noise, my friend?' he said. 'If you miss the first time, and the second, the rope falling and sliding over the tiles will give the alarm.'

'Two cats ran along the ridge a while ago,' I answered. 'Once, and, perhaps, twice, the noise will be set down to them. The third time I must succeed.'

I thought it likely that he would forbid the attempt; but he did not. On the contrary, he silently took hold of my belt, that I might lean out the farther and use my hands with greater freedom. Against the window I placed the bundle of pallets; setting one foot on them and the other heel on the pipe outside, I found I could whirl the loop with some chance of success.

Still, it was an anxious moment. As I craned over the dark street and, poising myself, fixed my eyes on the black, slender spirelet which surmounted the neighbouring window, I felt a shudder more than once run through me. I shrank from looking down. At last I threw; the rope fell short. Luckily it dropped clear of the window, and came home again against the wall below me, and so made no noise. The second time I threw with better heart; but I had the same fortune, except that I nearly overbalanced myself, and, for a moment, shut my eyes in terror. The third time, letting out a little more rope, I struck the pinnacle, but below the nob. The rope fell on the tiles, and slid down them with some noise, and for a full minute I stood motionless, half inside the room and half outside, expecting each instant to see a head thrust out of the other window. But no one appeared, no one spoke, though the light was still obscured at intervals; and presently I took courage to make a fourth attempt. I flung, and this time the rope fell with a dull thud on the tiles, and stopped there: the noose was round the pinnacle.

Gently I drew it tight, and then, letting it hang, I slipped back into the room, where we had before taken the precaution to put out the light. Herr Krapp asked me in a whisper if the rope was fast.

'Yes,' I said. 'I must secure this end to something.'

He passed it round the hinge of the left-hand shutter and made it safe. Then for a moment we stood together in the darkness.

'All right?' he said.

'All right,' I answered hoarsely.

The next moment the thing was done. I was outside, the rope in my hands, my feet on the bending pipe, the cool night air round my temples—below me, sheer giddiness, dancing lights, and blackness. For the moment I tottered. I balanced myself where I stood, and clung to the rope, shutting my eyes. If the pinnacle had given way then, I must have fallen like a plummet and been killed. One crash against the wall below, one grip at the rope as it tore its way through my fingers—and an end!

But the pinnacle held, and in a few seconds I gained wit and courage. One step, then another, and then a third, taken warily, along the pipe, as I have seen rope-walkers take them at Heritzburg fair, and I was almost within reach of my goal.

Two more, and, stooping, I could touch, with my right hand, the tiles of the little gable, while my left, raised above my head, still clutched the rope.

Then came an anxious moment. I had to pass under the rope, which was between me and the street, and between me and the window also—the window, my goal. I did it; but in my new position I found a new difficulty, and a grim one, confronting me. Standing outside the rope now, with my right hand clinging to it, I could not, with all my stretching, reach with my other hand any part of the window, or anything of which I could get a firm grip. The smooth tiles and crumbling mortar of the little gable gave no hold, while the rope, my hold on which I dared not for my life relax, prevented me stooping sufficiently to reach the sill or the window-case.

It was a horrible position. I stood still, sweating, trembling, and felt the wooden pipe bend and yield under me. Behind me, the depth, the street, yawned for me; before me, the black roof, shutting off the sky. My head reeled, my fingers closed on the rope like claws; for a second I shut my eyes, and thought I was falling. In that moment I forgot Marie—I forgot everything, except the pavement below, the cruel stones, the depth; I would have given all, coward that I was, to be back in Herr Krapp's room.

Then the fit passed, and I stood, thinking. To take my hand from the rope would be to fall—to die. But could I lower the rope so that, still holding it, I could reach the sill, or the hinges, or some part of the window-case that would furnish a grip? I could think of only one way, and that a dangerous one; but I had no choice, nor any time to lose, if I would keep my head. I drew out my knife, and, leaning forward on the rope, with one knee on the tiles, I began to sever the cord as far away to my right as I could reach. This was to cut off my retreat—my connection with the window I had left; but I dared not let myself think much of that or of anything. I hacked away in a frenzy, and in a twinkling the rope flew apart, and I slipped forward on the tiles, clutching the piece that remained to me in a grasp of iron.

So far, good! I was trembling all over, but I was safe, and I lost not a moment in passing the loose end twice round the fingers of my right hand. This done, only one thing remained to be done—only one thing: to lean over the abyss, trusting all my weight to the frail cord, and to grope for the sill. Only

that! Well, I did it. My hair stood up straight as the pinnacle groaned and bent under my weight; my eyes must have been astare with terror; all my flesh crept. I clung to the face of the gable like a fly, but I did it! I reached the sill, clutched it, loosed the rope, and in a moment was lying on my breast, half in and half out of the window—safe!

I do not know how long I hung there, recovering my breath and strength, but I suppose only a minute or two, though it seemed to me an hour. A while before I should have thought such a position, without foothold, above the dizzy street perilous enough. Now it seemed to be safety. Nevertheless, as I grew cooler I began to think of getting in, of whom I should find there, of the issue of the attempt. And presently, lifting one leg over the sill, I stretched out a hand and drew aside a scanty curtain which hid the room from view. It was this curtain that, rising and falling with the draught, had led me to picture a figure moving to and fro.

There was no one to be seen, and for a moment I fancied that the room was empty. The light was on the other side, and my act disclosed nothing but a dusky corner under a sloping roof. The next instant, however, a harsh voice, which shook the rafters, cried, with an oath—

'What is that?'

I let the curtain fall and, as softly as I could, scrambled over the sill. My courage came back in face of a danger more familiar; my hand grew steady. As I sat on the sill, I drew out a pistol; but I dared not cock it.

'Speak, or I shoot!' cried the same voice. 'One, two! Was it the wind—Himmel—or one of those cats?'

I remained motionless. The speaker, whose voice I seemed to know, was clearly uncertain and a little sleepy. I hoped that he would not rouse the house and waste a shot on no better evidence; and I sat still in the smallest compass into which I could draw myself. I could see the light through the curtain—a makeshift thing of thin stuff, unbleached—and I tried to discern his figure, but in vain. At last I heard him sink back, grumbling uneasily.

I waited a few minutes, until his breathing became more regular, and then, with a cautious hand, I once more drew the curtain aside. As I had judged, the light stood on the floor, by the end of the pallet. On the pallet, his head uneasily pillowed on his arm, while the other hand almost touched the butt of a

pistol which lay beside the candle, sprawled the man who had spoken—a swarthy, reckless-looking fellow, still in his boots and dressed. His attitude as he slept, alone in this quiet room, no less than the presence of the light and pistol, spoke of danger and suspicion. But I did not need the one sign or the other to warn me that my hopes and fears were alike realized. The man was Ludwig!

I dropped the curtain again, and sat thinking. I could not hope to overcome such a man without a struggle and noise that must alarm the house; and yet I must pass him, if I would do any good. My only course seemed to be to slip by him by stealth, open the door in the same manner, and gain the stairs. After that the house would be open to me, and it would go hard with any one who came between me and Marie. I did not doubt now that she was there.

I waited until his more regular breathing seemed to show that he slept, and then, after softly cocking my pistol, I set my feet to the floor, and began to cross it, Unluckily my nerves were still ajar with my roof-work. At the third step a board creaked under me; at the same moment I caught a glimpse of a huge, dark figure at my elbow, and though this was only my shadow, cast on the sloping roof by the candle, I sprang aside in a fright. The noise was enough to awaken the sleeper. As my eyes came back to him he opened his and saw me, and, raising himself, in a trice groped for his pistol. He could not on the instant find it, however, and I had time to cover him with mine.

'Have done!' I hissed. 'Be still, or you are a dead man!'

'Martin Schwartz!' he cried, with a frightful oath.

'Yes,' I rejoined; 'and mark me, if you raise a finger, I fire.'

He glared at me, and so we stood a moment. Then I said, 'Push that pistol to me with your foot. Don't put out your hand, or it will be the worse for you.'

He looked at me for a moment, his face distorted with rage, as if he were minded to disobey at all risks; then he drew up his foot sullenly and set it against the pistol. I stepped back a pace and for an instant took my eyes from his—intending to snatch up the firearm as soon as it was out of his reach. In that instant he dashed out the light with his foot; I heard him spring up—and we were in darkness.

The surprise was complete, and I did not fire; but I had the presence of mind, believing he had secured his pistol, to change

my position—almost as quickly as he changed his. However, he did not fire; and so there we were in the pitchy darkness of the room, both armed, and neither knowing where the other stood.

I felt every nerve in my body tingle; but with rage, not fear. I dared not change my position again, lest a creaking board should betray me, now all was silent; but I crouched low in the darkness with the pistol in one hand and my knife drawn in the other, and listened for his breathing. The same consideration—we were both heavy men—kept him motionless also; and I remember to this day, that as we waited, scarcely daring to breathe—and for my part each moment expecting the flash and roar of a shot—one of the city clocks struck slowly and solemnly ten.

The strokes ceased. In the room I could not hear a sound, and I felt nervously round me with my knife; but without avail. I crouched still lower, lower, with a beating heart. The curtain obscured the window, there was no moon, no light showed under the door. The darkness was so complete that, but for a kind of fainter blackness that outlined the window, I could not have said in what part of the room I stood.

Suddenly a sharp loud 'thud' broke the silence. It seemed to come from a point so close to me that I almost fired on that side before I could control my fingers. The next moment I knew that it was well I had not. It was Ludwig's knife flung at a venture—and now buried, as I guessed, an inch deep in the door—which had made the noise. Still, the action gave me a sort of inkling where he was, and, noiselessly facing round a trifle, I raised my pistol, and waited for some movement that might direct my aim.

I feared that he had a second knife; I hoped that in drawing it from its sheath he would make some noise. But all was still. Sharpen my ears as I might, I could hear nothing; strain my eyes as I might, I could see no shadow, no bulk in the darkness. A silence as of death prevailed. I could scarcely believe that he was still in the room. My courage, hot and fierce at first, began to wave under the trial. I felt the point of his knife already in my back; I winced and longed to be sheltered by the wall, yet dared not move to go to it. In another minute I think I should have fired at a sheer venture, rather than bear the strain longer; but at last a sound broke on my ear. The sound was not in the room, but in the house below. Some one was coming up the stairs.

The step reached a landing, and I heard it pause; a stumble, and it came on again up the next flight. Another pause, this time a longer one. Then it mounted again, and gradually a faint line of light shone under the door. I felt my breath come quickly. One glance at the door, which was near me on the right hand, and I peered away again, balancing the pistol in my hand. If Ludwig cried out or spoke, I would fire in the direction of the voice. Between two foes I was growing desperate.

The step came on and stopped at the door; still Ludwig held his peace. The new-comer rapped; not loudly, or I think I should have started and betrayed myself—to such a point were my feelings wound up—but softly and timidly. I set my teeth together and grasped my knife. Ludwig on his part kept silence; the person outside, getting no answer, knocked again, and yet again, each time more loudly. Still no answer. Then I heard a hand touch the latch. It grated. A moment of suspense, and a flood of light burst in—close to me on my right hand—dazzling me. I looked round quickly, in fear; and there, in the doorway, holding a taper in her hand, I saw Marie—Marie Wort!

While I stood open-mouthed, gazing, she saw me, the light falling on me. Her lips opened, her breast heaved, and I think she must have seen my danger; but if so the shriek she uttered came too late to save me. I heard it, but even as I heard it a sudden blow in the back hurled me gasping to my knees at her feet. Before I could recover myself a pair of strong arms closed round mine and bound them to my sides. Breathless and taken at advantage I made a struggle to rise; but I heaved and strained without avail. In a moment my hands were tied, and I lay helpless and a prisoner.

After that I was conscious only of a tumult round me; of a woman shrieking, of loud trampling, and lights and faces, among these Tzerclas' dark countenance, with a look of fiendish pleasure on it. Even these things I only noted dully. In the middle of all I was wool-gathering. I suppose I was taken downstairs, but I remember nothing of it; and in effect I took little note of anything until, my breath coming back to me, I found myself being borne through a doorway—on the ground floor, I think—into a lighted room. A man held me by either arm, and there were three other men in the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE HOUSE BY ST. AUSTIN'S.

TWO of these men sat facing one another at a great table covered with papers. As I entered they turned their faces to me, and on the instant one sprang to his feet with an exclamation of rage that made the roof ring.

'General!' he cried passionately, 'what—what devil's trick is this? Why have you brought that man here?'

'Why?' Tzerclas answered easily, insolently. 'Does he know you?' He had come in just before us. He smiled; the man's excitement seemed to amuse him.

'By ——, he does!' the other exclaimed through his teeth. 'Are you mad?'

'I think not,' the general answered, still smiling. 'You will understand in a minute. But his business can wait. First'—he took up a paper and scanned it carefully—'let us complete this list of——'

'No!' the stranger replied impetuously. And he dashed the paper back on the table and looked from one to another like a wild beast in a trap. He was a tall, very thin, hawk-nosed man, whom I had seen once at my lady's—the commander of a Saxon regiment in the city's service, with the name of a reckless soldier. 'No!' he repeated, scowling, until his brows nearly met his moustachios. 'Not another gun, not another measurement will I give, until I know where I stand! And whether you are the man I think you, general, or the blackest double-dyed liar that ever did Satan's work!'

The general laughed grimly—the laugh that always chilled my blood. 'Gently, gently,' he said. 'If you must know, I have brought him into this room, in the first place, because it is convenient, and in the second, because——'

'Well?' Neumann snarled, with an ugly gleam in his eyes.

'Because dead men tell no tales,' Tzerclas continued quietly. 'And our friend here is a dead man. Now, do you see? I answer for it, you run no risk.'

'Himmel!' the other exclaimed; in a different tone, however. 'But in that case, why bring him here at all? Why not despatch him upstairs?'

'Because he knows one or two things which I wish to know,' the general answered, looking at me curiously. 'And he is

going to make us as wise as himself. He has been drilling in the south-east bastion by the orchard, you see, and knows what guns are mounted there.'

'Cannot you get them from the fool in the other room?' Neumann grunted.

'He will tell nothing.'

'Then why do you have him hanging about here day after day, risking everything? The man is mad.'

'Because, my dear colonel, I have a use for *him*, too,' Tzerclas replied. Then he turned to me. 'Listen, knave,' he said harshly. 'Do you understand what I have been saying?'

I did, and I was desperate. I remembered what I had done to him, how we had outwitted, tricked, and bound him; and now that I was in his power I knew what I had to expect; that nothing I could say would avail me. I looked him in the face.

'Yes,' I said.

'You had the laugh on your side the last time we met,' he smiled. 'Now it is my turn.'

'So it seems,' I answered stolidly.

I think it annoyed him to see me so little moved. But he hid the feeling. 'What guns are in the orchard bastion?' he asked.

I laughed. 'You should have asked me that,' I said, 'before you told me what you were going to do with me. The dead tell no tales, general.'

'You fool!' he replied. 'Do you think that death is the worst you have to fear? Look round you! Do you see these windows? They are boarded up. Do you see the door? It is guarded. The house? The walls are thick, and we have gags. Answer me, then, and quickly, or I will find the way to make you. What guns are in the orchard bastion?'

He took up a paper with the last word and looked at me over it, waiting for my answer. For a moment not a sound broke the silence of the room. The other men stood all at gaze, watching me, Neumann with a scowl on his face. The lights in the room burned high, but the frowning masks of boards that hid the windows, the litter of papers on the table, the grimy floor, the cloaks and arms cast down on it in a medley—all these marks of haste and secrecy gave a strange and lowering look to the chamber, despite its brightness. My heart beat wildly like a bird in a man's hand. I feared horribly. But I hid my fear; and suddenly I had a thought.

'You have forgotten one thing,' I said.

They started. It was not the answer they expected.

'What?' Tzerclas asked curtly, in a tone that boded ill for me—if worse were possible.

'To ask how I came into the house.'

The general looked death at Ludwig. 'What is this, knave?' he thundered. 'You told me that he came in by the window?'

'He did, general,' Ludwig answered, shrugging his shoulders.

'Yes, from the next house,' I said coolly. 'Where my friends are now waiting for me.'

'Which house?' Tzerclas demanded.

'Herr Krapp's,' I said.

I was completely in their hands. But they knew, and I knew, that their lives were scarcely more secure than mine; that, given a word, a sign, a traitor among them—and they were all traitors, more or less—all their boarded windows and locked doors would avail them not ten minutes against the frenzied mob. That thought blanched more than one cheek while I spoke; made more than one listen fearfully and cast eyes at the door; so that I wondered no longer, seeing their grisly faces, why the room, in spite of its brightness, had that strange and sombre look. Treachery, fear, suspicion, all crowded under the lights.

Tzerclas alone was unmoved; perhaps because he had something less to fear than the faithless Neumann. 'Herr Krapp's?' he said scornfully. 'Is that all? I will answer for that house myself. I have a man watching it, and if danger threatens from that direction, we shall know it in good time. He marks all who go in or out.'

'You can trust him?' Neumann muttered, wiping his brow.

'I am trusting him,' the general answered dryly. 'And I am not often deceived. This man and the puling girl upstairs tricked me once; but they will not do so again. Now, sirrah!' he continued, turning to me afresh, a cruel gleam in his eyes. 'That bird will not fly. To business. Will you tell me how many guns are in the orchard bastion?'

'No!' I cried. I was quite desperate now.

'You will not?'

'No!'

'You talk bravely,' he answered. 'But I have known men talk as bravely, and whimper and tremble like flogged

children five minutes later. Ludwig—ah, there is no fire. Get a bit of thin whip-cord then, and twist it round his head with your knife-handle. But first,' he continued, devouring me with his hard, smiling eyes, 'call in Taddeo. You will need another man to handle him neatly.'

At the word my blood ran cold with horror, and then burning hot. My gorge rose; I set my teeth and felt all my limbs swell. There was a mist of blood before my eyes, as if the cord were already tight and my brain bursting.

I heaved in my bonds and heard them crack and crack. But, alas! they held.

'Try again!' he said, sneering at me.

'You fiend!' I burst out in a fury. 'But I defy you. Do your worst, I will balk you yet!'

He looked at me hard. Then he smiled. 'Ah!' he said. 'So you think you will beat me. Well, you are an obstinate knave, I know; and I have not much time to spare. But still I shall beat you. Ludwig,' he continued, raising his voice though his smiling eyes did not leave me. 'Is Taddeo there?'

'He is coming, general.'

'Then bid him fetch the girl down! Yes, Master Martin,' he continued with a ruthless look, 'we will see. I have a little account against her too. Do not think that I have kept her all this time for nothing. We will put the cord not round your head—you are a stubborn fool, I know—but round hers, my friend. Round her pretty little brow. We will see if that will loosen your tongue.'

The room reeled before my eyes, the lights danced, the men's faces, some agrin, some darkly watchful, seemed to be looking at me through a mist that dimmed everything. I cried out wild oaths, scarcely knowing what I said, that he would not, that he dared not.

He laughed. 'You think not, Master Martin?' he said. 'Wait until the slut comes. Ludwig has a way of singeing their hands with a lamp—that will afford you, I think, the last amusement you will ever enjoy!'

I knew that he spoke truly, and that he and his like had done things as horrible, as barbarous, a hundred times in the course of this cursed war! I knew that I had nothing to expect from their pity or their scruples. And the frenzy of passion, which for a moment almost choked me, died down on a sudden, leaving me cold as the coldest there, possessed by

one thought only, one hope, one aim—to get my hands free for a moment and kill this man. The boarded windows, the guarded doors, the stern faces round me, the silence of the gloomy house, all forbade hope; but revenge remained. Rather than Marie should suffer, rather than that childish frame should be racked by their cruel arts, I would tell all, everything they wanted. But if by any trick or chance I went afterwards free for so much as a second, I would choke him with my naked hands!

I waited, looking at the door, my mind made up. The moments passed like lead. So apparently thought some one else, for suddenly on the silence came an interruption. 'Is this business going to last all night?' Neumann burst out impatiently. 'Hang the man out of hand, if he is to be hanged!'

'My good friend, revenge is sweet,' Tzerclas answered, with an ugly smile. 'These two fooled me no long time ago; and I have no mind to be fooled with impunity. But it will not take long. We will singe her a little for his pleasure, he will like to hear her sing, and then we will hang him for her pleasure. After which——'

'Do what you like!' Neumann burst out, interrupting him wrathfully. 'Only be quick about it. If the girl is here——'

'She is coming. She is coming now,' Tzerclas answered.

I had gone through so much that my feelings were blunted. I could no longer suffer keenly, and I waited for her appearance with a composure that now surprises me. The door opened, Taddeo came in. I looked beyond him, but saw no one else; then I looked at him. The ruffian was trembling. His face was pale. He stammered something.

Tzerclas made but one stride to him. 'Dolt!' he cried, 'what is it?'

'She is gone!' the man stuttered.

'Gone?'

'Yes, your excellency.'

For an instant Tzerclas stood glaring at him. Then like lightning his hand went up and his pistol-butt crashed down on the man's temple. The wretch threw up his arms and fell as if a thunderbolt had struck him—senseless, or lifeless. No one asked which, for his assailant, like a beast half-sated, stood glaring round for a second victim. But Ludwig, who had come down with Taddeo, knew his master, and kept his distance by the door. The other two men shrank behind me.

'Well?' Tzerclas cried, as soon as passion allowed him to speak. 'Are you dumb? Have you lost your tongue? What is it that liar meant?'

'The girl is away,' Ludwig muttered; 'she got out through a window.'

'Through what window?'

'The window of my room, under the roof,' the man answered sullenly. 'The one—through which that fool came in,' he continued, nodding towards me.

'Ah!' the general cried, his voice hissing with rage. 'Well, we have still got him. How did she go?'

'Heaven knows, unless she had wings,' Ludwig answered. 'The window is at the top of the house, and there is neither rope nor ladder there, nor foothold for anything but a bird. She is gone, however.'

The general ground his teeth together. 'There is some cursed treachery here!' he said.

The Saxon colonel laughed in scorn. 'Maybe!' he retorted in a mocking tone, 'but I will answer for it, that there is something else, and that is cursed mismanagement! I tell you what it is, General Tzerclas,' he continued fiercely. 'With your private revenges, and your public plots, and your tame cats who are mad, and your wild cats who have wings—you think yourself a very clever man. But Heaven help those who trust you!'

The general's eyes sparkled. 'And those who cross me?' he cried in a voice that made his men tremble. 'But there, sir, what ground of complaint have you? The girl never saw you.'

'No, but that man has seen me!' Neumann retorted, pointing to me. 'And who knows how soon she may be back with a regiment at her heels? Then it will be "Save yourselves!" and he will be left to hang me.'

The general laughed without mirth. 'Have no fear!' he said. 'We will hang him out of hand. Ludwig, while we collect these papers, take the other two men and string him up in the hall. When they break in they shall find some one to receive them!'

I had thought that the agony of death was passed; but I suppose that the news of Marie's escape had awakened my hopes as well as rekindled my love of life; for at these words, I felt my courage run from me like water. I shrank back against the wall, my limbs trembling under me, my heart leaping

as if it would burst from my breast. I felt the rope already round my neck, and when the men laid hold on me, I cried out, almost in spite of myself, that I would tell what guns there were in the orchard bastion, that I knew other things, that——'

'Away with him!' Tzerclas snarled, stamping his foot passionately. He was already hurrying papers together, and did not give me a glance. 'String him up, knaves, and see this time that you obey orders. We must be gone, so pull his legs.'

I would have said something more; I would have tried again. Even a minute, a minute's delay meant hope; nay, at the last I would have cursed him, but my voice failed me, and they hustled me out. I am no coward, and I had thought myself past fear; but the flesh is weak. At this pinch, when their hands were on me, and I looked round desperately and found no one to whom I could appeal — while hope and rescue might be so near and yet come too late—I shrank. Death in this vile den seemed horrible. My knees trembled; I could scarcely stand.

The hall into which they dragged me was the same dusty, desolate place into which, little foreseeing what would happen there, I had looked over the deaf hag's shoulder. Ludwig's candle only half dispersed the darkness which reigned in it. Two of the men held me while he went to and fro with the light raised high above his head.

'Ha! here it is!' he said at last. 'I thought that there was a hook. Bring him here, lads.'

They forced me, resisting feebly, to the place. The candle stood beside him; he was forming a noose. The light, which left all behind them dark, lit up the men's harsh faces; but I read no pity there, no hope, no relenting; and after a hoarse attempt to bribe them with promises of what my lady would give for my life, I stood waiting. I tried to pray, to think of Marie, of my soul and the future; but my mind was taken up with rage and dread, with the wild revolt against death, and the rush of indignation that would have had me scream like a woman!

On a sudden, out of the darkness grew a fourth face that looked at me, smiling. It was no more softened by ruth or pity than the others were; the laughing eyes mocked me, the lip curled as with a jest. And yet, at sight of it, I gasped. Hope awoke. I tried to speak, I tried to implore his help, I

tried—— But my voice failed me, no words came. The face was the Waldgrave's.

He nodded as if he had spoken. 'Yes,' he said, smiling more broadly, 'I see, Martin, that you are in trouble. You should have taken my advice in better time. I told you he would get the better of you.'

Ludwig, who had not seen him before he spoke, dropped the rope, and stood, stupefied, gazing at him. I cried out hoarsely that they were going to hang me.

'No, no, not as bad as that!' he said lightly, between jest and earnest. 'But I gave you fair warning, you know, Martin. Oh, he is——'

'Waldgrave, Waldgrave!' I panted, trying to get to him; but the men held me back. 'They will hang me! They will! It is no joke. In God's name, save me, save me! I saved you once, and——'

'Chut, chut!' he replied easily. 'Of course I will save you. I will go to the general and arrange it now. Don't be afraid. My sweet cousin must not lose her steward. Why, you are shaking like an aspen, man. But I told you, did I not? Oh, he is the—— Wait, fellow,' he continued to Ludwig, 'until I come back. Where is your master?'

'Upstairs,' Ludwig answered sullenly, an ugly gleam in his eyes.

The Waldgrave turned from me carelessly, and went towards the stairs, which were at the end of the hall. Ludwig, as he did so, picked up the rope with stealthy gesture. I read his mind, and called pitifully to the Waldgrave to stop.

'They will hang me while you are away,' I cried. 'And he is not upstairs! They are lying to you. He is in the room on the left.'

The Waldgrave halted and came back, his handsome face troubled. Ludwig, looking as if he would strike me, swore under his breath.

'Upstairs, your excellency, upstairs!' he cried. 'You will find him there. Why should I——'

'Hush!' one of the other men said, and I felt his grasp on my arm relax. 'What is that, captain—that noise?'

But Ludwig was intent on the Waldgrave. 'Upstairs!' he continued to cry, waving his hand in that direction. 'I assure you, my lord——'

'Steady!' the man who had cut him short before exclaimed.

'They are at the door, Ludwig. Listen, man, listen, or we shall be taken like wolves in a trap!'

This time Ludwig condescended to listen, scowling. A noise like that made by a rat gnawing at wood could be heard. My heart beat fast and faster. The man who had given the alarm had released my arm altogether. The other held me carelessly.

With a yell which startled all, I burst suddenly from him and sprang past the Waldgrave. Bound as I was, I had the start, and should have been on the stairs in another second, when, with a crash and a blinding glare, a shock, which loosened the very foundations of the house, flung me on my face.

I lay a moment, gasping for breath, wondering where I was hurt. Out of the darkness round me came a medley of groans and shrieks. The air was full of choking smoke, through which a red glare presently shone, and grew gradually brighter. I could see little, understand less; but I heard shots and oaths, and once a rush of charging feet passed over me.

After that, growing more sensible, I tried to rise, but a weight lay on my legs—my arms were still tied—and I sank again. I took the fancy then that the house was on fire and that I should be burned alive; but before I had more than tasted the horror of the thought, a crowd of men came round me, and rough hands plucked me up.

'Here is another of them!' a voice cried. 'Have him out! To the churchyard with him! The trees will have a fine crop!'

'Halloa! he is tied up already!' chimed in a second.

I gazed round stupidly, meeting everywhere vengeful looks and savage faces.

A butcher, with his axe on his shoulder, hauled at me. 'Bring him along!' he shouted. 'This way, friends! Hurry him. To the churchyard!'

My wits were still wool-gathering, and I should have gone quietly; but a man pushed his way to the front and looked at me. 'Stop! stop!' he cried in a voice of authority. 'This is a friend. This is the man who got in by the roof. Cut the ropes, will you? See how his hands are swollen. That is better. Bring him out into the air. He will revive.'

The speaker was Herr Krapp. In a moment a dozen friendly arms lifted me up and carried me through the crowd, and set me down in the little court. The cool night air swept my brow. I looked up and saw the stars shining in the quiet heaven, and I leant against the wall, sobbing like a woman.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE END OF THE DAY.

LUDWIG was found dead in the hall, slain on the spot by the explosion of the petard which had driven in the door. His two comrades, less fortunate, were taken alive, and, with the hag who kept the house, were hanged within the hour on the elms in St. Austin's churchyard. The Waldgrave and Neumann, both wounded, the former by the explosion and the latter in his desperate resistance, were also captured and held for trial. But Tzerclas, the chief of all, arch-tempter and arch-traitor, vanished in the confusion of the assault, and made his escape, no one knew how. Some said that he went by way of a secret passage known only to himself; some, that he had a compact with the devil, and vanished by his aid; some, that he had friends in the crowd who sheltered him. For my own part, I set down his disappearance to his own cool wits and iron nerves, and asked for no further explanation.

For an hour the little dark court behind the ill-omened house seethed with a furious mob. No sooner were one party satisfied than another swept in with links and torches and ransacked the house, tore down the panels, groped through the cellars, and probed the chimneys; all with so much rage, and with gestures so wild and extravagant, that an indifferent spectator might have thought them mad. Nor were those who did these things of the lowest class; on the contrary, they were mostly burghers and traders, solid townsfolk and their apprentices, men who, with wives and daughters and sweethearts, could not sleep at nights for thoughts of storm and sack, and in whom the bare idea that they had amongst them wretches ready to open the gates, was enough to kindle every fierce and cruel passion.

I stood for a time unnoticed, gazing at the scene in a kind of stupor, which the noise and tumult aggravated. Little by little, however, the cool air did its work; memory and reason began to return, and, with anxiety awaking in my breast, I looked round for Herr Krapp. Presently I saw him coming towards me with a leather flask in his hand.

'Drink some of this,' he said, looking at me keenly. 'Why so wild, man?'

'The girl?' I stammered. I had not spoken before since my release, and my voice sounded strange and unnatural.

'She is safe,' he answered, nodding kindly. 'I was at my window when she swung herself on to the roof by the rope which you left hanging. Donner! you may be proud of her! But she was distraught, or she would not have tried such a feat. As it was, she must have fallen if I had not seen her. I called out to her to stand still and hold fast; and my son, who had come upstairs, ran down for a twelve-foot pike. We thrust that out to her, and, holding it, she tottered along the pike to my window, where I caught her skirts, and we dragged her in in a moment.'

I shuddered. I remembered how I had suffered, hanging above the yawning street. 'I suppose that it was she who warned you and sent you here?' I said huskily.

'No,' he answered. 'The house had been watched for two days, though I did not tell you so. We had been suspicious of it for a week or more, or I should not have helped you into a neighbour's house as I did. However, all is well that ends well; and though we have not got that bloodthirsty villain to hang, we have stopped his plans for this time.'

He was just proposing that, if I now felt able, I should return to my lady's, when a rush from the house almost carried me off my feet. In a moment we were pushed aside and squeezed against the wall. A hoarse yell, like the cry of a wild beast, rose from the crowd, a hundred hands were brandished in the air, weapons appeared as if by magic. The glare of torches falling on the raging sea of men, picked out here and there a scared face, a wandering eye; but for the most part the mob seemed to feel only one passion—the thirst for blood.

'What is it?' I shouted in Herr Krapp's ear.

'The prisoners,' he answered. 'They are bringing them out. Your friend the Waldgrave, and the other. They will need a guard.'

And truly it was a grim thing to see men make at them, striking over the shoulders of the guard, leaping at them wolf-like, with burning eyes and gnashing teeth, striving to tear them with naked hands. Down the narrow passage to the churchyard the soldiers had an easy task; but in the open graveyard, whither Herr Krapp and I followed slowly, the party were flung this way and that, and tossed to and fro—though they were strong men, armed, and numbering three or four score—like a cork floating on rapids. Their way lay through the Ritter Strasse, and I went with them so far. Though it was midnight,

the town, easily roused from its feverish sleep, was up and waking. Scared faces looked from windows, from eaves, from the very roofs. Men who had snatched up their arms and left their clothes peered from doorways. The roar of the mob, as it swayed through narrow ways, rose and fell by turns, now loud, as the booming of cavern-waves, now so low that it left the air quivering.

When it died away at last towards the Burg, I took leave of Herr Krapp, and hurried to my lady's, passing the threshold in a tumult of memories, of emotions, and thankfulness. I could fancy that I had lived an age since I last crossed it—eight hours before. The house, like every other house, was up. Herr Krapp had sent the news of my escape before me, and I looked forward with a tremulous, foolish expectation that was not far from tears to the first words two women would say to me.

But though men and women met me with hearty greetings on the threshold, on the stairs, on the landing, and Steve clapped me on the back until I coughed again, *they* did not appear. It was after midnight, but the house was still lighted as if the sun had just set, and I went up to the long parlour that looked on the street. My heart beat, and my face grew hot as I entered; but I might have spared myself. There was only Fraulein Max in the room.

She came towards me, blinking. 'So Sancho Panza has turned knight-errant,' she said with a sneer, 'as well as Governor?'

I did not understand her, and I asked gently where my lady was.

She laughed in a gibing way. 'You beg for a stone and expect bread,' she said, still flouting me. 'You care no more where my lady is than where I am! You mean, where is your little Romanist chit, with her white face and wheedling ways.'

I saw that she was bursting with spite; that Marie's return and the stir made about it had been too much for her small, jealous nature, and I was not for answering her. She was out of favour; let her spit, her venom would be gone the sooner. But she had not done yet.

'Of course she has had some wonderful adventures!' she continued, her face working with malice and ill-nature. 'And we are all to admire her. But to a lover does she not seem somewhat *blandala, vagula?* Here to-day and gone to-morrow. She has happily escaped *from her old friends!* And just, it

seems, in time. *Dolus latet in generalibus*, the Countess says'—and here the Dutch girl mimicked my lady, her eyes gleaming with scorn. 'But *dolus latet in virginibus* too, Master Martin, as you will find some day! Oh, a great escape, a heroic escape,—but from her friends!'

'If you mean to infer, Fraulein——' I said hotly.

'Oh, I infer nothing. I leave you to do that!' she replied, smirking. 'But pigs go back to the dirt, I read. You know where you found her and the brat!'

'I know where we should all be to-day,' I cried, trembling with indignation, 'if it had not been for her!'

'Perhaps not worse off than we are now,' she snapped. 'However, keep your eyes shut, if it pleases you.'

My raised voice had reached the Countess's chamber. And as Fraulein Max, giggling spitefully, went out through one door the other opened and stood open. My anger melted away. I stood trembling, and looking, and waiting.

They came in together—my lady with her arm round Marie—the two women I loved best in the world. I have heard it said that evil runs to evil as drops of water to one another. But the saying is equally true of good. Little had I thought, a few weeks back, that my lady would ever come to treat the poor outcast girl from Klink's as a friend; nor I believe were there ever two people less alike—and yet both good—than these two. But that one quality—which is so quick to see its own face mirrored in another's heart—had brought them close together, and had made each to recognise the other; so that, as they came in to me, there was not a line of my lady's queenly figure, not a curve of her head, not a glance of her proud eyes, that was not in sympathy with the girl who clung to her—Romanist stranger, low born as she was. I looked and worshipped, and would have changed nothing. I found the dignity of the one as beautiful as the dependence of the other.

Not a word was spoken. I had wondered what they would say to me—and they said nothing. But my lady put her into my arms, and she clung to me, hiding her face.

The Countess laughed, but there were tears in her voice. 'Be happy,' she said. 'Child, from the day you were lost he never forgave me. Martin, see where the rope has cut her wrist. She did that to save you.'

'And myself!' Marie whispered.

'No!' my lady said cheerfully. 'I will not have it so! Child,

you will spoil both him and my love-story. *Per tecta, per terram*, you have sought one another. You have gone down *sub orco*. You have bought one another back from death, as Alcestis bought her husband Admetus. At the first it was a gold chain that linked you together, soon——'

I felt Marie start in my arms. She freed herself gently, and looked at my lady with trouble in her eyes. 'Oh,' she said, 'I had forgotten!'

I looked at her jealously. 'What?' the Countess said. I think that she also was surprised. 'What have you forgotten?'

'The child!' Marie replied, clasping her hands. 'I should have told you before!'

'You have had no time to tell us much!' my lady said, smiling. 'And you are trembling like an aspen now. Sit down, girl. Sit down at once!' she continued imperatively. 'Or, no! You shall go to your bed now, and we will hear it in the morning.'

But Marie seemed so much distressed by this that my lady did not insist. The girl began to speak, and in a few minutes told us a tale so remarkable that consideration of her fatigue was swallowed up in wonder.

'It was the night I was lost,' she said; 'the night when the alarm was given on the hill, and we rode down it so fast, my lady. I clung to my saddle—it was all I could do—and remember only a dreadful shock, from which I recovered to find myself lying in the road, shaken and bruised. Fear of those whom I believed to be behind us was still uppermost in my mind, and I rose, giddy and confused as I was, my one thought to get off the road, if I could. As I staggered towards the bank, however, I stumbled over something. To my horror I found that it was a woman. She was dead or senseless, but she had a child in her arms; it cried as I felt her face. I dared not stay, but, on the impulse of the moment—I could not move the woman, and I expected our pursuers to ride down the hill every instant—I snatched the child up and ran into the brushwood. After that I only remember stumbling on blindly through bog and fern, often falling in my haste, but always rising and pushing on. I heard cries behind me, but they only spurred me to greater exertions. At last I reached a little wood, and there, unable to go farther, I sank down, exhausted and fainting, and, I suppose, lost my senses, for I awoke, chilled and aching, in the first grey dawn. The leaves were black overhead, but the white birch

trunks below glimmered like pale ghosts. Something stirred in my arms. I looked down, and I saw the face of my child—the child I found in the wood by Vach.'

'What!' the Countess cried, rising and staring at her. 'Impossible! Your wits were still straying, girl. It was some other child.'

But Marie shook her head gently. 'No, my lady,' she said. 'It was my child.'

'Count Leuchtenstein's?'

'Yes, if the child I found was his.'

'But how—did it come where you found it?' the Countess asked breathlessly.

'I think that the woman whom I left in the road was the poor creature who used to beg at our house in the camp,' Marie answered, hesitating somewhat—'the wife of the man whom General Tzerclas hung, my lady. I saw her face by a glimmer of light only, and, at the moment, I thought nothing. Afterwards it flashed across me that she was that woman. If so, I think that she stole the child to avenge herself. She thought'—Marie added in a low voice—'that we were General Tzerclas' friends.'

'But—where *is* the child?' my lady exclaimed impulsively. Her eyes shone, her cheeks were flushed. I was excited, but the delight, the pleasure which trembled in her face took me by surprise. I stared at her, thinking that I had never seen her look so beautiful.

Then, as Marie answered, her face fell. 'I do not know,' Marie said. 'After a time I found my way back to the road, but I had scarcely set foot on it when General Tzerclas' troopers surprised me. I gave myself up for lost; I thought that he would kill me, torture me—anything. But he only gibed at me, until I almost died of fear, and then he bade one of his men take me up behind him. They carried me on with them to the camp outside this city, and three days ago brought me in and shut me up in that dreadful house.'

'But the child?' my lady cried, almost fiercely. 'What of it?'

'*He* took it from me,' Marie said. 'I have never seen it since, but I think that he has it in the camp.'

'Does he know whose child it is?'

'Yes, I told him,' Marie replied. 'Otherwise they might have let it die on the road, my lady. It was a burden to them.'

The Countess shuddered, but in a moment recovered herself. '"While there is life there is hope,"' she said bravely. 'Martin, here is more work for you. We will leave no stone unturned. Count Leuchtenstein must know, of course, but I will tell him myself. If we could get the child back and hand it safe and sound to its father, it would be—— Perhaps the Waldgrave may be able to help us?'

'I think that he will need all his wits to help himself,' I said bluntly.

'Why?' my lady questioned, looking at me in some wonder.

'Why?' I cried in astonishment. 'Have you heard nothing about him, my lady?'

'Nothing,' she said.

'Not that he was taken in *that* house, in Tzerclas' company,' I answered, 'and is a prisoner at this moment at the Burg, charged, along with that villain Neumann, with a plot to admit the enemy into the city?'

My lady sat down, her face pale, her aspect changed, as the countryside changes when the sun goes down. 'He was *there*,' she muttered—'with Tzerclas?'

I nodded.

'The Waldgrave Rupert—my cousin?' she murmured again, as if the thing passed the bounds of reason.

'Yes, my lady,' I said, as gently as I could. 'But he is mad. I am assured he is mad. He has been mad for weeks past. We know it. We have known it. Besides, he knew nothing, I am sure, of Tzerclas' plans. He was a mere puppet, a tool in his hands.'

'But—he was *there!*' she cried. 'He was one of those two men they carried by? One of those!'

'Yes,' I said reluctantly.

She sat for a moment stricken and silent, the ghost of herself. Then, in a voice little above a whisper, she asked what they would do to him.

I shrugged my shoulders. To be candid, I had not given the Waldgrave much thought, though in a way he had saved my life. Now, the longer I considered the matter, the less room for comfort I found. Certainly he was mad. We knew him to be mad. But how were we to persuade others? For weeks his bodily health had been good; he had carried himself indoors and out-of-doors like a sane man; he had done duty in the trenches, and mixed, though grudgingly, with his fellows, and gone about the ordinary

business of life moodily, indeed, but sensibly. How, in the face of all this, could we prove him mad? or make his judges, stern men, fighting with their backs to the wall, see the man as we saw him?

'I suppose that there will be a trial?' my lady said at last, breaking the silence.

I told her yes—at once. 'The town is in a frenzy of rage,' I added. 'The guards had a hard task to save them to-night. But perhaps Prince Bernard of Weimar——'

'Don't count on him,' my lady answered curtly. 'He is as hard as he is gallant. He would hang his brother if he thought him guilty of such a thing as this. No; our only hope is in'—she hesitated an instant, and then ended the sentence abruptly—'Count Leuchtenstein. You must go to him, Martin, at seven, or as soon after as you can catch him. He is a just man, and he has watched the Waldgrave and noticed him to be odd. The court will hear him. If not, I know no better plan.'

Nor did I, and I said I would go; and shortly afterwards I took my leave. But as I crept to my bed at last, the clocks striking two, and my head athrob with excitement and gratitude, I wondered what was in my lady's mind. Remembering the Waldgrave's gallant presence and manly grace, recalling his hopes, his courage, and his overweening confidence, as displayed in those last days at Heritzburg, I could feel no surprise that so sad a downfall touched her heart. But—was that all? Once I had deemed him the man to win her. Then I had seen good cause to think otherwise. Now again I began to fancy that his mishaps might be crowned with a happiness which fortune had denied him in his days of success.

(*To be continued.*)

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES.

AT every epoch of the world's history, there have been men who have stood out among their fellows with a certain prominence and marked individuality. From time to time some bright particular star has arisen, diffusing some peculiar light, some special radiance—favoured souls, who, like the athletes in the old Greek race, passed on the torch of truth from hand to hand,—men wise in their generation, clear eyed, pressing forward to perfection—regarded with loving awe by their contemporaries, venerated by all posterity.

The world has ever had its heroes—the Church her saints—and amongst those whom Rome has canonized, none seem more attractive, more worthy of reverence, to our Anglican minds, than the large-hearted, loving, St. Francis de Sales.

There is something singularly attractive in the subject of this sketch, from the day when the ten-year-old Francis received the tonsure—sacrificing, as we read, his beautiful chesnut curls with a pang of anguish—to the hour when the venerable Bishop of Geneva died, uttering the Holy Name as long as the feeble voice could utter a sound. One is struck with the beauty, the simplicity of the life, whose motto was most surely, 'Love to God, and his fellow men.'

'The one greatest joy this world can give,' he used to say, and his whole life proved the sincerity of his words, 'is to win a soul to God.'

He was famous not only as an evangelist and as a bishop, but also as a director of souls, and in the midst of excessive labours in his diocese, he still found leisure to write a book on 'The Love of God,' sermons, letters, and instructions; but perhaps the best known book is the 'Introduction to the Devout Life,' which has by some been put on a level with the 'Imitation of Christ' and the 'Spiritual Combat.' His energy was inexhaustible.

It is a remarkable fact, that towards the end of his life, he had several spiritual works in his mind, and he actually proposed to himself to write a Life of our Lord, a work on the Epistles of St. Paul, and one on the love of our neighbour, and also a treatise on the duties of parish priests. When some one observed that this was no light prospect of toil, especially at his age, and with his presentiment of coming death: 'It is quite true,' the bishop answered, 'that if one means to keep up an active mind, one must set one's self more work than it is possible to accomplish, as if there were certainly a long life before one; while still one must not set one's heart on doing more than if one were to die to-morrow.'

The 'Introduction to the Devout Life,' which is an arrangement of notes and instructions originally intended for the use of his penitent, Madame de Charmoisy, with some of his letters of direction to his mother, was published by the express wish of Henri IV., who begged that the bishop would write a book 'concerning true religion, such as would set it forth in its rightful beauty, and show the world that holiness of life is not incompatible with a long active career.' 'No one but the Bishop of Geneva could write such a book,' the king said. To certain minds, the 'Devout Life' is a mine of wealth. If we put aside a few Romanisms, there is something remarkably healthy in its teaching. There is a fresh, bracing tone of simplicity, and its aim and ground-work is the pure love of God. Many of its maxims are quaintly expressed, and others are at once racy and epigrammatic. He always found fault with confusion and hurry, which, he said, were the enemies of true devotion. 'Better to do a little and well, than a great deal imperfectly;' 'Make haste slowly;' 'Soon enough, if well enough,' were some of his favourite sayings, and so he writes to Philothea. 'Flies trouble us not by their strength, but by their multitude; so affairs of importance do not give us so much trouble as trifling ones when they are many in number.' And perhaps there is no more beautiful passage in the whole book than the following: 'Do as the little children do, who with one hand hold fast to their father, and with the other gather strawberries or blackberries along the hedges; do you, while gathering and managing the goods of this world with one hand, with the other always hold fast the hand of God your heavenly Father, turning to Him from time to time to see if your actions or occupations are pleasing to Him; but take heed, above all things, that

you never let go His hand, thinking to gather more; for should He let you go, you will not be able to take another step without falling.'

Jean Pierre Camus, the Bishop of Belley, who has been called his ecclesiastical Boswell, in his 'Spirit of St. Francis de Sales,' has recorded that the Bishop of Geneva greatly liked a saying which has been attributed to Thomas à Kempis, the author of the 'Imitation.'

'I have sought rest everywhere, and have found it nowhere, save in a little corner, with a little book.' He used to say, wrote the bishop, 'that to read well, a man should have but one book—since those who pass lightly over many spiritual books profit little.' He advised everybody to select some good book, if possible, to let it be small, and easily carried; to read it much, and practise what it teaches more. 'The Spiritual Combat,' by Scupoli, was his own favourite—his 'dear book.'

'He has often told me that he had carried it eighteen years or more in his pocket, and read some chapters, or, at all events, some pages daily. He used to recommend it to all under his guidance, as most attractive and most practical.'

'The more I read it, the more I can trace in it the groundwork of all our Father's teaching.' And again: 'Physicians say it is wholesome to eat but one kind of food at each meal, as an over-great variety of dishes injures the digestion; and I am sure spiritual physicians may say the same of reading, for a multiplicity of books is most injurious to the soul.'

St. Francis de Sales was born in 1567. He was the eldest son of Francis Count de Sales, or de Boisy, as he was commonly called—the head of an ancient and noble family.

The Chateau de Sales, near Annecy in Savoy, was situated in the midst of charming scenery. Francis de Sales' first impressions were of beauty and grandeur—of snow-clad hills, and blue lakes, vineyards, and cornfields, and streams.

From his youth, Francis was conspicuous for his personal beauty and gentleness. His mother, a woman of exemplary holiness, took the greatest pains to bring him up in the fear of God.

She often repeated to him those words of Queen Blanche to her son St. Louis: 'I would rather see you dead, than hear that you had committed one mortal sin.'

There are charming stories told of his childhood; pure-minded, sweet-tempered, and obedient, he seemed to have

been noticeable for good conduct and industry, and his three young brothers looked upon him as a model of perfection.

At ten years old, Francis was admitted to his first Communion, and in accordance with his own wish received the tonsure.

Monsieur de Boisy, who was bent on a public career for his eldest son, wished to send him to the College of Navarre in Paris; but Francis, shrinking from the worldly tone of its system, begged to be allowed to continue his education at the College de Clérmont, which was governed by the Jesuit fathers. His desire, aided by his mother's eloquence, was granted; and accompanied by his tutor, the Abbé Déage, Francis started for Paris. The Abbé was an excessive disciplinarian, and somewhat harsh and imperious in his dealings with his pupil, whom nevertheless he dearly loved. Francis distinguished himself in his classes, but rhetoric and philosophy did not satisfy him; and his desire to study theology grew stronger.

After a time he was permitted by his tutor to devote three hours daily to theology; and he also studied Hebrew. Six years were thus spent at Paris, and after a brief holiday, spent at the Chateau de Sales, he was sent by his father to Padua, to study law under Guido Pancirole, whose fame was world-wide, his tutor accompanying him as before. At Padua he met the venerated Scupoli, and received the gift of his 'Spiritual Combat.' All this time he had never swerved from his intention of entering the priesthood. He felt that God had called him to be a soldier of the Cross, and nothing but his father's permission was wanting. Monsieur de Boisy had other views for his handsome, accomplished son. He wished him to marry an heiress, to accept an offer of a membership in the Senate. He naturally hoped that his eldest and fondly loved son would inherit the family honours, and be the guardian of his brothers and sisters; but Francis remained unshaken in his decision. He entreated his father not to oppose his ecclesiastical career, reminding him that he had vowed himself to God's service; and overcome with his pleadings, though not convinced, M. de Boisy gave way.

His cousin, Louis de Sales, had promised him the provostship of the church of Annecy.

On the 8th of June, 1593, Francis received minor Orders at the hands of the venerable Bishop of Geneva, and the following Saturday he was ordained sub-deacon; and in September the

desire of his life was fulfilled, and he entered the priesthood. 'From this day,' says Père la Rivière, writing of him, 'he gave himself wholly to an interior life of peace.'

His intense respect for the Sacerdotal Office, and his gratitude to the Eternal Goodness, which had brought him to it, inspired him with such a spirit of self-watchfulness that he seemed wholly transformed, as one might see in his face, his eyes, his bearing, his words and actions, which were all stamped with something well-nigh angelic, almost divine, which constrained men to love and venerate him.

Sidney Lear tells us, in his 'Life of Francis de Sales,' that during his first retreat he made three resolutions which influenced his whole life.

First, that he would strive to carry the spiritual atmosphere of the altar into his every action, so that each moment of the day should be a perpetual preparation for the morrow's celebration, and that if he were asked why he did anything, he might be able with truth to say, 'I am making ready to celebrate.'

His second resolution was, always to approach the altar in such a spirit as he would wish to have on his death-bed and before the judgment-seat of God. And the third, to aim at a perpetual union with Jesus Christ, through loving imitation and recollection, so as in very deed to be 'one with Him.'

From the first days of exercising his gifts as a preacher, we learn from the same source, 'he laid down certain rules for himself. One was, never to preach controversial sermons.' 'He who preaches love is opposing heresy without saying one controversial word,' he would say. Another point was, always to teach some definite duty. 'My test of the real worth of a man as a preacher,' he said, 'is when his congregation go away saying, not "What a beautiful sermon!" but "I will do something."'

In 1594 the Duke of Savoy recovered the sovereignty of the Duchy of Chablais and other districts around the Lake of Geneva, which the Canton of Berne had taken from his family sixty years since. Being anxious to bring his new subjects—who were bigoted Calvinists—back to the fold of the Catholic Church, he applied to the Bishop of Geneva.

The young provost volunteered for the work, and as the bishop had come to the determination that Francis de Sales would be a fitting missionary, his offer was at once accepted.

There is a touching account of the father kneeling before the bishop with tears and sobs. 'Monseigneur,' he exclaims, 'I give up this my firstborn, the pride and hope of my life, the stay of my old age, to the Church. I consent to his being a confessor, but I cannot give him to die a martyr.'

The venerable bishop mingles his tears with his friend's; he hesitates, and the young voice of Francis rings through the silence, 'Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?'

Francis entered on his dangerous mission accompanied by his cousin, Canon Louis. They dismissed their horses and servants, and lived with apostolic simplicity. For four years he laboured amid violent opposition and in frequent danger. Once he was tracked through the snow by hungry wolves, and passed the night in a tree. Some peasants found him in the morning insensible with cold and hunger. His labours were rewarded, the Catholic religion was publicly reinstated throughout the district. The Calvinists ascribed principally to his meekness and gentleness all the wonderful conversions he made among them.

The Chablais mission was over, and in 1598 Francis de Sales consented reluctantly, and after strong persuasion, to become coadjutor to the venerable Bishop of Geneva. 'Say to the bishop,' were his words, 'that I have always dreaded the episcopate, but since that he continues to require it of me I am ready to obey.' Shortly after this he visited Rome, where the 'Apostle of Chablais'—as the Duke of Savoy called him—was presented to Clement VIII., who, after a public examination before himself and his cardinals, confirmed the Bishop's choice.

In 1602 the elder bishop sent him to Paris, to plead the cause of the Diocese of Geneva before Henri IV. During his prolonged stay in the brilliant capital, he preached to crowded congregations. Henri IV. called him 'the phœnix of prelates.' He had a strong personal liking for him, and made many attempts to induce him to remain in France, offering various lucrative posts, but Francis' invariable answer was 'that he had married a poor bride, and could not forsake her for one wealthier.' By-and-by tidings of the Bishop's death reached him, and on December 14th he was installed in the vacant see at Annecy.

The episcopal household was regulated with the utmost simplicity and economy; there was to be no display. During

his retreat, before his consecration, Francis drew up a rule for his own life. For example, we read that 'he was never to wear costly raiment, no silk stockings, or embroidered gloves. His table was to be frugal, but well-ordered; only two rooms in his house were to be carpeted, one for strangers and one for the transaction of business. The whole household was to be up early, daily to hear Mass; every evening to join in prayer and self-examination with the bishop, and after ten every one was to retire and silence be kept.' He gave up almost all his private fortune to his brothers, and as the revenues of his see were scarcely more than two hundred pounds of English money, he had little to live upon, but, as he himself justly says, 'Where one has but little, one has little to give, little to think of, little to answer for.'

His life was that of the ideal bishop. He rose at four, every day he said mass; he fasted every Friday and Saturday. On Sundays and festivals he attended the cathedral; he was often present in other churches. Every year he made a retreat of ten days. The alms he contrived to give were wonderful. He set himself to reform morals. He diligently visited his diocese, going on foot to remote villages among the mountains, and taking a delight in preaching to the poor.

In 1610 he founded the congregation of the 'Visitation of the Blessed Virgin,' Madame de Chantal being the first Mother. This was his great work, and one that was very dear to his heart. He had long wished to found a congregation to admit women, whose age, circumstances, delicacy of health, and infirmities, prevented them from joining other Orders. Even blind or deformed people were especial objects of this Order. We read a curious story, 'how one day Francis was rapt in meditation in the chapel, and how it pleased God to make known to his servant that one day he was to found an Order of religious women, and to show him a vision of one veiled as a widow.'

Soon after, while preaching at the cathedral of Dijon, Francis perceived a widow veiled in black, and at once conceived the idea that this was the person who was to help him in his cherished scheme. That lady was Madame de Chantal, a young widow who had long before renounced the world, and devoted her life to the care of her children, and visiting the sick and poor. After some delay the little community was started, and though many complained that the bishop was founding a

hospital rather than a convent, the lowly sisterhood flourished, and within sixty years the Order contained a hundred and twenty houses.

The first rules were very simple: no house was to have more than thirty-three inmates.

The bishop of the diocese where any house was formed, was to be its superior; there was to be little austerity, but great devotion. The Sister's dress was of the same fashion as people wore in the world, only black. They visited the sick. No vows were taken. The spirit of this rule is embodied in a letter to Madame de Chantal. 'I would have you be extremely small and lowly in your own eyes,' he wrote. 'Gentle and tender as a dove.' 'Do everything for God, uniting yourself or maintaining union by means of a simple glance, or turning of your heart to Him. Never be hurried; do everything tranquilly and with a restful spirit. Do not lose your inward peace for anything whatsoever, not even when things seem going wrong, for what do all earthly things matter as compared with your heart's peace? Commend all to God and keep yourself calm and still in the bosom of His Fatherly Providence. When you find that your spirit has wandered thence, draw it back gently and with perfect simplicity, and never under any excuse entangle yourself in cares, desires, and affections.'

After a time Francis consented to alter the governing principle of his new foundation, and the Sisters took the usual vows and were enclosed. In 1609, the year in which Henri IV. was assassinated, Francis commenced his friendship with Jean Pierre, Bishop of Belley, who was afterwards the author of that interesting work, 'The Spirit of St. Francis de Sales.'

This friendship was a great source of happiness to them both. The young bishop was consecrated by Francis at the early age of twenty-six, and from that day he used to pour out all his troubles and perplexities to Francis.

The distance from Annecy to Belley was not great, and any difficulty was apt to bring over Bishop Camus; while in times of domestic sorrow and weariness, it was a real refreshment to Francis de Sales to be with his friend.

The loss of his aged father, his tender mother, inflicted severe grief on the loving heart of Francis, but he bore such afflictions with unrepining patience. 'I was silent, and opened not my mouth, for it was Thy doing,' he wrote, after leaving his mother's death-bed.

In the autumn of 1618, Francis de Sales went to Paris with the Cardinal Bishop of Savoy, who was sent to negotiate the marriage of the Prince of Piedmont with Christine of France. He subsequently became her Grand Almoner or chaplain. On St. Martin's Day he preached to the king and both queens, and the church was so crowded that the preacher had no means of getting into the building except by a window reached by a ladder.

During the year he spent in Paris it is recorded that he preached no less than three hundred and sixty-five sermons. 'Are you not astonished?' he said once to a friend, 'to see all these Parisians run after me with my dull heavy sermons and tame delivery?'

'Yours is Annecy eloquence, or perhaps more truly it comes from Paradise,' was the reply. The bishop was as usual surrounded by women, amongst them the celebrated Angélique Arnaud, Abbess of Port Royal.

His sound and wise advice to his penitents is often full of homely wisdom. 'You cannot attain to high contemplation,' he wrote to one, 'but you can read some good book and think it carefully over.' 'Your health will not bear fasting, but it will be none the worse if you abstain from delicacies.' 'You cannot leave the world, but you may study not to follow its tone.' 'Pure love is beyond your grasp, then strive to love God out of gratitude and for your own sake.' 'You do not feel any lively contrition; try to seek and ask for it more earnestly.' 'You cannot give liberal alms; give a cup of cold water for God's sake.' 'You have no grievous wrongs to endure; strive to bear little vexations without murmur.' 'You are yet too weak to bear contempt, but you can bear a passing slight patiently.' 'You are not called upon to sacrifice your life, but you are often called to endure trifling discomforts and passing annoyances.'

But the time was approaching when the faithful servant was beginning to feel worn and weary. Soon after his return to Annecy, his brother Jean was made his coadjutor under the title of Bishop of Chalcedon, and this was a great relief to Francis in his failing state.

'Day by day,' we read, 'the infirmities of the flesh pressed more heavily upon Francis; his legs swelled painfully so that he could scarcely walk, and the oppression on his chest grew so distressing that he felt he had not long to live; but in spite of

his suffering he would not give up his work. When his friends implored him to rest, he would say, with his usual gentleness 'I must die before long, and what matters it a little sooner or later?' And it was remarked that no trace of physical suffering was ever seen on his calm and serene countenance. But the venerable bishop was not to remain much longer in the diocese he loved so well. He had to accompany his prince, the Duke of Savoy, and the Princess of Piedmont when they met Louis XIII. at Avignon, and before leaving Annecy he made every preparation as though to die. He set his house in order and gave his final wishes.

Madame de Chantal, who had not seen him for three years, met him at Lyons and was struck with the change in his appearance. Ill as he looked, there was a supernatural beauty about his countenance, a heavenly brightness that impressed her greatly.

On Christmas Day and on St. Stephen's Day he did his work as usual; but the following day, the Feast of St. John, he fainted, and a sort of seizure followed. The end came quickly. To our modern notions of sick and dying beds there is something very painful in the ignorance that tormented the saint's last hours.

It is cruel to read 'how they strove to rouse him from the lethargy of death by means of blisters applied to the head, hot irons and even cauterisation to the spine;' and how amid all this torture he patiently said, 'Do as you will with the sick man.'

There could have been little quiet in that room of death.

The Duke of Nemours came from a sick-bed to ask a last blessing for himself and his little son. Madame Olier brought her children, and many others.

As the fatal drowsiness increased on him, the dying man murmured broken words of the Psalms. 'All my desire is before Thee.' 'Thou knowest all my groaning, my God and my all.' 'I will lift up my eyes to the hills, from whence cometh my help.'

Some bystanders, we read, bade the sufferer unite his pains to those of the Saviour, and he quietly answered, 'My pains do not deserve the name compared with His.'

His last words were, 'It is towards evening and the day is far spent;' but the name of Jesus was often repeated.

At last those watching round the bed saw the last moment

had come, and began to chant the Litanies for Holy Innocents' Day.

His body was carried to Annecy and laid in the church of the Visitation; but after the Revolution a new church was built, and St. Francis de Sales now lies beneath the high altar. He was solemnly canonized in the year 1665, by Pope Alexander VII.

So lived and died one of the purest, most humble-minded, and loving souls that ever blessed our earth, and truly we may say of him, 'that he now rests from his labours, and his works do follow him.'

A PERVERSE GENIUS.

PETER REID on two successive mornings had arrived at the quarry a good hour too soon, and had found Sandy Harris, who tended the furnace fire, the only company there.

'Man, Peter, I'm doobtin' ye're needin' regulatin',' the fireman said gravely, as he saw his neighbour approach perspiring; for Peter on both occasions had thought himself an hour late and had hastened accordingly.

'It's that clock that has fairly ta'en the gee, an' Meggie' —Peter's wife, and better half in most ways—'winna let me put a hand on her. But I'm to stand this nae langer. It's a bonny like thing that I'm to be cheated oot o' my nicht's rest just because Meggie's aucht-day clock taks it into her heid to stand.'

'Ye'll need to lippen to your watch, Peter, I'm doobtin',' the fireman said, glancing at the leather lace which did for a chain.

Peter drew out his watch—a thick verge, whose dusky hue suggested pinchbeck—and remarked thoughtfully—

'She's no' to ride the water on eyther, for sometimes she gangs, an' sometimes she doesna.'

'I wad ca' that an oonprofitable servant, Peter.'

'Ou, weel, she does to carry aboot; and I hae a respeck for her, for she was my grandfather's afore she was mine; but I maun gie Meggie's clock an overhaul this very nicht.'

'Ye wadna think o' overhaulin' the watch, Peter?'

'Oh, mercy no, man; I micht never put her up again. Noo, onybody could put up an aucht-day clock, for she's naething mair than a wag-at-the-wa' in a coffin case. Besides, it doesna matter muckle; it's Meggie's.'

The other quarriers began to assemble, and of course took care to tease Peter about his early appearance at work. They listened to his tale of woe, and found a considerable amount of amusement to themselves during the day, by asking if it was not bedtime yet with his timekeeper. But Peter was

good-humoured, and got a deal of diversion to himself out of his misfortunes. A dozen times a day he took out his watch, thumped it on his knee, and was pleased to see it start off afresh on its tour round the day.

'She's a grand watch for the day-time, though I say it wha shouldna,' he explained to a group of quarriers discussing their bread and cheese at midday; 'but for the nicht-time she's no' worth a doit. Ye see, sirs,' he added with a twinkle in his eyes, 'ye wad need to lie wauken an' gie her a dunt on your knee ilka half hoor or so to keep her stirrin'. An' ye maun mak' allooance for possible lost time. Noo, i' the nicht that's no feasable; but i' the daytime I think naething aboot it. I gie her a bit tnoit (knock) on my knee as aften as it occurs to me, an' mak' the necessar' allooance, and her an' me get on fine; but for the nicht-time I lippen to Meggie's aucht-day clock.'

Peter's explanation was hailed with laughter, and he added, 'We a' need to be allooed for, sirs; an' my watch is nae better than ither fouk.'

What in the quarry was comedy, at home was tragedy. The quarriers laughed at the vagaries of Peter and his timekeepers; but Meggie, as Peter declared, had 'a terrible gift for takin' things up by the kittle end.' She had a genius for seriousness, and was vexed and worried every time she looked at the clock standing silent in the corner. 'It's like as if there were a daith i' the hoose,' she said ruefully. But one thing she was resolved on—Peter would not begin his nonsense with her clock, for he would speedily make a clock of it.

That was the ground of quarrel. Peter was confident he could easily put the clock right; Meggie was certain he would be its destruction; and the more bent Meggie was on keeping his hands off the clock, the more resolute he was to put it right himself. The clock was one of Meggie's childish memories. When she was a child her father had lifted his little, bright-haired, bright-eyed lassie on his shoulder, and had taught her the mysteries of the dial. She clung with laughter to his shaggy head and was as happy as a child might be. Now that the shaggy head and the loving human heart had passed beyond her reach, they lived in the memory of that middle-aged, sober-eyed woman who with her whole heart tried to fulfil her duty to Peter Reid and her children. The clock was the one link binding her to early and happy days; and the more she treasured it, the more her husband in his perversity despised it.

'Meggie,' Peter said, with the air of a man who has made up his mind, 'we maun hae something dune to that clock. I maun tak' a look o' her mysel'.'

'Gin ye're a sensible man, Peter, an' wad tak' my advice, ye'll gang alang to Saunders Hutton an' get him to gie her a sort,' Meggie said apprehensively. The evil she dreaded was come upon her.

'Meggie, I wonder to hear ye! throwin' awa' bawbees for nae end. Saunders Hutton was nae mair bred to the clock business than mysel', an' gin he culd set her richt shurely I can,' Peter answered with the maximum of surprise in tone and gesture.

'Ae thing I ken, Peter, ay twa: that Saunders Hutton kens aboot clocks an' ye dinna,' Meggie retorted with asperity.

'I can learn, Marget; an' I'll no learn younger noo.'

'Learn, Peter? I wonder to hear ye; ye'll never learn. Ye'll tak' my gude clock doon, an' never put her up again while ye live. Ye'll plague yoursel' an' the leave o' us for a fortnicht; syne ye'll gie up the business in disgust, an' you'll hae gotten your putt made gude, and I'll hae lost my clock. I ken ye ower weel, Peter.'

Meggie was nearly crying with vexation, but she would not let Peter see her tears.

'That's like you, Meggie!' her husband answered crossly. 'If ilka wife thocht as little o' her man as you do o' yours, I wonder women would tak' men to be plaguit by them.'

'Ye needna haiver there, Peter, for ye ken as weel as I do I only speak the truth. Gin ye tak' doon the clock, the bairns 'll get the wheels to play wi' afore a fortnicht's ower your head.'

'Ou, ay, Meggie! Likely too some o' thae days, I'll be takin' aff my heid to let the bairns play wi' the harns' (brains).

'Gin ye had ony harns for them to play wi'!'

Meggie's last shot ended the conversation, but made Peter Reid more resolved than ever to mend the clock himself, and prove to Meggie and the whole world he was a mechanical genius.

Janny Miller, a frail old woman living next door to Meggie, was ill, and Meggie, good Samaritan that she was, took her turn with a few more of the neighbours in putting Janny's house to rights and in looking after the invalid. After Peter had got supper, she intimated, 'I'm awa' to Janny Miller, an' I'll be back afore bedtime.' She would have gone with an

easier mind if she could have taken the eight-day clock with her.

When she returned she found Peter with the works of the clock on a table before him, blowing vigorously through them with the bellows. His face was red with exertion, and when she entered he greeted her with a smile.

'She was just one mass o' stour, gudewife, but I'm persuadit aifter this through-gang an' a touch o' whale oil she'll gang as she hasna gane this dizzen o' years.'

Meggie was so delighted to find her clock not resolved into its elements, that she was even merry, and watched her husband drench it with the oil she used for her pirn-wheel, with a hopeful feeling that after such thorough treatment the clock might go once more.

Excited with eagerness, Peter set it going, and it went as well as heart could wish—for three minutes.

'I think ye should see Saunders Hutton the morn,' she said, anxiously hoping her husband would adventure no farther with his experiments.

'We'll gang to oor bed the nicht onyway,' he answered, skilfully evading the point.

Next night Peter subjected the clock to a more critical examination, and with deep satisfaction came to the decision, 'The clock maun be ta'en doon, sirse. Od, that illness o' Janny Miller's is most providential, for it gies me a free hand an' a quiet hoose. I'll hae a' manner o' peace i' the takin' doon o' her, an' wi' ordinar' attention I'll manage to big her up again, or I'm thicker i' the heid than I gie mysel' creydit for.'

Lifting the clock out of the case, he put it on the table and spread a newspaper at his side to receive the various pins and wheels. He produced a set of shoemaker's tools which an uncle had left him, and looking at them admiringly, he remarked, 'He's but a sorry tradesman that quarrels wi' his tools,' set to work in earnest, and in a surprisingly short time had the clock reduced to chaos.

'Tut, it's naething ava' the takin' doon o' a clock; Saunders Hutton's no' half so clever as fouk hae gien him creydit for; an' Meggie's a din-makin' body to raise sic a sang aboot takin' her doon. It's easy eneuch. Noo we maun see what's wrang, and get that putten richt.'

In taking the clock to pieces, Peter had discovered nothing amiss, but although he had, he would not have ceased the work

of demolition. He wanted to pull it down and build it up again from the foundation. He was satisfied too that he would discover the mischief only in putting it together again.

He looked at the shafts and axles before him on which he was to build the wheels; he glanced at the chaos in the newspaper and turned pale. Where was he to begin? which wheel was to be placed first, and on which shaft? 'I micht hae paid mair attention I am shure; but I cam' on so grand i' the takin' o' her down that I forgot about the biggin' o' her up again. I maun do my endeavour though, or Meggie 'll no let me live i' the hoose,' he reflected.

He took the topmost wheel of the pile and tried it first on one shaft and then on another.

'That fits no that ill,' he said hopefully.

He ventured on a second, but was not so successful. How long he tried to get the second wheel in its place he did not know, but made a brilliant hit in the end by lifting the first wheel from its place and bestowing the place of honour on wheel number two. That arrangement suited admirably, and Peter's discovery was as remarkable in his eyes as Herschel's discovery of Uranus, of which, indeed, he had never heard.

Just then a well-known voice exclaimed, 'Preserve a' livin', Peter, are ye no i' your bed, an' it the morn's mornin'.' It was Meggie. Then, seeing the contents of the newspaper, she said drily, 'Imphm! weel ye'll be pleased that ye hae gotten into the inside o' your toy; but noo that ye hae ta'en her doon, ye'll put her up again.'

'Nae fear o' that, Meggie. I'm juist studyin' her here most thoroughly, so that I'll hae nae diffeekwalty wi' the inside o' a clock again. But I hae mebbe dune eneuch for ae nicht;' and Peter carefully wrapt up the *débris*, determined to master the construction of Meggie's eight-day clock, or die in the attempt.

Next night did not come nearly quick enough to let Peter back to his task, and the children crowded round him, as interested as he was. But he did not get on well; the children's presence was trying. They made remarks that put their father out of countenance, took up wheels, and made suggestions, till Peter, in wrath, packed off the last one of them to bed a good hour before their usual time.

'There's nae peace wi' sic a set,' he said hotly, as they cried themselves to sleep.

When Meggie came in from her nightly vigil, she judged that Peter's success had been small, for he had very little to say.

'Ye're to put up that clock, Peter, noo that ye hae ta'en it doon,' she said firmly.

'Gie a body time, gudewife,' he replied peevishly. 'Gin ye had your wey, a' things wad be dune at aince, an' the end o' the warld wad be on us in a hand clap.

'As long as you an' the like o' ye are to the fore, Peter, there'll be little hurry for the end o' the warld.'

'Weel, I'll mebbe get your clock set gaein' afore that happens,' he said.

At that moment Peter felt the collapse of the stellar system a small affair compared with the reconstruction of Meggie's clock.

A month afterwards Peter took the quarriers into his confidence.

'I'm doobtin', sirs,' he said at the midday meal hour, which was the season for opening their hearts to one another, 'that I hae my winter's wark afore me. Didna I in a waik moment tak' doon Meggie's aucht-day clock, an' hinna I fouchten an' better than fouchten to put it up again? an' it'll fairly beat me.'

Meggie saw Peter was losing heart, and she suggested—

'Take that bundle o' wheels an' trash alang to Saunders Hutton, an' acknowledge yoursel' beaten for aince, Peter Reid.'

If Meggie had stopped half-way in her speech, she would have gained the day; but Meggie was a woman, and measured the value of words by their quantity, and not by their fewness.

'Beaten, Meggie Reid!' Peter retorted. 'Wha's beaten, or thinkin' aboot bein' beaten? I'll put up that clock in gude time. I'm studyin' her i' noo.'

A rainy spell had come on in October. The quarriers knew the Bruar was rising, and that the sea-trout would be running. They had hardly had a day's fishing that season; but now they would take one day, and they expected great things. Peter was an enthusiastic fisher, and that evening, instead of producing his parcel of wheels, he brought his fishing-rod from the garret, and overhauled his hooks and line.

'Shurely, Peter, ye can never think o' wastin your time at the fishin', when ye hae that clock to put up!' Meggie said, open-eyed, with astonishment. 'But I kent hoo it wad be. The bairns 'll get the wheels to play wi', noo that their father's tired o' his toy.'

'Wha's fishin', Meggie?' Peter retorted. 'I can shurely gie my rod a rub o' oil withoot fishin'. An' as for the clock, dinna trouble yoursel'. There's nae harm comin' ower it, an' I'll put it up when my time comes.'

Peter put away his fishing-rod, and Meggie was sorry for him. If he would only take the clock along to Saunders Hutton!

The Sabbath following the fishing incident, Peter said sulkily—

'Ye can gang to the kirk 'yoursel' the day; I'm no gaun. There's nae use,' he said, in reply to her look of surprise; 'I dinna hear a word o' the sermon; I can think o' naething but wheels an' wheels; an' lately I hae begun to think my heid's full o' wheels, an' I can hear them birrin'. There's nae need to say onything, Meggie; when I steek my een tight I see that auld clock, wi' its shafts and axles stickin' up, an' the newspaper filled wi' a medley o' wheels that wad terrify the French.'

'Peter,' Meggie said with a voice that meant business, 'the day you bide at hame frae the kirk, I march the clock off to Saunders Hutton.'

Peter went to church.

During the winter evenings he sat at the table with the clock before him. He had got it put up with the exception of two wheels, for which he could not find room. He gave these two wheels privately to his youngest child to play with, in the hope that she would lose them; but Meggie invariably rescued them. He put them away into a drawer, among forks and spoons, and they actually disappeared for a week; but Meggie discovered them in the ash-backet.

'Thae wheels are like an ill-deed,' he groaned; 'they're aye turnin' up.'

Losing all interest in his task, Peter sat at the table and slept. Meggie fumed, but was silent. All she ever said was—

'Ye maun put up that clock some time.'

Spring came, and the days lengthened. His neighbours began to speak of gardening operations, and even Peter made preparations; but Meggie was on the look-out.

'Ye shurely dinna mean to begin the garden, Peter, afore ye hae putten up my clock?' she said in an aggrieved tone.

'Meggie, this is perfect nonsense! Am I no' to be allowed to look at a barrow for the puttin' up o' that clock?' he demanded angrily.

Once more Peter slept over the clock and the two wheels that would neither get lost nor fit in anywhere. He even tried it to go without them, but in vain. And the weather was all that could be desired for gardening!

At last his patience gave way. The sound of the spade turning up the soil, the laughter and jest flying from garden to garden tried him beyond endurance, and pulling the clock down once more, he banged up, and exclaimed—

'Meggie, this is madness an' waur. Hoo can ye expect the like o' me to mend your clock, wha hae dune naething but houk in a quarry hole since I can mind o' mysel'? Gie it into a practical hand, an' no' worry the life oot o' me.'

Meggie was quite contented, and did not resent the injustice of Peter's remarks.

'Weel, weel, Peter, e'en as ye like. Tak' your bundle alang to Saunders Hutton, an' see what he has to say.'

Peter wrapped the wheels in the newspaper, and, taking them along to Saunders Hutton, he unfolded his goods before him and said—

'Ye'll hardly ken what that is, Saunders?'

Saunders put on his spectacles, and shook his head.

'Na, I'm no' thinkin' 't. Man, that's a clock!' Peter said triumphantly.

Saunders smiled, and said—

'I could hae guessed that muckle.'

'Could ye mak' onything o' her?' he asked.

'She's a' here, I suppose?'

'A' there, Saunders.'

'Ou, weel, leave her, an' we'll see.'

Two days afterwards Peter stood in admiration before the clock and listened to its solemn, regular stroke. Turning to Meggie, who was watching him, he confessed—

'Saunders is a genius, Meggie, that's the short an' lang 'ot. Noo, I mak' nae pretensions to that. What think ye?'

'Weel, Peter, gin ye're a genius, ye're a fell thrawn ane,' she replied cautiously.

But he was so delighted to get to the garden that he made no retort, and five minutes afterwards his spade was flashing in the evening sun, and his laughter and jest flashed like his spade.

FERGUS MACKENZIE.

THE FOURTH ESTATE.

JOURNALISM FOR WOMEN.

'JOURNALISTS are born—not made,' is a commonly quoted phrase among those whose lives are passed in the newspaper world; but it would seem that there are many individuals who undertake the duties and responsibilities of that office who are neither born nor made journalists, who swell the ranks of the army who 'write a little,' crowding into print with society paragraphs or fashionable notes, spending more money than they make, and blocking the progress of others who take up in earnest this honourable career as a livelihood.

To these people, and especially to women, one can only give the same advice as *Mr. Punch* gave to those about to marry —'Don't.' But to those women who feel they are born journalists, or to those who feel that they can be made journalists, a peep into the life may not be without interest, and perhaps instruction.

One hears wonderful tales of a simple village girl sending up an article to a London paper, which appears in print, and forthwith the author leaves her home and comes to London and ranks among the successful journalists of the day. Perhaps if those who are encouraged to do likewise after hearing such stories had as many friends in the journalistic world as I have, they might take a different view of the case, and think well before they threw themselves into a life so severe and difficult that day after day one hears of health breaking down under the strain.

Sir Edwin Arnold gave as the chief qualifications for a journalist, 'the strength of an ox, the hide of a rhinoceros, the patience of an elephant;' and assuredly, though one sees little delicate women succeeding in the battle, it is only at such undue expense of nerve and brain that one can but deplore it. The bodily strain necessary to make a good journalist is as a rule

beyond the ordinary strength of women, and the excitement and worry of the life is likely to break down even those who can undertake work of a trying character. To be plunged into the midst of such a life without previous training is likely to have results such as would make one pause before taking the first step.

One of the successful journalists of the day remarked to a friend of mine how surprised she was at her keen enjoyment of life, to which the reply was given that, as she was still young, it was most natural that it should be so.

'Well, I envy you,' the other, who is equally young, responded. 'I worked so hard to obtain my daily bread that, now I have sufficient to enjoy myself, I find the power of enjoyment is gone.'

She had come to London from Ireland when little more than a school-girl, preferring to try her hand at journalism, rather than earn her living in any other way. For two years she worked with but poor success, struggling on in a way that did credit to her pluck, though it must have cost nerve and health more than she looked for. By degrees she made her way, and is now enjoying, or rather earning, for herself and her family an income that places her beyond the limits of want; but those first struggling years will ever leave their mark on her, and only a woman of strong constitution and buoyant spirits could have risen from such a trying ordeal. The conditions under which a journalist has to labour at present add daily to the difficulty, and even after the first struggle for standing-room is over, there comes the overpowering weight of work to be got through punctually and thoroughly, the mind ever on the alert to keep pace with the times, and satisfy an ever grasping public.

A well-known journalist, whose articles have been making a great stir lately in the newspaper world, said to me—

'Success is all very well, but what I should really enjoy now would be to go to bed and sleep for a whole month.'

Mind and body were overstrained, and the effort to keep the place so hardly won was almost too much for the little, delicate frame.

If these things are common with successful women, what must those feel who, day by day, have to face failure or poor success, and find disappointments and hardships on every side?

It may be said that many employments and careers open to women are fraught with difficulties and dangers, but, judging

from what one knows, no life can be more so than that of a journalist.

A 'lady journalist' must be so, not only in name, but in fact. She must know how to hold her own among men and women of all classes. She must never forget what is due to her womanhood while working side by side with men, sharing with them the privileges and privations of the work, and, to the praise of the sterner sex be it said, that she is never likely to complain of want of courtesy, but rather will feel she is working with an unfair advantage as long as she shows herself a true woman, and lets it be seen that it is business, and business alone, that makes her follow her calling.

There is no possible reason why a woman should be 'Bohemian' to be a journalist. The work she has to do can be done perfectly well without outraging a single sense of Mrs. Grundy. The women who make journalism an excuse to act with a freedom they would not dare to do in ordinary life, are women who can scarcely be entitled to the name.

In days gone by there may have been great difficulties and temptations in the way of struggling journalists, whose single room was their only place for receiving such friends as they had, and whose only variation was the dusty office where they patiently sat, or were interviewed by their 'editor;' but now, with Clubs such as the 'Writer's Club,' and others in their midst, close to their work, with full facilities for entertaining their friends or writing their 'copy,' it is only those who deliberately wish to make themselves notorious who need set aside the old-fashioned ideas which cling to a woman and which are only with difficulty shaken off.

We have heard a good deal about 'pretty faces' having mighty effect upon the susceptible editor; but, allowing even for taste upon the part of the masculine mind, when it comes to a case of pretty face *versus* good work, the faces, we fear, have to go to the wall. Though the two, combined with gentle breeding, are doubtless great helps in a life where tact and sympathy have much to do with success.

It is difficult, perhaps, to be quite conventional where one has to throw one's self into the lives and circumstances of various conditions of men, but if women would only believe it, Bohemia is a bad station to start from for Success; a woman who wishes to be admitted into the society of thoughtful men must show herself worthy of their respect, and without the co-operation of

such men, a woman has a poor chance of placing herself among the successful journalists of the day. She must enter the lists of those who are thinking for their age; she must gain experience from the life she is living and compare it with that of cultivated workers; she must put aside all 'feminine' prejudices, and learn to look at questions from a broad point of view. To do this she must mix with men, and receive impressions from all classes of people.

That there is any necessity to let one's sex influence one's conduct in work is absurd on the face of it, but that it is a common failing one is bound with shame to admit. The curate and the parish workers, with their mild flirtations, is an example too well known to bring up here, and one can only feel that there are women who will make any work an excuse for such things; but with the ever-increasing freedom of intercourse between men and women, we may hope that questions of such kinds may be left to their proper sphere—oblivion.

When we say *tact* is necessary for success in this calling, we mean that indescribable sense of grasping a situation at once and acting promptly in the best way. There are many qualifications necessary to make a good journalist, but, without this, very little can be done, and with this even those who are lacking in attainments may do good work for their time. It is this that gives rise to the saying that journalists are born—not made; it is a genius of a special order. Journalism is, perhaps, the highest and most difficult career open as yet to woman, and one that they are singularly qualified to succeed in. Thorough knowledge of general subjects, intellectual capacities of a high order, determination, patient resolution, a ready sympathy, and a mind that, by training as well as by nature, seizes the vital bearing of questions. Nor is this all; individuality and force must be thrown into the scale; the everyday matters that become so appallingly common to those who, day by day, repeat what is done in the world, must be made to shine with the reflected sunlight of intelligence; the dead bones must be made to live.

I have known two women go down to the same scene—an East End eviction. The one will give a few details of the tumble-down house where the tenants have stayed till it is no longer safe to do so, and describe the locality in words that convey little more than a string of names to one's mind. The other will make one understand the history past and present of the wretched families whose home has been so rudely broken up,

their rat-like existence in these free lodgings, their wanderings in search of other dwellings; at the same time the landlord's side will be taken, and a vision of the new dwellings will be set before one's eyes—the bearing of all these things upon the social topics of the day, the human sympathy with the shivering forms huddled together with their scanty 'bits of goods.' It is as if a skilled painter had presented us with a dramatic scene, while a schoolchild drew the same thing on its slate and wrote underneath, 'this is a house.'

Although the instinct must be there to make a true journalist, like everything worth doing it requires hard work to bring it to perfection, and it is only through perseverance and steady persistence that the result is attained. Training is necessary in this as in most other things, and that people recognise the fact is shown by the high premiums paid by those who wish to enter the profession and are ready to pay down a sum of money to be taught.

Personally one sees little use in such a system, and it leads to much abuse—as we have lately seen. Those who pay for learning are generally under the impression that they will have work found them afterwards, but as long as editors have the public to cater for they must pick and choose as best suits their wants, and those who have paid heavily for their experience will find themselves no better off than those who have learnt 'through the waste-paper basket.' No certificate of merit will gain an entrance to a publisher's heart; the work that is needed well done is the best certificate that one can have. All that can be taught one is taught by practice, and we very much advise those who think they can find a short path to success by the way of a premium to put their money in their own pockets and write steadily on through all failure and disappointments, till experience teaches them what is wanted of them and what is not.

And here may I venture to give a word of advice to young writers—and say that one thing at least that is not wanted of them is their opinion. The public has very little faith in unknown opinions, and editors have less. What is wanted in this hurrying age is facts, set forth in an intelligent manner, if possible—but anyhow facts. The absurd mistakes would not be made day after day in some of our enterprising 'dailies' if facts were more carefully studied than they are by the aspiring journalists. The editor of a very large paper once confided to

me that his difficulty was that the young beginners on his staff all thought themselves qualified to write the leading articles, and did not condescend to give their undivided attention to the small details in reporting work which make up the chief portion of a paper. It is only by patient working at these smaller things that skill can be obtained, and one has to acknowledge that the process is hard and fatiguing. But then is it worth the while?

Let us see what women can do in the question. There are many subjects upon which women are more capable of judging than men, some questions which they alone can properly deal with—as long as they write sensibly and practically they may have an unbounded influence in forming public opinion. 'It is the pen that rules the world and not the sword,' has been said, and even in the commonest subjects, intelligence and thought will tell. The woman who can clearly place circumstances and situations before the minds of others, bringing out the great issues of the time, will have little need to complain of being restricted in her sphere of influence; and as it is one of the highest employments for women, so we require the women to be of the highest culture and feeling, and to look upon the work as a God-given power and not as an amusement to be taken up to pass the time between the schoolroom days and marriage.

In the present day, when there is a rush into this particular field of employment, it is necessary to guard it against everything that tends to degrade it and makes women's work an object of ridicule or scorn. There is a tendency to look upon journalism for women as an opening for the display of taste in dress or in household appointments, which lend themselves to the advertising columns. It is needless to say that however useful these things may be in their own way, one would not confuse them with real journalism any more than one would judge of a staff of men by their canvasser—though he probably is as important a personage as any on the staff. Journalism must have no sex; it must be equally impartial for women as for men; if as yet women have rarely been admitted to the higher branches of the profession, it is only because as yet they are young in the work and have, by steady application and painstaking, to show that they are capable of the higher posts. That one or two women have already succeeded in winning themselves renown, is only an earnest of what may be expected

of them, and at the onset it is important to realise the dignity of the position, and not let it pass as a calling for those who want something to do to amuse themselves, and are content with frequenting the functions of society and writing smart paragraphs thereon; or those who think that journalistic work is a good cloak for a Bohemian life, where they can free themselves from the constraint of home and 'live their own life.' It is quite true one cannot pick and choose the time of one's work if one is entering the lists with others, but because there is so much that is unconventional in the life, it is all the more important that there should be a background of conventionality, and a woman who deliberately throws away these safeguards is doing herself a wrong she will not easily atone for. More than that, she is doing journalism a wrong; for now is the time when women have to show they can take their place among men, as workers, without bringing down the reproach that is always ready to be flung at them, and which we fear is too often merited.

D. M. LEAKE.

ALL IN A GARDEN—FOWLS.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

THERE are many ways of keeping a hen. You can let her go loose in a yard, or enclose her in a run with wire-netting, or give her a paddock to roam in. But nothing satisfies a hen—except the garden. It is no use telling her that she has got a whole field to go about in looking for things to eat; nor trying to make her understand that an enclosure is a place she is expected to remain enclosed in. Whatever you put her into, she will always come outside it; and let her have as much space as you will, she will still hanker after the garden.

Nothing will keep her out, not even gardeners; for though she is routed from the forbidden premises, again and again, with every circumstance of disgrace and discomfiture, she comes punctually back, like a piece of machinery that cannot help itself, and *must* come back. Perhaps she is possessed by some inherited idea, that hens are 'good' for gardens, and thinks, poor soul, that she is discharging the original purpose of her creation, when she walks in with that fine high-stepping action that she always adopts when she is trespassing. To watch a hen, unseen yourself, taking possession of a corner of a garden, is to see a delightful comedy. She knows that if discovered she will be chased out; that she will be bombarded with clods of earth as she goes, in a flurry of feathers and sqawk, down the gravelled path; that she may find the garden door shut at the end of it, and have to run up and down the hedge ever so often, exposed to terrifying shouts and missiles, before she can find a hole to squeeze out at; that the terrier may join in the hunt; that she may even be caught by the tail, just as she is scrambling into the outer world, and be carried off, in spite of all her melancholy remonstrances, into imprisonment. She knows that all this, or something like it, may happen. But what is she to do? Her destiny, like some irresistible fascination, draws her towards the perilous paradise.

An entrance is open, and in she comes. Not all of her at once,

nor as if she came by right of possession ; but only in bits at a time, with every sort of apology. You can hear her arguing with herself about what she is doing, for she keeps on making remarks to herself in asides. First she just peeps in hurriedly and withdraws, with a 'No, this won't do ;' then steps about in a straddling sort of way for a little, and comes back, and puts her head in once more. 'Better not, perhaps,' she says, and out she goes again, for another look at the country. But this time only for a second, for here is she back, with her head inside the door, and her neck telescoped out to its longest. 'Nobody about ; perhaps they're hiding ; great mind to go in ; not quite safe, perhaps ; why not?' And so she goes on, encouraging and discouraging herself by turns, in a way that is most comical to listen to. But rashness eventually triumphs. Inch by inch discretion disappears, for inch by inch the hen comes in.

Once inside, she draws herself up to her full height, and looks about in all directions for signs of danger. She is so nervous that she keeps on talking to herself in little interjections, and all the time stands as it were on tiptoe with suppressed alarm. 'Cluck! cluck! cluck!' she goes on, speaking very softly ; but for the life of her unable to hold her tongue, from sheer excitement. Anything is enough to startle her—a shepherd calling to his dog in the meadow far away ; a blackbird scratching under the laurel close by—and she cranes her neck, and her bright eyes search round for hidden enemies. But nothing happens, and her feathers gradually settle down into a peaceful state of mind, her neck shortens, and she gives herself a little chuckle of encouragement, and takes the first step towards her fate.

How high she lifts her feet! how carefully she puts them down (it was thus that Queen Elizabeth danced—'high and composedly')! With what discretion she picks up that little caterpillar, and how noiselessly she slips under the bushes! And now she is lost to sight but not for long, for suddenly, in a silent, spectral sort of way, her head emerges on the other side of the bush, and then, without the rustle of a leaf, her whole body.

Before her lies the kitchen garden, and only a bay-hedge between it and the flower-beds. Not a soul in sight! There is a thrush hopping about, very busy, among the raspberry-canes, and two sparrows have found something to interest them in a patch of ground that is cobwebbed with cotton, strung with fluttering scraps of paper and rags. The cat lies asleep in a sunny corner of the wall, under the apricot tree, and a large white butterfly is flickering about among the cabbages.

'How exquisitely peaceful!' whispers the hen to herself, and then she crosses the path with lofty steps and prodigious circumspection.

A delightfully soft plot of ground gives pleasant welcome to her feet, and she stops. 'The gardener has been very careful here,' she says to herself; 'how smooth he has left it! how fine the mould is! I wonder if there is anything underneath.' And all of a sudden, the philosophic and sedately-soliloquising fowl is changed into a kind of earthy fireworks. Both feet are scratching as fast and as deep as they can, and a shower of mould is shot out behind and scattered all round, pattering like fine rain upon the hard horse-radish leaves in the neighbouring bed. The hen is in a sort of ecstasy, and grovelling in the hole she has made, she rolls from side to side, scooping up the earth under her wings, and flurrying it up among her feathers, which are all standing on end. The bliss of it! And she scuffles about in her hole in such a transport of present enjoyment, that she has no thought for any past, or care for any future. The little grains of earth filtering through her feathers tickle her into a frenzy of pleasure, and to watch her you would think she was going crazy.

But as suddenly as she began, the hen stops. Did she hear you laugh? And then she steps out of her hole, shakes herself nearly off her legs, to clear herself of the mould, and lo! right in front of her, a pea. 'Bless me!' she says, 'a pea!' quite plainly, and in an instant it is gone. Then another catches her eye, and another. 'Wonder where they came from? perhaps I scratched them up.' So she sets to work scratching again, but this time not for pleasure, but for profit, and one by one she turns up the pearls. Too stupid to discover, as sparrows can, that the seed has been sown in a line, she walks in zigzags and at random all over the bed, and failing to see (what the mouse sees at once) that the peas are just under the surface, she digs vain holes big enough to get into, evidently expecting that because she found one pea at the top, she is sure to find another lower down. And thus zig-zagging fortuitously, she finds herself in the next bed, but what a wreck it is that she surveys! Instead of the beautifully smooth bed that she came to, she leaves a small waste, as if moles gone mad had been hammocking tumultuously in all directions, and dogs had been burying bones.

But does the hen weep at the sight? On the contrary, she

steps off jerkily, as complacently exultant as if she had just finished a good useful bit of work, and done it thoroughly. 'Cluck!' she says, with a jaunty air, and looks about as if to see what else she can do to help the gardener. 'Lettuces?—so they are—very young, though—but the hearts are worth picking out.' 'How easily the silly things come out of the ground!' she says, as she pecks them up one after the other, knocking the feeble little plants on the ground, just as thrushes do snail-shells. Then she tires of lettuce. 'Not much flavour in them,' she says, and goes off, lifting up her feet twice as high as she need, and contemplating space with a loftiness of demeanour that is exasperating.

And by this time all the bird's prudence has been thrown to the winds. To look at her you would think the hen paid the gardeners their wages, and held the garden on a freehold. 'Young beans?—no use, young beans. Humph! what's this?—onions?—no use, onions. Hullo! what's he been doing here?—top-dressing with manure I declare; sure to find something here—perhaps worms, who knows?' And the next minute she is hard at work, scattering the top-dressing in all directions, off the new asparagus bed. Curious insects reward her zeal, and the daintiest little worms. She is in the seventh heaven of delight. By clawfuls the new bed goes flying away behind her, and like the sputterings of a geyser, the mould comes jerking up on all sides in little jets of mould. 'This is lovely!' (peck, and a worm has gone) 'no other word for it' (peck, a millipede is no more) 'simply scrumptious. Hullo! *Cluck!*' This in a tone of utter horror.

Suddenly awakened from her trance of happiness by the creaking of a wicket, the wretched hen looks up, and, horror of all horrors! there stands the gardener himself. Here she is, in the very middle of the garden, mad fowl that she was to forget herself and come so far, perched too, 'lunatic that I am,' she cries, 'on the top of an asparagus bed, as conspicuous as the nose in the middle of a man's face, and the gardener here! I'll be off!' and she turns to flee. But lo! the gardener's boy behind. 'Then this way'—but behold! the under-gardener. 'Then that way'—but there is a ten-foot wall. How did they get there?

Alas, it was a conspiracy; for while she was busy with the lettuces, the gardener's boy saw her and told the gardener, and the gardener complained to his master—'the same old black Spanish hen, sir, that is always doing the mischief,'—and the master has given the order for her capture. Poor hen! to think

that just as she was saying '*scrumptious*,' the enemy had surrounded her.

But anyhow she is going to make an effort for freedom, and a gallant one too. She dashes, for short distances, at each point of the compass in turn, demoralising the enemy, and then, when each has been baulked, and all are pelting her with handfuls of earth and shouting at one another, she takes wing. Up she goes, over the gardener's boy, over the raspberry-canes, away over the bay-hedge, up into the boughs of the walnut-tree. But there is no rest for her there, for a hurricane of gravel comes hurtling round her, and once more she is off, this time alighting on the lawn, and trusting to her feet for safety. But the hullabaloo, alas for the hen! has awakened the terrier, and he, knowing well the game that is afoot, is off to join the gardener and the gardener's man and the gardener's boy.

At one time or another every individual bone in the terrier's body has ached with punishment for surreptitious hen-hunting, but now and again he finds himself, for some inscrutable reason, being furiously encouraged to do the very thing for which he is whipped every other day of the week. But this is evidently one of the rare occasions. This particular hen is, somehow, legitimate sport, and he is after her with all his will.

Poor fowl, you might as well surrender at once. Why terrify yourself into fits for nothing? But no, she flies madly in all directions, the most impossible for choice; dashes at the hedges where it is quite impenetrable, and attempts the railings just where the wire-netting is. Under one bush, over the next, scurrying, flurrying, scrawking, the miserable bird doubles and turns, the terrier, with his mouth full of feathers, in fierce pursuit, the men and the boy lumbering about in helpless clumsiness. And at last, stupid to the last, she deliberately runs up into a corner, the terrier catches her by the wing, and the gardener picks her up.

'It's that old black Spanish 'un, mum,' says he to his mistress, who has come out to see what is the matter. 'She's scratched up six rows of peas, pecked out a bed of lettuces, and spoiled the new asparagus-bed.' 'Very well, Bodler, take her round to the wired run and shut her up. I'm glad she is caught.'

And so away goes the poor bird of freedom, her scrawking becoming fainter and fainter as she goes, and ceasing altogether when she finds herself, tailless and with shattered nerves, a prisoner within walls of wire for the term of her natural life.

FONTEVRAULT: PRESENT AND PAST.

II.

THE work of reform begun by Marie de Bretagne was carried on by her cousin Princess Anne d'Orléans, sister of Louis XII., and more effectually still by Renée de Bourbon, who succeeded her. She is one of the most interesting of the thirty-six abbesses who ruled Fontevrault. She was delicate and slightly deformed, but full of high spirit and determination, and she may be said to have completed, as far as mortal woman could, the great task of Marie. If one may say it, Fontevrault rose both socially and religiously under Renée de Bourbon. François I. visited the Abbey with a fine company in 1517, and added his authority to that of the Popes in crushing out the disobedient spirit which lingered in the community. It became fashionable for young women of high birth to take the vows at Fontevrault, and the Abbey, under Renée's wise rule, became a favourite school for the daughters of noble houses. This part of its work was kept up steadily for more than two hundred years, till the Revolution swept all away.

In the meanwhile, Renée took her religious vocation in a far more literal spirit than had been the custom at Fontevrault. It would seem that the nuns had never been 'cloistered,' but had gone hither and thither as they pleased, only asking leave of the prioress. All this freedom and license—we must remember that early in the sixteenth century the world was not exactly the place for religious women to wander about in—was brought to a summary end by Madame Renée de Bourbon. She built towers and walls, she set up gratings, and made herself the solemn "vœu de clôture,' as an example to her nuns. Some were still rebellious; and then, all gentle means having failed, the Abbess called in the aid of the King's officers, and turned the worst offenders out of Fontevrault. But even this strong measure was not enough. Bad spirits were left behind among

the nuns, who one night, with the help of 'certain men of the town,' broke down the gratings and the barriers. These rebels were sent away to other convents more effectually reformed than Fontevrault, 'pour y faire le service divin et y user religieusement le reste de leurs jours'; and they were replaced in the Abbey by forty-two respectable nuns from these other convents. All this was bad enough, but great struggles, lasting even longer, took place also among the monks of St. Jean de l'Habit. The Abbess, however, by her courage and resolution, triumphed here too in the end, and Fontevrault became for the time a pattern Abbey.

But her work was not done. The dependant priories were many of them in a state, as to religious discipline, which she could not tolerate. Twenty-eight of these priories, where the prioresses dressed in white satin, with fringes and puffs, and behaved otherwise scandalously, were brought to order by this indefatigable Abbess. When she died, in 1534, she could point to thirty-four religious houses in all, leading the life that religious houses should. 'La perle de Fontevrault,' as they called her, bore in her arms the letter R four times repeated, signifying 'Renée, Religieuse, Réformée, Réformatrice.'

We must hurry on to the later history of Fontevrault, though few subjects of study are more interesting than the thoughts and ways of the wonderful sixteenth century and the great reformation in the Roman Church itself. Renée was succeeded by her niece Louise de Bourbon, in whose time came new troubles in the shape of Protestant heresies without and within, wars, revolts, and tumults. Several priories were taken and sacked by the Huguenots, and they besieged Fontevrault itself, but were driven off by the townsmen and the Abbess's guards. Louise was much honoured by her neighbours, being a woman of worldly sense and philanthropy as well as religious devotion. She established two fairs, by Henry II.'s leave, in the little town of Fontevrault, built a market-place, and engaged a schoolmaster for the children. Among the visitors who came to the Abbey in her time was the young Queen Mary Stuart, lately come to France as the intended bride of François II. The Duchesse de Guise, the Abbess's sister, brought her to Fontevrault in 1548, to the very great pleasure of Madame Louise de Bourbon. The duchess writes to her son: 'Je arrivay devant hier icy, et bientost après nostre petite Reyne, en aussy bon point qu'il est possible; et vous asseure, mon filz, que c'est la

plus jolye et meilleure que ce que vous veiste oncques de son âge. Je la meyne par Fontevraulx. Vostre tante a grand envye de la veoir. . . .' The little Queen Mary was only six years old when she travelled through the forests of Anjou and was received in state at 'le Grand Moutier.'

The next very distinguished visitor at Fontevrault was Henry IV., when still only King of Navarre. He came from Saumur in 1579 to visit his aunt Madame Eléonore de Bourbon, who had succeeded Madame Louise. The full account of his reception is so quaintly interesting that one would willingly quote it. Henry always showed the greatest affection and respect for the Abbess, who seems to have been a woman full of goodness, wisdom, and widespread charity.

Louise de Bourbon de Lavedan, her successor, was perhaps of a less saintly and venerable character than Eléonore. At least, the troubles of the world weighed upon her more, and religious quarrels arose between her and Madame Antoinette d'Orléans, who had been proposed as Abbess of Fontevrault, but had ended by setting up a rival community called *Le Calvaire*. We are now in the time of Louis XIII.: courtly cardinals appear upon the scene, and the atmosphere seems less spiritual than in an earlier century. Fontevrault is a good deal mixed up now with politics and the world. The Abbess, always a 'grande dame,' becomes more and more 'de par le monde,' and occupies herself rather more with law and finance than with spiritual matters. Her two hundred nuns did not, as far as we hear, give her much trouble. The new rule, backed with so much great authority, was probably kept with sufficient strictness, though we hear of sundry complaints, and though it seems to have been strangely relaxed for Mademoiselle Marie de Bourbon, who, after going so far as to become *coadjutrice* of the Abbess, and her probable successor, left the Order and married the Prince de Carignan.

Madame Jeanne-Baptiste de Bourbon was the daughter of Henry IV. and the beautiful Charlotte des Essarts. She was herself beautiful, learned, agreeable, 'd'un caractère charmant.' The object of her life, in which, however, she was disappointed, was to obtain the canonisation of Robert d'Arbrissel. She had serious troubles, and possibly, with all her goodness and her charm, and in spite of her final success, she was not quite the woman to deal with them; they needed the resolute power of a Renée. The monks of St. Jean de l'Habit, perhaps feeling that

the woman's hand which guided them was not very strong—Jeanne-Baptiste is described as 'vive, volontaire, excessivement bonne et douce'—broke out into open rebellion. Some of them ran away, but were caught, brought back, and forgiven after a humble apology. All, after long disputes, had to confess that however gentle their Abbess might be, she was still of the royal blood of France—'et du plus chaud.' So peace was at last restored, and the poor monks, reduced to subjection, had the additional bitterness of knowing that they were held up to ridicule by witty writers of epigrams.

It was during the reign of Madame Jeanne-Baptiste de Bourbon that Mdlle. de Montpensier, *la grande Mademoiselle*, visited Fontevrault. Her memoirs tell the whole story of her reception there—how, being of the blood royal, she had the privilege of being attended in the Abbey by her whole suite, both ladies and gentlemen. Evidently the Abbess did all she could to amuse this exacting guest, who found herself, however, very much bored, till two of her ladies made the fortunate discovery of a naked madwoman, who was screaming and dancing in a barred den opening on one of the courtyards. This poor creature amused Mademoiselle for some hours, and the next day Madame de Fontevrault introduced her to a second *folie*, who showed off her extravagance, one may suppose, in some different fashion. But since only two mad nuns could be supplied at Fontevrault, boredom gained the day, and Mademoiselle shortened her visit and departed. This little story is a curious commentary on what the times expected from a religious community, whose head was—there is no reason to doubt the description—'excessivement bonne et douce.'

If Renée de Bourbon is called 'la perle de Fontevrault,' the title of 'reine des abbesses' is given with equal justice to the brilliant Gabrielle de Rochechouart de Mortemart, the sister of Madame de Montespan, the learned, witty, beautiful, dignified, benevolent friend of all the *beaux esprits* in France. No rebellions under her civilised sway. It is probable that the rule was a good deal relaxed under an abbess whose portrait is painted with Horace in her hand, whose favourite study was Greek philosophy, who translated Plato, and arranged a representation of Racine's 'Esther,' 'pour développer en ses religieuses le goût du beau.' Every now and then this distinguished Abbess visited Versailles, where she was received with the highest honour by Louis XIV., who at her request bestowed many

privileges and exemptions on the Fontevrist Order. But she always returned gladly, we are told, to her quiet retreat in Anjou, to her classic atmosphere, where she occupied herself so well 'à lire, bâtir et jardiner.' The dependants of the Abbey worshipped Madame de Rochechouart, and an old saying of theirs is still quoted, 'Qu'il fait donc bon vivre sous la crosse.' In summer weather, when the forests were green, when the Abbess's gardens were in full beauty, a little court of her own used to assemble there. Poets, historians, artists, philosophers, ecclesiastics such as the delightful Abbé Têtu, the friend of Madame de Coulanges, besides courtiers and great ladies, were the guests of 'the charming Abbess of Fontevrault.' It was a reign of elegance, grace, and wit. If sorrow and shame and madness were anywhere in the background, it is probable that Madame de Rochechouart kept them strictly there, and did not offer them as an additional attraction to her friends.

She was succeeded in 1704 by her niece Louise Françoise de Rochechouart de Mortemart, who had been brought up at Fontevrault and inherited all its best traditions. She made an excellent abbess during her reign of nearly forty years. Not so brilliant or accomplished as her aunt, she was a woman of real practical goodness and wisdom. It was to her care that Louis XV. trusted the education of his four daughters, of whom Madame Louise ended her days in a much stricter religious order than that of Fontevrault.

There may have been some decadence in the advancing eighteenth century, for Fontevrault, under its last three abbesses, can hardly have escaped all contact with the philosophical spirit of the time.

M. Jubien describes the portrait of the thirty-sixth Abbess, Madame Julie-Sophie-Gillette de Pardaillan d'Antin, who was a niece of the last Madame de Rochechouart, and succeeded Madame Marie-Louise de Valence in 1765. She was a noble-hearted, most religious, but melancholy woman. She keenly felt the changes all round her, the atmosphere of failing faith, the breath of the coming storm, which made its way even among her own monks and nuns at Fontevrault. There is real beauty in the warning circular letter which she addressed to her community. Her reign had begun brightly enough. M. Bossebœuf, who has written a most interesting pamphlet on the history of Fontevrault, invaluable in the study of the subject, quotes from a manuscript in the Angers Library a vivid

account of her installation: with what honour she was received in the Abbey; how the *pensionnaires*, dressed as shepherdesses, recited a dialogue composed by one of the monks; how these same monks sent up fireworks from the wooded hills above, and the townspeople of Fontevrault replied by illuminations; while the religious services in the church, and the chapter of the Order, were conducted with special magnificence. Two years later, on her return from a visit to Paris, Madame d'Antin had first a splendid reception at Saumur, and then at Fontevrault, where her vassals and guards awaited her, 'tambour battant.' A grand dinner, a concert, recitations by the *pensionnaires*, more fireworks and illuminations; and to crown the fête, Madame assembled all the nuns in the gallery, where, after coffee, she made them draw lottery tickets. These produced 'des porcelaines, couteaux, ciseaux, flacons, tabatières, nécessaires de poche et autres choses convenables à l'usage des religieuses. La veille, Madame avait donné aux pensionnaires des colliers, des coffres et des petits flacons. De si beaux commencements annoncent un avenir très glorieux.' So writes one of the happy Sisters who received a snuff-box or a scent-bottle.

It is a curious picture, full of innocence and lightness of heart, and if it does not deepen one's idea of the religious strictness of the Abbey, it certainly suggests the sweetness of the Abbess's disposition and her extreme popularity. The clouds had then hardly begun to gather, which she was so quick to see, realising at once their consequences for herself and her community. There was not very much strength in the Order, she probably knew too well, and she feared from the first the effect of persecution. If her religious would have remained faithful like herself, Madame d'Antin could have borne any trial patiently.

Her fears were very soon to be realised. In 1789 a number of the monks, with Guerrier, the *curé* of the parish, at their head, left their monastery, and accepted a pension from the State. He became *maire* of Fontevrault, and in this capacity was able to annoy the Abbess by every possible interference. In 1792 the Abbey was almost empty. Most of the nuns had fled, some to their own families, some throwing off their religious habit and finding various occupations in the neighbourhood. Not many, either of monks or nuns, had the courage of the Grand Prior, Guillon Duplessis, who would not commit the 'imparpardonnable lâcheté' of renouncing his Order, but after going through much hardship with a few equally heroic monks, died

bravely on the scaffold. In the meanwhile, of the scattered community, one became a schoolmaster, another 'tambour de ville après s'être uni à une "républicaine laborieuse, douce, vertueuse, et agréable."' The *curé* Guerrier also married and took to agriculture, but afterwards was ashamed of his treason, joined the royalists, and, being taken by the revolutionists, was guillotined in 1794.

The Abbess remained at her post till the last. Not much is known of her escape, except that she did not leave the Abbey until, one day in January, 1793, it was broken into by a crowd of pillaging ruffians. Then, in the disguise of a peasant, she escaped through the winter woods to Angers, and finally died, it is supposed, in the Hôtel-Dieu at Paris, worn out and penniless, about the year 1799. This was the end of the long and stately line of women who ruled Fontevrault.

The storm broke upon the Abbey. Much of its furniture was sold, long before the flight of Madame d'Antin. Afterwards its treasures, both religious and secular, were ruthlessly destroyed, its tombs broken and rifled, its fourteen bells melted down. The very fine library, to which every successive abbess had added new treasures, was claimed by the towns of Angers and Saumur. A few of the books and manuscripts are now preserved in various libraries; some have fallen into private hands; but the largest portion of the Fontevrault library has long since perished, buried in the sandy bottom of the Loire. Having been loaded on board a boat at Montsoreau, for conveyance to Saumur, the boat went down, and all was lost.

All this is a mere sketch of the history of the old white walls of Fontevrault. It gives one enough to think about, as one stands in the quiet little square, outside the *Croix Blanche*, with M. Bossebœuf's pamphlet for a pleasant and most helpful companion, looking across at the gateway which now shuts in such a different kind of human life and certainly a much sterner discipline. On the whole, if they could have managed to be good, the religious of Fontevrault ought to have been happy. One feels even now a personal affection for some of their abbesses, most especially for the noble and unfortunate Madame d'Antin; and in all the long line of the thirty-six it does not seem that there was one morally unworthy of respect. Added to this, the history as it passes through the gradual change and development of centuries is full of deep human

interest; quite as deep, if not so open to the world's eye, as that of the other great historical monuments of Anjou or Touraine. And nowhere more than at Fontevrault does the present contrast picturesquely with the past; nowhere do we more clearly realise the body and the spirit of the great Revolution, or see the deep gulf that lies between the old France and the new. This quiet village among its woods is a teacher of history; the antiquarian and the archæologist will find something to satisfy them; the psychologist, the student of opinion, ought not to despise the story that the old walls tell. And to the idle visitor who cares most for the poetical interest of things, there will come the deep impression that M. Bossebœuf's charming pamphlet helps to give, 'ce sentiment de pénétrante mélancolie,' which lingers after the little omnibus has rattled once more over the round stones of the *place*, and with cheerful crackings of the whip we start again down the road to Montsoreau and Saumur, and the thick green walnut-trees have soon hidden that sad church where the Plantagenets sleep, and where the last abbess of Fontevrault, in her lonely peril, prayed prayers that seemed to have no answer.

E. C. PRICE.

THE DECAPITATION OF THE SLEEPING OJIBBEWAY.

BY RALPH ROBERTS, M.A.

THE eruption of the Sleeping Ojibbeway's head was a greater example of Nature's fireworks than Vesuvius was, when it overwhelmed Pompeii and Herculaneum,—just as the capitulation of Lee at Appomatox Courthouse was greater than Napoleon the Third's surrender at Sedan. But events that take place in America are little thought of in Europe. The American burning mountain certainly did not overthrow two towns, nor did it unmask its batteries over eighteen centuries ago. But the natural phenomenon was not less wonderful, of which thing I myself was a witness.

The way it occurred was this. I was travelling to the north-west *viâ* a steamer on the Great Buffalo Lake. I arrived and was deposited at Port Edward late in the evening, together with a few others, including a girl who had overshot her mark, in consequence of being asleep at the place where she ought to have landed. And the next morning we were to have pushed on to the depôt of the Superior Railway, which is situated at the northern side of the Sleeping Ojibbeway. And hardly had we entered the Duluth house, when the thunder began, as we called it. But the noise was really underground. We got such a scare that we all made for the bar-room, where Burden the landlord and his man dealt out 'whiskey straights' across the counter, like cranks of steam-engines. Even the girl did not want pressing. Then we felt better, every one of us, except a white-livered wretch, who was all of a tremble, and kept his left arm round the neck of a dog he had with him. And Jim Forbes, a farmer who was returning home after a spree in the East, brought round the hat for the girl, as she was all alone and strapped. We were glad of the opportunity to exercise a virtue, and cheerfully put in our quarters, or couples of

quarters, except the before-mentioned owner of the dog, who was so shaky with his disengaged hand that he could not find his pocket.

Still the noise continued, now like the popping at a battue, and then like the roar of Maxims. And we went outside to watch, but there was nothing to see. After a while, however, Burden said he observed the Sleeping Ojibbeway move. We tried to laugh at this, though the others agreed with him. And I did not believe it was so, for I remembered the story of the man who said he saw a brass lion moving its tail, and made the crowd he gathered round him repeat his words. But I had to give in soon. The Ojibbeway was waking up, after a long sleep which dated back to the time when the hills and rocks were heaved up by their mother earth. He was getting restless before he turned out. His head was writhing, and then it shifted to one side; after which, with an awful roar, it split off in one black mass, and breaking into a myriad of pieces, poured down the mountain-side towards the lake, and in an instant we fell prostrate from the shock of the vibrating earth beneath our feet; and though we rose quickly, we looked silently in each other's faces with ghastly grins.

Then followed a glare of intense light, which lighted up the wooden house, with its surroundings of bare rocks, huckleberry-bushes, and stunted trees, while further off the flat sheets of foliage lying along the tops of the crowded pines, became plainly visible; for a torrent of liquid fire had burst forth from the surface exposed by the fracture. For all the world it was as if a man's head had been severed from his body, and the red blood was gushing out from the gaping jugular vein. For hours during that night the fiery stream flowed down slowly, until it reached the waters of the lake, as the fragments of the broken mountain cap had done before, while the light spread itself over the sky like the aurora, yet not pale and diffused, but warm and glowing as a southern sunset.

Then Burden said, 'The road to the depôt is closed.' But that was the least of our fears, for there was the danger that the burning river might broaden out and drive us into the corner between the devil and the deep sea, the former being the steep precipices which ascend towards the feet of the now deceased Ojibbeway, and the latter the inlet of Port Edward. Nature, however, had not this intention, but began to work on us with a new horror. The air became warm, and hot dust beat upon

us like gushes of boiling water, so that for protection we were obliged to move back into the house. There we found the poor white trash lying on the floor of the saloon, while his staunch undaunted dog kept watch over him, and the girl close by sobbed at intervals. Our fear was that the dust might reach us in an ignited state and set fire to the house. Yet we did not admit the possibility to each other, and were glad later on, for the air gradually cooled and the glare in the sky became paler, and then the sun rose and made the stream of burning cinders seem dull red and black, like dying stars in the depths of space, and with the white light came hope and the zest of life again. The manly spirits were sure that they would be able to work their way across somehow to the depôt, or at worst they could wait for the return of the steamer.

The craven wretch lifted himself from the floor, to the intense joy of his dog Sambo, and the girl began to complain of the insects, of the attacks of which she had been unconscious all the night through.

'I am glad to hear you talk of them,' said Burden. 'The fear of bugs only comes in when the fear of death is gone. But if I could help it, you should not suffer from them.'

And he looked meaningly at Sambo's owner. But the latter took no notice, except by a hoarse request for a whiskey straight. Burden, however, shook his head, saying—

'No more drinks now. We shall have breakfast in a few minutes, and that will make a much better man of you.'

After a cheerful meal we set out to inspect the stream of cinders. And now the sunlight was so strong that there was no fire visible on the slope of the mountain, except at a spot near the top, which looked like a lighted fusee stuck into the neck of the Sleeping Ojibbeway. But a nearer view showed that the fires were glowing fiercely beneath a thin dark covering; and soon we saw that escape to the depôt was hopeless, and though there were channels and oases amidst the fiery ground, they were too far apart to admit even of frantic rushes from one to the other. Then we moved down towards the lake, into which the stream of cinders was pouring slowly with a horrible hissing, and, like the sewage of a great city, was circulating among the broken rocks that were the fragments of the Ojibbeway's head. The colours were beautiful—chromatic colours of thin plates they were; but the enjoyment of them was marred by the stench and the atmosphere of mixed smoke and steam. It was

just as if a pot with the water in which the vegetables were boiled had been overturned on the kitchen fire.

So, as there was no work to be done, by which our position might be improved, we returned to the house, where the narration of tales of danger and the drinking of Bourbon commenced. And presently Sambo's owner entered the bar-room and said that the girl was hysterical and ought to have brandy, and he left with a bottle half full. Later on he returned with the news that she was better, and took a seat by the counter. Then I slipped out and went round to the back of the house, where I found the girl and Sambo playing together. She was in good spirits—not conjured up by brandy, but such as can be enjoyed in a new country only by a waif without money or friends of long date. She was plucking huckleberries, which she ate and threw at the dog alternately. And this game was kept up, until Sambo was called sharply by his owner, and ran away.

The girl and I then had a talk, during which I did my best to console her. I said that she was much better off than the rest of us, as in returning by the steamer the next day to Alcoma, she would reach the end of her journey, while we should be taken out of our way.

'I am not sure yet,' she replied, 'if Alcoma will be the end of my journey. Though I have an uncle there, he does not know of my coming; and I cannot tell if he will be glad to see me. May I make a confession?' she went on hurriedly, while a blush spread over her face. 'I hope you do not think me very wicked, but I was purposely asleep at Alcoma. I was afraid to go out in the night and seek strangers, for my uncle is almost a stranger. I have never seen him since I was a child; and his family might not like me. And the people on the steamer were so kind, that I could not help wanting to stay with them.'

And then she told me her story. It was simply the old one of the cruel stepmother. At last she had resolved upon a desperate move. Little by little she saved up sufficient money to buy her ticket to Alcoma, and then she ran off early one morning, and gained a good start by catching a quick express. But her heart failed as she came near her destination, with the result she had already described.

And as there was now less noise in the bar-room, we proposed to see what was going on there. We crept quietly to the corner of the house, and I looked round, when I perceived Sambo sitting in the verandah. And shortly afterwards

Jim Forbes came and stood outside. I suppose he had had enough of talk and drink. And just as he was at his ease, with one hand on a verandah post, I believe I heard the dog's owner mutter a word, and immediately Sambo's eyes assumed a determined appearance. Next I saw Sambo rise and move forward quickly, and from behind push with force against the young farmer's legs. The latter was almost knocked down, but, owing to the friendly post, recovered himself sufficiently to inflict a kick on his assailant as he was retreating rapidly.

'Say, sir, what did you kick Sambo for?' said the dog's owner, as he appeared at the door of the bar-room.

'Say, sir,' replied Forbes, 'why did your dog try to knock me down?'

'He didn't try to knock you down,' the dog's owner persisted. 'I see'd myself all that happened. Sambo was worrited by a fly, and turned round sharp to catch it, and so he knocked agin you. That was an accident, but your kicking of him was not an accident.'

'Oh, it is all right,' said Forbes, good-humouredly. 'I don't bear no malice. Jist you go in and have a whiskey straight, and tell Burden that Jim Forbes will make it square.'

Peace was thus established, while the man with a grin on his face retired to enjoy the drink he had gained. And I had no wish to interfere with this desirable result, though I was certain that the fly was entirely imaginary. So the girl and I entered the house, where quietness soon began to reign, as every one was tired and sleepy.

The next forenoon we were all ready for the arrival of the steamer. The girl was to return to Alcoma, but the others wanted to get aboard and be put ashore a few miles further on, where they would be able to make their way to the depôt, and I was not sure what I should do myself.

The steamer appeared at the regular time, but was unable to reach its usual stopping-place in consequence of the reef formed by the fallen rocks. So we moved down to the boat, where the clouds of smoke and steam on our left shut out the view of the steamer, and started off with Burden and his assistant at the oars. Soon we approached the reef, and were almost blinded and suffocated, but continued on our course until we struck against a rock that projected from the water, so that we had to back quickly. Again we tried in vain, for the rocks were all around us. Then we rowed along the reef, hoping to find an opening

through before we arrived at the neck of the land which forms the southern side of Port Edward. But we were disappointed. The feeling broke upon us all at the same time, as the cliffs became visible, like an iceberg suddenly looming ahead through a fog. This was because the stream of cinders, with its accompanying cloud of vapour, turned inwards along the beach in front of us. So there was no need of words; and we were looking blankly in each other's faces, when Burden burst out with—'Let us run her ashore, and then see what we can do.'

This was done, when all jumped out, and Burden, his assistant, the girl, and myself remained where we were, but the others hurried away along the beach into the smoke.

'They'll return soon,' said Burden.

And they did so, for they found that the beach came to an end a short way off, where the cliffs rose out of the water. Then Burden propounded his plan. It was to climb up the cliffs overhead, and make signals to the steamer. The people on board her would then lower a boat and send it round to the beach on the other side of the neck of land, to which we could then descend. All of us then commenced scrambling up at once.

But it was very slow work. The girl could make very little way, though she had help. Fortunately she had a companion lagger in Sambo, who howled piteously in his efforts to keep up with his master. And as Forbes was the most active man amongst us, he was a good bit higher than the rest. At last the latter shouted out to us the news that the steamer had gone. She was already too far off for those on board to see signals. When we heard this, each of us silently turned round and worked down to the beach again. And the only one of us who was not sorry was the girl, for she had despaired of ever reaching the top—she told me so afterwards.

When Sambo's owner came down, he lay on the beach and groaned, but no one took any notice of him except Forbes, who gave him a half playful, half angry tap with his boot on the ribs. Then we got into the boat and shoved off, whereupon Sambo tugged at his master's coat with his teeth. The poor wretch then jumped up quickly and ran into the water after us, and I really believe that Burden would not have backed with his oar unless he had wished to save the dog alive.

As soon as we recrossed the inlet and landed, Forbes and two others, nameless ones, pressed around Burden and hurried

him back to the house, for they were eager to drown their disappointment. But the girl and I remained the last of all, as there was no comfort to be obtained with the others, only the sight of deep sullen despair and the desire to escape unpleasant thoughts by drinking. And as we arrived at the house we saw Sambo's tail disappearing through the door of the bar-room. And very shortly afterwards we heard a man saying—

'Darn the dog, he's bin and knocked the glass out of my hand with his tricks. Jest you look after your dog, sir, or I'll have to pay him out for this.'

Then we heard a voice, which we recognised as that of the dog's owner, though it had a tinge of confidence. He was saying—

'I *was* looking after Sambo. I called to him, for I was afeard that he might be troublesome to them as hadn't a tight grip of their glasses. And he turned round sharp, and you moved your arm at the same time. That's how it was.'

Then Sambo uttered a sudden bark as though he had suffered violence. This was followed by a confused sound of different voices, and it seemed as if opinion was equally divided on the point as to whether Sambo had suffered deservedly or not. Finally, Burden administered some sedative advice. His argument was that in their peculiar situation unnecessary excitement should be avoided. Then there was a lull, during which several remarks came to our ears. These led us to believe that the ruffled feelings of Sambo's owner were being soothed by the acceptance of sundry of Burden's choicest liquors.

I now left the girl at the house, and went up towards the mountain to take a look at the stream of cinders. I found it better defined than on the previous day, while the rate of motion was much slower. And I noticed several narrow ways leading in from the margin, which seemed to be made of rock or other immovable matter. But when I tried one or two of them I was soon brought to a halt. The difficulty was to know the direction they took. It was only to be found by trial, for when I put my foot down in the right place, it was possible to keep it there, but when I did not, my foot soon penetrated the thin covering, and came in contact with the fiery cinders. So I could hardly make any progress, while it was not easy to find the way back again. Hence I resolved not to make a decided attempt, as I was afraid of finding my escape cut off in the midst of the fiery sea.

I then returned to the house, at the back of which I came upon the girl seated under a tree. She said she had come out there as she was afraid of the men. She thought that they must have been drinking, for they were very noisy. But just before I came back they had quieted down. So I went round to the verandah to see how things were, and took a seat near the corner of the house. At the other side of the door I observed the stalwart form of Forbes, who, with his legs stretched out, was partially seated on a chair. He was half-asleep, just awake enough, as I thought, to prevent himself from slipping on to the floor. Yet I suspected that he had more command of his senses than one would imagine at first sight. I waited, and after a while the talking in the bar-room stopped altogether, and Sambo's owner showed his face at the door. He was pale, and the light of desire for more drink was in his eyes. To my mind he seemed strung up to a state in which he was prepared for a new move. He looked round, and I saw that his attention was arrested by Forbes's position. He turned and whistled gently to the dog. Sambo came out, and then I perceived plainly glances of mutual understanding pass between these two, after which Sambo moved forward quietly, until he was behind Forbes. Then the dog suddenly seized hold of a leg of the chair in his teeth and gave it a pull, so that Forbes came down with the back of his head on the boards. But in an instant the man lifted himself up with the help of his left hand, while his right hand sought his pocket; then there was a flash and a report, and I saw Sambo's owner fall forward with outstretched arms. Almost at once every man in the house, awakened and sober, was around the prostrate form, and Burden proceeded to lift up the head, while he sought for the place of the wound.

'Tain't no use,' he said after a while. 'I b'lieve the poor critter has got it in his heart.'

'I saw through his game at last,' Forbes explained calmly. 'He has bin getting up shindies all day with the help of that dog. And for the sake of peace, I guess every man here has stood him drinks. If any of you can tell me that ain't so, let him speak up.'

At these words each of those present looked at the others and received confirmation of Forbes's statement, while Burden admitted that he had not seen a red cent belonging to the dead man.

'But,' said the latter reproachfully to Forbes, 'you oughter

have let him off easier. You needn't have made meat of him. And I expect none of you boys will save me the trouble of getting the box.'

Sambo was now pushing with his nose against his dead master's head. He could not understand why no notice was taken of him. Burden tried to touch him, but he resented the familiarity with a growl. And at last, as he saw that his master would not rise, he seemed to realise that a great change had occurred, and at once sprang away, and was lost to sight in the woods.

I now returned to the girl, whom I found trembling with fear. She had heard the report of the shot, and was sure that a murder had been committed. And she declared her determination not to enter the house again. She would rather, she said, wander about the woods all night. And I saw that in her excitable state it would be useless to try to persuade her against her will. And, through my desire to afford her consolation, on the impulse of the moment, I told her that I could find a means of escape over the stream of burning cinders. She brightened up at once, as she took me seriously, and said she was ready to start. Though I was not prepared for this answer, I professed to be confident, and we set out. Soon afterwards we heard the sound of rapid footsteps following us, and the girl was terrified. But to our relief Sambo's woolly black coat came in view; and when he joined us, he was profuse in his vehement demonstrations of joy. Knowing that his master was dead, he deliberately gave himself up to us as our servant. And then we moved forward again, and soon, too soon for my peace of mind, reached the fiery ground. The girl looked at me anxiously, but I turned away and pretended to be seeking for the exact spot where we might make the attempt to cross. In reality I was running my eyes over the burning cinders with a vague idea that I might detect the difference between the safe and unsafe places. And I was just admitting to myself that both presented the same appearance, when the girl cried out—

'Oh, look at Sambo! He is going on in the funniest way, as if he was mad.'

And sure enough, the dog was running about over the cinders in the most erratic manner, and I commenced watching him carefully. Now he moved to the right, then straight forwards, then to the left, and next described an entire semicircle. He was now close to a rock which stood out high and unburnt amidst

the stream of fiery cinders. Then I called to him to return, and I observed that he came back by precisely the same way as he had advanced. So Sambo had solved the problem. Either his instinct informed him of the proper course, or by his powers of scent he distinguished the cooler air along the track. Then I pointed out the rock to the dog; and I said to the girl—

'Follow Sambo, for he knows the way better than I do.'

I brought up the rear, while I prevented our guide going too fast by calling to him at intervals. Thus we reached the rock in safety, and climbed up over it. But at the other side the dog hesitated; and as I did not want to seem undecided, I settled on my plan at once. Fortunately there was a small rock about four or five yards off. So, taking the girl in my arms, in three rapid strides I reached the next haven of refuge, while Sambo crossed the space as quickly. Poor dog, he could not help uttering sharp yelps of pain. And I was conscious that my feet had undergone a roasting. The dog, however, soon recovered, and, while we were standing on the rock, began picking his footsteps cautiously in front of us, until at length he arrived at the margin of the cinders. Then he returned, and with his eyes invited us to follow him. We did so, and emerged from the burning stream. Neither of us shall ever forget the soothing feel of the cool ground to our feet again.

'Safe at last!' I shouted; but, to my surprise, the girl said that she wanted to go back again. She explained that she wished to tell the people in the house how easy it was to escape; and I did not know what to say in reply, when a subterranean murmur came to our ears. Seizing the girl's hand, I drew her along, while I told her that we must hurry lest we should be caught in a new eruption of burning cinders. And after a breathless run down the slope, we gained the depôt, just in time, for the Ojibbeway was recommencing operations.

There is little more to add regarding the girl, the dog, and myself, except that the second is now the common property of the first and third, and, speaking morally, is an entirely altered being. But the wretched men in the Duluth house all perished; and their remains are still entombed under the mass of cinders that were ejected by the Ojibbeway on the occasion of his second eruption.

JOHN WESLEY'S NOVEL.

JOHN WESLEY as the editor of a fashionable novel? Surely that is a quaint idea!

Truly! but not so quaint as that entertained by some of his country disciples, who to this day—so I am told—believe him to have been the *author* of a fashionable novel.

This, it is needless to say, is a mistaken idea; but as for the other, here is the title-page, 'to witness if I lie:' 'The History of Henry, Earl of Moreland. Originally written by M. Brooke, Esq. Judiciously revised and edited by the Rev. John Wesley, M.A.'

And here follows the solemn and somewhat pompous preface, setting forth how Wesley, being prejudiced against the book by its 'whimsical title,' just opened and then threw it aside; but having later on been beguiled into reading one page, was convinced that it would be worth his while to read the whole, which he did, and now ventures to recommend the 'Treatise,' as the 'most excellent in its kind of any he has seen.'

With characteristic indifference to the feelings of the author, who was then still living, he goes on to relate how he cut down at least one-third of what was originally published in five volumes, 'more to the satisfaction of the bookseller than of the judicious reader;' also how he omitted 'most of the trifling and ludicrous incidents, which could afford no entertainment to men of understanding;' and finally, how he cut away 'the greater part of the mystical Divinity, as it is more philosophical than Scriptural.'

Before inquiring into what may be left of an unfortunate book thus mangled, one is lost for a moment in wonder as to how the apostle of the eighteenth century ever came to read a novel at all.

Did some ardent lady admirer venture to suggest that the great man should so waste some hours of his valuable time? Or did he find himself some day laid up, and unable to preach

or travel, with only those five lengthy but seductive volumes within reach?

However that may be, here we have the result of his brief unbending; and we may imagine with what delight it was received by thousands of his followers, who loved 'a tale,' as we all naturally do, but who are certainly not, as a rule, allowed to read what a dear old woman of my acquaintance used to call 'novell-bukes.' To them, as well as to him, no doubt the whole thing seemed of vastly more importance than it can to us, who sometimes gallop through our three volumes in a day; and, indeed, have we not all at times had occasion to envy the enjoyment of some unsophisticated soul, busy worker and keen man of business, reading with deep interest his first novel, discussing every incident, and taking every word 'for true.' In their gratitude to their great man for having opened the door of this new world to them, some of his followers chose to believe that he created it, and so do their children after them.

And now, what *was* the title which so offended John Wesley's susceptibilities, and what was that book like which, despite its faults, seemed to him worthy of so much attention?

Some of us will remember reading in Charles Kingsley's 'Two Years Ago,' how the great folks go to visit Grace Hervey in her little school, and find her telling the children a story which she blushingly owns to having got out of a novel, 'the only one she had ever read.' And Major Campbell afterwards tells them that the book she spoke of was 'The Fool of Quality,' a novel of the last century, and promises the lovely, wilful heroine that when he has brought out his own edition of the book, which he means to do some day, she shall read it.

No mention is made of the edition already brought out by John Wesley (though surely it must have been that which Grace Hervey had read), nor did I know that it existed, till one day, years after my first acquaintance with 'Two Years Ago,' I was rummaging the shelves of an old library belonging to a dear old friend, in quest of 'Clarissa Harlowe,' and took down a heavy volume bound in brown calf, the gilt lettering on the back of which was so dim, that it might have been the book of which I was in search. It bore the title which Wesley thought to be an improvement on 'The Fool of Quality,' and on the first page that met my eye was Grace's story of 'The Three Trouts.'

'Take just what you like, love,' said my friend, when I

showed her my find. 'Yes! I think that will amuse you. I remember we used to be very fond of it when I was a girl.'

And I bore it off in triumph, to see what kind of book it was that had evoked such high praise from two men differing so widely as the Rector of Epworth and the Rector of Eversley.

The *M.* Brooke of the title-page was in reality *Henry* Brooke, a talented, witty, Quixotic Irishman, who more than a hundred and twenty years ago advised himself to write 'a novel with a purpose' in five volumes!

His purpose apparently was to depict the ideal education of a child; but it can hardly be said to furnish many practical suggestions. The thing could only be done in that particular fashion by some one possessing absolutely unlimited command of money and the Count of Monte Cristo's superiority to the laws of time and space.

The merchant prince who educates the Fool of Quality has a habit of 'carelessly slipping a purse containing two hundred guineas' into the pocket of the object of his charity, though this may be a tramp just picked up starving by the roadside, with only his own word as to how he came into that plight.

He commends this custom to his ward, and sends him to the debtor's prison with a couple of thousands or so to spend upon the inmates, and a hint that if he exceeds the sum entrusted to him he will only be praised for so doing.

As regards the plot of the book, it is more suggestive of the Arabian Nights than of this workday world. One person introduces another, and each has a long story to tell, and each tale is the means of introducing us to fresh characters, for no sooner do we hear of any one at second-hand than by some strange coincidence he or she appears upon the scene.

This peculiarity makes the plot somewhat difficult to sketch coherently, but briefly it is this:—

The second son of the Earl of Moreland, having been brought up in the roughest and simplest fashion in the cottage of his foster-parents, has just been brought home to his father's mansion, and is beginning, in spite of his rusticity, to make his way in the affection of the great folks, when he is stolen away by his own uncle, who has been living for some time in the neighbourhood under the feigned name of Mr. Fenton. A great deal of the book is taken up by a retrospective account of the adventures of this uncle, who has been twice married, under the most romantic circumstances, and twice tragically

bereaved of wife and children, and who is supposed to be one of the wisest and best of men.

By him little Harry is very carefully and somewhat whimsically brought up, and acquires all kinds of book learning in the intervals of performing works of charity. The long histories of the various objects of their beneficence while away a good deal of time for both uncle and nephew, and must have filled at least two of the original five volumes.

When the young gentleman is nearly grown up the uncle and nephew go to court together, where the latter comports himself with great self-possession, talks politics, pays high-flown compliments, and wins the hearts of royalties; and the former offers the king two hundred thousand pounds towards the war with the French, whom he considers, he says, as 'our natural and salutary enemies'!

Next they go abroad, where Master Harry nearly falls a victim to an amorous and unscrupulous princess. He is followed home to England by a fair lady who has disguised herself as a page for love of him, and who shortly after is killed by a pistol-shot aimed at his life by an enemy.

Then the uncle, hearing that the young man's elder brother and mother are both dead, restores him to his afflicted father, without the slightest apology for having kidnapped him years before, and he is received by the earl with grateful rapture.

And finally, half a dozen or so of long-lost friends, who have for years been supposed to be dead, return from long wanderings in 'foreign parts,' bringing with them a little black boy, who turns out to be a Moorish princess of surpassing beauty! In some way, not easy to follow and impossible to sketch, this fair lady is proved to be the granddaughter of Harry's guardian-uncle, and to her, blazing with Brobdignagian jewels, our hero is eventually married.

As for the sentiments, they are irreproachable, only there are so many of them! Such bursts of tears, such profuse endearments, such superfineness of language, reminding one that the book was written in an age when 'sensibility' was a virtue, when men were willing to show themselves at the mercy of sentiment to a degree that nowadays would make a school-girl ridiculous.

But our present purpose is not so much with the book itself as with the different views taken of it by its two editors, and the very different elisions that each thought advisable to make.

To begin with the modern. In many places it is evident that Kingsley's only object was to lighten the book, which was originally far too heavily freighted to swim in the troubled waters of nineteenth-century literature. But the dialogues between the author and his friend, which Wesley thinks so uninteresting, he retains; and indeed they contain some of the most brilliant writing in the book; while it is strange to notice how much less stilted and old-fashioned the author is when speaking in his own person or in that of his 'friend' than in the conversation of his *dramatis personæ*.

Some of the long histories of the minor characters the later editor omits, avowedly because they are too horrible for publication, while Wesley inserts them, with a great many details repugnant to modern taste; and evidently thinks that they make for good because vice is always punished and virtue triumphant in the end.

On the other hand, Wesley draws a veil over the fact that the very virtuous hero went to a masquerade, where he was the admired of all admirers, and where he not only danced but flirted in the most undisguised manner with all the pretty young ladies, who were by no means slow to respond. He also draws an unrelenting pen through the record of something like a children's party and a game of forfeits, at which Master Harry was desired to kiss a young lady, and got out of it solely on the grounds that she was not pretty or gracious enough to please him.

But if the author ever knew of or was grieved at the liberties taken with his book by the great revivalist, that which he must have felt most deeply must have been the ruthless sacrifice of the 'Mystic Divinity,' 'more philosophical than Scriptural,' which was probably dearer to his heart than even the 'ludicrous and trifling incidents.'

And here we are surprised to find how far in advance Henry Brooke was of the commonly received ideas of his age: too far advanced for John Wesley, Arminian though the latter was sometimes called.

Here is a brief extract, sequel to an amusing street incident, which Wesley cuts out bodily, incident and theory together.

'Pray, Mr. Peter,' asks the tutor of the great goodnatured man, whose little friend has been belabouring him unresisted. 'Pray, Mr. Peter, were you never angry?'

'Scarce ever, sir, that I remember . . . for I do not fear any

man that steps upon the earth, and what is it then that should make me angry?'

'A man may be angry from other motives sure besides that of fear. God Himself can be angry, and yet He cannot possibly fear.'

'I am feelingly assured, sir,' replied the valiant Peter, 'that God was never angry in His whole life, and that is a long time that has neither beginning nor ending.'

'Don't you believe the Gospel?' says Mr. Clement. 'The Scripture assures us, in a hundred places, of the anger of God against impenitent sinners.' . . .

'The Scriptures were written for man, but how should man understand them if they were not written according to his own language and to his own passions? . . . Can you be angry at a mite or a worm, which you can crush into nothing at pleasure? . . . I am as fully assured as I am of my own being, that the same gracious God Who has already redeemed poor sinners, would willingly redeem the poor devils also if they could but find in their hearts to desire His salvation.'

A little further on he suggests the same idea even more seriously, putting his theory into the mouth of his infallible oracle, Mr. Fenton.

Instructing his pupil as to the part taken by Satan in the world before and after the Fall, he says: 'These two apostates, Lucifer and Adam, were thereafter represented by the two thieves who suffered in company with Christ, Who reached out to each of them a bleeding arm of His grace. The one accepted His grace. . . . The other rejected *the Christ* with contempt and reproach, and therefore, if ever reclaimable, must be constrained by suffering to open his heart to redemption; when, after a process of many agonizing ages, he may be compelled to cry out, "O seed of the woman! heal, heal the head that thou hast crushed; admit me also, though last, to some, the least portion of Thy pardoning salvation."'

Is not this strangely like the utterance of a writer of to-day? or was Brooke consciously indebted to Tillotson or Origen rather than to the accepted teachers of his own time?

It is not difficult to see why John Wesley should have cut *this* out, or why Charles Kingsley should have left it in. Why the former should have ruthlessly excised all the dialogues between author and friend is not quite so apparent, but perhaps it is not wronging him to say that perception of humour was

not his strongest point, and it is possible that he hardly knew how to take the whimsical, paradoxical, smiling gravity of the witty Irishman—congenial though it might have been to the author of 'Water-Babies.' Can one not imagine Wesley frowning thoughtfully over a passage like the following (and finally putting his pen through it as not likely to tend to edification)?

Author.—'To confess the truth, among all I have heard or read of, the hero whom I most affect was a madman, and the lawgiver whom I most affect was a fool.'

Friend.—'Troth, I believe you never would have been the writer you are at this day if you had not adopted somewhat of both the said qualities! But come, unriddle, I beseech you: where may this favourite hero and legislator be found?'

Author.—'In a fragment of the Spanish history bequeathed to the world by one Signior Cervantes.' . . .

It seems that Henry Brooke was not blind to his own faults as a writer; but in spite of them he confidently expected an immortality that is not likely to be his, in spite of the efforts of his two editors.

'You are excessively incorrect,' says the 'friend.' . . . 'You are so desultory that we know not where to have you: you no sooner interest us in one subject than you drag us, however reluctant, to another. In short, I doubt whether you laid any kind of plan before you set about the building; but we shall see how your fortuitous concourse of atoms will turn out.'

Author.—'Do I want nature?'

Friend.—'No!'

Author.—'Do I want spirit?'

Friend.—'Rather too much of fire at times.'

Author.—'Do I want sentiment?'

Friend.—'Not altogether.'

Author.—Then, sir, I shall be read and read again, in despite of my own defects, and of all that you and your critics can say or do against me.' . . .

In face of this not unfounded confidence, it is rather pathetic to remember the almost entire oblivion into which this book, in many respects so excellent, has fallen: an oblivion from which I fear this rambling paper can do little to rescue it.

HELEN SHIPTON.

CASTLE BUILDING.

BY FRANCES E. CROMPTON.

IT runs in the family. I am not prepared to say that the male portion of the house indulges in so idle and unprofitable a habit, but the weaker members have each a favourite romance—perhaps an image of what each would have wished her own life's romance to be—invented by herself, and into which she may withdraw at will. An abstracted silence is respected and uncommented upon after the sufficient explanation, 'I am telling myself a chapter of my tale.' It is, no doubt, preposterous, especially in those who would no longer desire to be considered anything but elderly, but it is literally true. Only with one of us it was born in her to be more than a pastime; it was a passion.

She cannot recall the time when she did not tell stories. In very early days the tendency was displayed in imagining herself to be some one else, or in creating a world of fictitious characters about her. One of her earliest recollections, when she could have been little more than a baby, is of playing with an older sister at a game in which they took the parts of two poor but deserving girls, who supported a whole, large, destitute family by their unaided efforts. The simple machinery of being one's own heroine is, I suppose, common to all children of any imagination whatsoever, and is only noted as being the first conscious effort after invention. It began in babyhood, the favourite amusement with herself and the companion-sister. The latter was two years the elder, exceedingly bright and spirited, always taking the lead in arranging stories and 'imaginings;' she led the younger entirely, and would probably have done so through life, but she died whilst still a child.

To make stories, in some form or other, began in the younger of the two almost with ability to speak intelligently; to write them, with ability to use a pen. But, oddly enough, the first

written composition of which she has any recollection stood quite apart from fiction, and took the bold form of a cookery book. It was written on copybook backs stitched together (and she can see the spidery round hand, executed with a crossed-pointed pen and the dregs of an ink-bottle economically let down with water, to this hour), and embraced a mass of valuable information as to the parching of wheat on the kitchen shovel, the brewing of musk-drop—shall I say wine?—in a medicine-bottle, the burning of lump-sugar on the bars of the grate, and other recipes for the preparation of the like delicacies. Relative to the parching of wheat, she stated that 'when it hops into the fire it is done,' which doubtless she desired to be understood as referring to the wheat remaining in the shovel, as it is obvious that what had hopped into the fire was done indeed. It is to be regretted that this rare work, the spelling of which alone should have rendered it unique, is not extant. She looks back upon the cookery-book as to an era, as to the first written composition of which she retains any recollection. With it the first step was taken, and she began to write.

But in that feeble term how shall it be understood what time she spent on the pursuit, what paper she wasted, what pens she wore out, what ink she shed—in more senses than one. Regarding which, it may be mentioned in parenthesis, that during a long summer of delicious light nights, she was in the habit of smuggling her bag of papers and pen and ink up to bed, when cruelly compelled to retire early, in the midst of the most flowing inspiration, a practice not recommended to young authors, and which came to a disastrous close when, being, to her great afterwards indignation, freely imitated by a younger sister, the younger sister dispersed the ink abroad down her nightdress and over the dressing-table.

The disposition to scribble never received any impetus from outward circumstances, that is, none consciously; life was even and uneventful, with the pleasant evenness of a happy and carefully guarded childhood, passed always in the country, which she loved as sincerely as she hated town. *Why* she wrote, she would have had some difficulty in saying; I suppose, to relieve the passion of 'imagining,' which amounted indeed to a passion, and had power to make her blind, deaf, and indifferent to everything outside, a state which passed in the family under the prosaic name of 'mooning'—and which was certainly a gross form of selfishness. *What* she wrote, she could say more easily

by asking what did she *not* write? Stories, essays, translations, diaries, letters (from one imaginary being to another), extracts, catalogues, and lists on subjects the highest and the lowest (with her own invaluable notes and commentaries!), but chiefly stories. Nor did her infinite folly stop short of illustrating her works; the pictures to accompany a grand historical romance of the early Middle Ages will remain in her mind a dreadful warning for life.

She was also—she confesses it with shame—beguiled into appearing at that period as a poetess and dramatic writer. Her career in the former capacity was rudely cut short by the horrid discovery that her effusions had become public. Her confidence in a sister who knew of their existence was, as she considered, basely betrayed, though she admits that she never knew the circumstances, and suffered too much shame to inquire into them. But from the hour that her music-master gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye to which she was keenly alive, urged her to write some verses for a song, as being 'a poetess,' she ceased to aspire to that title, and consigned her efforts to the flames. To this hour she blushes to recall what fragments linger in her memory of 'Lines to a Bluebell,' and an attempt to commemorate in doggerel the prowess of Sir Cloudesley Shovel—which she can only consider superhuman, in the light of the poetic difficulties of the hero's name—and of an 'Ode to a War-horse,' regarding which she looks back upon herself with a species of stunned amazement.

As a dramatist, she persevered some time longer, having a toy theatre, for which she wrote her own plays. The rapidity with which she produced these immortal works is now the subject of her fervent admiration; a new comedy for one night, and a new tragedy for the next being nothing at all to her in those days. (Lessons were merely a trifling interlude and light amusement that did not seriously interfere with the main business of life, possessing, as she did, without the least merit or effort on her own part, a facility in learning and a good memory). Nor must it be omitted that scenes and characters had to be drawn and painted at the same rate. But since it stands to reason that available cardboard for mounting would not long support the strain laid upon it, the characters were only cut out of paper, and had a disconcerting way of bending languidly forward, and trailing along the ground after the first few moments, necessitating an unforeseen withdrawal, and a hurried

pinching of them behind the scenes, all bagging with weak water-colour. This phase, however, was but an open imitation of an elder sister and brother, joint-owners of a larger theatre, with bought plays, scenes, characters, and accessories; it never occupied her real heart, and presently died a natural death.

She also told tales, tales innumerable. The family numbered a sister and brother older than herself, and a sister and brother younger, and her audience consisted of the latter pair, and was most strictly confined to them. It was undreamed of then that the three youngest—'the children,' in contradistinction to the elder pair—should take any kind of walk together without a story being told to enliven the way, the ever-constant interest of the audience having been, it is to be presumed, less due to the superiority of the entertainment than to their lack of any other. They never admired the wildest flights of genius, but then also they never condemned, receiving the tragic and comic alike with a stolid, silent attention that never failed, totally uncritical as to quality so long as quantity were assured.

'You might tell us a tale,' the audience would begin, sidling up insinuatingly.

'I shall not,' the muse would respond with brevity, adding that she had told tales every day this week, and wanted to say her French verbs, or learn her poetry, or tell herself a tale, as the case might be. But the audience by simply persisting always gained the desired end, bringing her down to—'Well, I think it is too bad; but, however, go away behind me until we get to the edge of the common, and then you can come, and I shall have thought of something.' And the edge of the common being reached, and the audience bustling up expectantly, the muse would pour forth a wild mingling of original impossibilities and unblushing plagiarisms of the last book she had read. For she dimly felt even then that the beginning of every art is but to copy, and to copy again, and to copy yet again. And in the mean time, the admirable patience and fortitude of the audience under the trash thus exercised upon them, must always remain for her a monument of wonder and admiration.

The same select audience were also permitted to occasionally enjoy a written composition. A sheet of paper would appear pinned up about the house—on a pantry door in a retired corner by preference—announcing to the initiated that a new story had just been completed, and would be read aloud at such

an hour, and in such a spot—playroom, field, coach-house, agreeable tree, according to circumstances—the friendly pantry being a frequently chosen spot, for some reason which must remain a mystery, seeing that the company was reduced to opening dresser-drawers and sitting in them. The work was heard to the end in the same impassive silence, and at its close the audience rose and departed without remark except to ask if there were no more.

But the little brother grew into a big schoolboy, and the tale-telling period too came to an end. These also were the palmy days of the Bag. The Bag—friend of her youth, all hail! What memories arise in her of that beloved wallet, with Berlin wool-worked sides so worn and rubbed that its bouquets of flowers and black ground were indistinguishable! It was used as a kind of portable escritoire, she writing, and writing, and writing, in a frenzy of writing, and the Bag receiving all within its faithful jaws as long as another sheet could be stuffed into them. Haunted by a perpetual dread that her manuscripts would be found and read, like the poems of horrid memory, the Bag accompanied her wherever she went, and was only stowed away in the most secret recesses of her private toy cupboard, when to do otherwise was absolutely impossible. It went out into the fields and on the common for whole days, long summer-holiday rambling days; it went up trees; it went into out-buildings; it went on warm pigsty roofs in the sun; it suffered adventures manifold throughout the day, and went to bed with her at night; at table it could generally be concealed on a ledge underneath, and if everything else failed, it was of a flat shape, it could easily be sat on.

Only when the bulging sides of the Bag threatened destruction to the seams did it become a burden instead of a friend, and life was one endeavour to make away with the contents unseen. The difficulties she experienced in ridding herself of her literary efforts she never can forget, the maids after long enduring having at last been driven to complain of fires smothered out under masses of tinder. The victim of prejudice used to prowl about from room to room with anxious and furtive mien, bestowing a bundle now in one grate, and now in another, the cavity under the kitchen oven accommodating a good deal, well crammed under, if she could get to it unseen; but the tinder always betrayed her in the end.

Remonstrated with on the amount of time and labour spent

over her persistent scribbling, to no apparent end but the ruin of her handwriting, she would hold a grand holocaust in a fit of repentance, and make the most serious resolutions against her folly (either in remorse, or because there was no more paper to be got at by any means), but it is not necessary to add that before the end of a week, the Bag was flourishing about with more vigour than ever, and its owner had embarked on at least six new manuscripts. She generally gave them up before the end, in the utter hopelessness of ever attaining to the ideal presented to her mind—a will o' the wisp that still lures her on, only to draw her into the dismal swamp of foiled endeavour, and leave her there.

In those days of childhood, a wise mother herself supervised the family reading, arranging the books allowed, and making it a matter of honour to take no others without permission. To recognize early what was good writing of its kind was, I think, at least one of the many advantages of being kept from indiscriminate fiction; and what was within reach was only the more studied and beloved. The family liked even its giant and fairy-stories well-written! Ah! where will you match such a gem as 'Fiddling Jack,' in conception and language a perfect poem? And Tim Pippin—did no one else ever care for him? One never hears his name, but how we all loved him! As for Hans Andersen, it was the daily food of one who gratefully pays her small tribute to his great memory. Don Quixote she did not read as a child; if she had done so, she cannot say (being of Charles Kingsley's opinion) whether she would have read of Sancho Panza with more laughter, or of Don Quixote with more tears. Sintram, which was read in childhood, made a deep impression on her, being always fascinated by the fanciful and mystic, rather than by the sentimental or stately; and so in poetry, art, and music also. Beginning with Mayne Reid's brilliant colouring in early childhood, she learned young to thirst for books first of adventure, then of travel pure and simple, 'with a great deal of natural history in it, and no politics and political economy,' was the specification she attached to her requests.

'On revient toujours à ses premières amours,' and the loves of long ago are the loves of to-day—Andersen, Grimm, Mrs. Ewing, De Foe, La Motte Fouqué, Charles Kingsley, Scott, Dickens, Miss Yonge, and a half-dozen more old and tried friends in fiction, with a beloved cluster of poets, travellers, and

naturalists. To what degree, and in what respect they may have influenced her, are points probably more perceptible to others than to herself, but it is to these, and such as these, that she owes it that she has an ideal in writing, an ideal so high that she knows it to be immeasurably above her. For after all—and let this be her envoi, asking grace for her many failures and mistakes—what is one but a beginner at the very end?

POINTS OF VIEW.

A SONG.

FRIENDSHIP, you say, is a phantom fair,
But fleeting as beams in the moonlit air;
And though strong in calm waters she may be,
She sinks like a stone in a stormy sea.
I know not how
It may be with you—
I only know
My friends are true!

And Love, you say, is a joke at best,
For truth is a farce and faith is a jest;
And if vows are easy and cheap to make,
They are still more easy and cheap to break.
I know not how
It may be with you—
I only know
My love is true!

M. M. K.

SHAVEN CROWN.

CHAPTER XII.

THE FEAST OF THE BALE-FIRE.

THE feast of the summer solstice seems to have been common in some shape to all the ancient inhabitants of Europe and Western Asia, whatever race they came of. This is not strange, when we think of what the sun must have seemed like to the early races of mankind, and how they delighted to see him 'coming forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber, and rejoicing like a giant to run his course.' Among our early forefathers, Balder was the name of the sun-god, where they had a moving tale of how Balder was so good and beneficent that all things were charmed from hurting him except the mistletoe, the winter plant with berries like ice, and how the evil Loki, who impersonated darkness and winter, slew him with it. It was not wonderful therefore that they held a feast to celebrate his highest glory, and kindled a fire on a hill-top at the moment of his setting to burn till he rose again next morning.

The hill-top favoured by the Beddings on these occasions was a knoll near the summit of the Hill of Duppa, still called Duppa's Hill. It stands on the edge of the more open chalk country, but the forest then crept up all round it on three sides, much as the houses of Croydon do now. From it on midsummer night you could see other flames rising all round from other hill-tops, where more distant townships met to celebrate their sun-worship. The lighting of the bale-fire was a more laborious business than we should find it to-day. Our forefathers had no Bryant and May's matches to light only on the box, nor even the flint, steel, and tinder of the centuries before the lucifer match came into being. Fires were 'covered,' not left to go out at night, and the kindling of a fresh flame meant hard muscular labour lasting for some time. This might be seen now on Duppa's Hill, where all the Beddings stood at sunset around the great heap of dry

brushwood, gathered together for the bale-fire, while Thunstan was grinding a pointed stick round and round in a hollow of soft dry decayed wood, the perspiration rolling down his face showing the physical effort he was making. At last the friction produced sparks, and the sparks flame, and a great cry rose from the crowd. He was about to put the burning wood to the pile, when he was stopped.

'No, no,' said Wolfhild, 'the sun is not down yet. Only its lower rim has touched the earth.'

Thunstan lighted a brand at the little flame, tending it carefully as it blazed up, and then another from that, till the last gleam of the glowing fiery ball had gone down below the horizon; and then the bale-fire was lighted. The great column of smoke rose into the sky between the bright west, glowing like molten gold, and the round orange moon rising in the east in a lilac sky. Swangift sat under a tree a little way off with some other Bedding mothers, while the unencumbered worshippers, both men and women, joined hands and danced wildly around the fire, as the sticks crackled and the flames rose up into the air.

This was the beginning of the performance of the evening, and to Swangift it seemed as if it would never end. Later on, when midnight was past and the fire was low, and all the people were engaged in passing their children and animals over the embers for luck, she meant to take her baby and creep down to the blasted oak, hoping to find her grandmother there; but before she did this it would have to be quite dark, and as Walram's heir would be the first child to be passed over the fire, it would not do for her to be missing till after this ceremony was over. So Swangift, with the healthy imperturbable nerves of those days, determined that she had better sleep while she could, and covering herself and her baby with the great cloak which was part of the insignia of a matron in those regions, she leaned back against the trunk of the great tree, and went off to sleep.

When she awoke the remains of the sunset only showed as a faint green glow in the north, and the moon was high overhead. The bale-fire had burnt down to embers, and the dancers were fewer in number and apparently getting weary. In the moonlight to the right there was a mass of oxen, cows, sheep, and the few horses of the tribe, all in charge of slaves; it was the lowing of the cattle and bleating of the sheep that had

awaked her. She knew the time was near for the ceremony, and Uda the slave came to her, saying, 'The Lord Walram bade me bring him his babe to pass over the bale-fire first.'

Walram stood on one side of the fire, and Wolfhild on the other, he to pass over, and she to receive the children who had been born during the year, and whose fortune was deemed not likely to be good without going through this ceremony. Swangift wrapped her baby in her great cloak, and gave it into Walram's arms. Then she took her place, not by her husband, as she would naturally have done, but by the side of Wolfhild. She was quite satisfied of her babe's safety so long as it was in its father's arms, but she preferred to look closely after it when Wolfhild held it.

'Take off that cloak, Walram,' said Wolfhild. 'Swangift your wife does not know that it is our custom to pass the babes naked over the bale-fire.'

'Nay, Walram,' said Swangift, 'the babe is too tender, and the night air is fresh. He must not be exposed to it. It is for the mother of the babe to know what is good for it.'

'No Bedding babe was ever passed over the bale-fire wrapped up thus!' said Wolfhild, angrily.

'I have no time for women's contentions,' said Walram. 'Swangift shall have her way if she pleases; what does it matter?' And to stop the argument, he began at once reciting the approved formula for the occasion.

> 'Over the bale-fire I pass thee for luck,
> Over the bale-fire, Eldred son of Walram.'

While Wolfhild should have answered—

> 'Over the bale-fire I bless thee for Balder,
> Over the bale-fire, Eldred son of Walram.'

But her part of the ceremony was never uttered. For somehow, in receiving the muffled up child from Walram—whether from accident or on purpose no one ever knew—Wolfhild dropped the baby into the burning embers. It was not a hard fall, as he fell upon thin yielding sticks, just placed upon the fire; and he was not there a moment. Swangift had him in her arms, heedless that the fire had caught her own dress; but this was happily of wool, not linen, and a bystander quickly extinguished it, so that no harm was done. The thick cloak had prevented the tender limbs from feeling any injury, either from fall or fire, and the baby was none the worse; indeed the

only effect of the misadventure was scorched hands for Swangift and a strong smell of singed wool.

'The sun-god drew him out of my arms!' said Wolfhild. 'If he is not hurt, Walram, let us do it again. I could not say the words of blessing, and the whole thing is of no value without.'

'Sun-god or no sun-god,' said Swangift, in a very fierce and indignant voice, 'the babe goes not again out of my arms to-night.'

'No,' said Walram, 'he has had enough of the fire for any babe. Wife, it was well that you would not bare his limbs to the air. He would have had too much of the sun-god without that cloak.'

Swangift carried off the baby triumphantly, sat down under a tree in the moonlight, and looked him well over; but he had not even felt the fire, and was soon sleeping at her breast in a way which quite reassured her as to his health.

'It is true, it is true!' she said to herself, 'the White Christ's magic has defended him from the witch-wife's spells. Where would he have been now, my precious darling, but for the feeling that came over me when I saw Wolfhild standing there, that she should not hold him in her arms unmuffled? He is safe—and I will be the White Christ's woman, and obey His laws, for my babe's sake if not for my own! He has saved my babe, and I need not fear Wolfhild any more!'

She waited under her tree alone until the other Bedding babes had been safely passed across the bale-fire, and it was the turn of the animals to be driven through it. This was the great entertainment of the evening to the mass of the people, whose sense of humour was but elementary, and who found it extremely entertaining to watch the frightened struggles of the poor beasts to avoid the smouldering embers, which were not to be allowed to die out, but were fed lightly with fresh wood through the night. Now, she felt, was her chance of getting unobserved through the thick shadows of the moonlit night to the blasted oak, where she hoped to meet Elfrida. She rose softly, keeping to the shadows and avoiding the patches of moonlight, and was just beginning to wonder whether in the unfamiliar light she would be able to find her trysting-place, when a little cloaked woman appeared near her, and signed to her to follow. Swangift obeyed, for she recognised Witgils in that disguise; but she did not dare to speak. Still less would she have done so had she known that another cloaked figure

was following in her steps, with caution even greater than her own. Wolfhild had left the charge of the bale-fire to Thunstan and Wolf, and was now anxious to see what the Adding woman was about. She had come to look for her just as Swangift had left her place under the tree, and might under the circumstances be pardoned for thinking her movements suspicious.

Even more suspicious they seemed when, some half-quarter of a mile from the bale-fire, Swangift came upon a company of men, some on horse, some on foot. It was too dark to be certain who was there, and now Wolfhild was near enough to hear her speak for the first time.

'Ermenric! Where is grandmother? I begged her to bring no men with her; you are much too near Duppa's Hill for safety. Will you not go further off, and leave me and her to have our talk together?'

'I will go further off,' said Ermenric; 'but, in that case, it is you that must come with me, Swangift! Nay, listen. Elfrida is not here. She is too old and infirm to come so far. But I have come to take you from the enemy's hand, and to carry you off to the Easterling Addings, and make you my wife, as you were to have been before those robbers seized you! Swangift, I have never looked at any woman since I lost you! I have thought of nothing but regaining you. I have stood aloof from my people when they took baptism for your sake! Come, come; there is no moment to lose! Nay'—for she showed no sign of yielding to the eager hand he laid upon the arm that held her baby—'if that is the Bedding's babe, it matters not. He shall be my foster-son, and I will never cast up to him or to you that you have had to do with a treacherous Bedding. A forced marriage is no marriage. Come!'

So eager was his voice, and so strong the grasp he laid on her arm, that Swangift yielded so far as to walk a few paces by his side. After all, he represented to her her home and her own people, and if she had not been a mother, it is quite possible that in another moment she would have been mounted before him on his horse, and flying through the moonlit glades of the wood. But the baby in her arms brought other counsel into her mind. After a few steps she stood still.

'Nay, Ermenric. I thank you for your thought of me, and if I were not already another man's wife, I would willingly be yours—as we always planned in the old time. It is true that it is not with my will that I have wedded a Bedding, but because

I could not help it. But the past is past, and I am Walram's wife, and I could not steal his babe from him and go off with another man! It would be shameful, and were it only for the honour of the name of Adding, I could not so demean myself!'

'Is a Bedding worth keeping faith with?' said Ermenric, scornfully.

'Walram the Bedding has done no ill by me since he wedded me, and an Adding's name is worth keeping blameless,' said Swangift. 'But I have other reasons too.'

'What reasons?' said Ermenric, fiercely. He had never made any doubt but that Swangift would come to him at his call, and hold her forced Bedding marriage null; and it was bitter to find that she had no intention of doing such a thing. He could have carried her away without her will, as the Beddings had done; but with all the roughness and savagery of our forefathers, they had the saving grace of a true respect for all women who respected themselves, and Swangift was no weak nonentity to be disposed of like a bundle of goods.

'One reason,' said Swangift, 'is that some day I, too, mean to be the White Christ's woman, and that I could not be if I were a faithless wife. He has defended my babe, even this very night, from an awful death. He fell into the bale-fire, and I pulled him out unhurt! Ay, it is true,' said Swangift, as Ermenric and Witgils uttered sounds of surprise, 'and not a mark on his dear little body, and he scarce woke up from his sleep! But I cannot speak about that. And the other reason, Ermenric, is this—Walram is good to me, and I—Bedding though he be—I love him!'

'Then there is no more to be said,' said Ermenric, flinging himself on his horse. 'You choose your lot with the Bedding folk, Adding woman though you be, and henceforth you shall be left to them. Away, men!' And the troop made off through the thick shadows of the forest. Only one remained. It was Witgils.

'Nay, Swangift, don't cry,' he said softly. 'Ermenric may cut up rough; it is only natural he should. But we of the house of Warmund will say no evil of you for keeping up the Adding honour among the enemy.'

'Thank you, Witgils,' said Swangift. 'And give my love to my grandfather and grandmother—I know they will say I am right.' And she whispered softly, 'Be wary yourself. I doubt

there are several of the Beddings that would as soon slay you as look at you.'

'If they do, their roofs will flame over their heads for it,' said Witgils, as if that would perfectly compensate him for his own murder. 'But before I go, let me see this precious babe of yours that is to rule the Addings when I am dead.'

'You won't hurt him?' said Swangift, a little doubtfully.

'I hurt him? Why, he is my kinsman! And what do you think Father Denis would say to me if I, that am Christ's man, were to harm a helpless thing of that size?'

Thus urged, Swangift drew her treasure from her cloak, and displayed it to her cousin.

'How ugly it is!' was his not very complimentary comment. 'Who would think it would ever grow up into a warrior? But I suppose it will—and perhaps it will get better-looking by then.'

'Ugly!' said Swangift, who had for a moment been speechless with indignation. 'Why, he is the most beautiful babe of his size in the whole township, and bigger for his age than any that have been born this year?'

'Well, I should be a better judge of a pup,' said Witgils. 'I've got one now that will be a wonder when he is grown. Farewell, Swangift! Come over to us if you get tired of the Beddings, and then you shall see my pup against yours.'

He ran off, and Swangift made her way slowly and sadly back to Duppa's Hill and the dying bale-fire. By this time the grey light of the morning was beginning to creep under the trees, and the moonlight was no longer so bright or the shadows so deep as they had been. If Swangift had looked round, she might possibly have seen Wolfhild lurking among the trees; but the tears came too thick into her eyes at this meeting and parting with her own kin for her to search the forest shadows.

Wolfhild, meanwhile, felt a little perplexed. It was perfectly plain, by all that had been said on both sides, that Swangift was a loyal wife, and had never expected to see Ermenric. She knew it would be easy for her to make up a story about the meeting, in which things would look black for Swangift; but Wolfhild was too clever to be merely spiteful, and she had not yet made up her mind entirely to give up her design for securing the Adding succession to Walram's heir.

'I knew, when I first saw the girl, she came of good stock, and breeding always tells. Now, that wretched little Ethelgiva would

have been off and away with any one that had come for her as the Adding came for Swangift; there was slave-blood in her race. Had Swangift chosen to go, I would not have hindered her; she would have taken herself and her baptized brat out of the way, and I would have had the babe dealt with that it should not grow to manhood to claim the heritage of Walram. We would have done homage to Wykhelm of Wessex, and swept the Addings out of the forest with Wessex warriors as the price! But as it is, I will wait and see how matters turn out. At least I always have this weapon to hold over her head if she offends me!'

The dawn was bright in the sky when Wolfhild reappeared on Duppa's Hill, where only a few enthusiastic revellers were still keeping up the games round the bale-fire. Most were asleep, intending to wake up in time to seize and take home the brands which were yet burning when the sun rose. Walram's great frame was leaning against the trunk of a tree, with Swangift resting against him, both sound asleep. Wolfhild stood for a moment and looked at them.

'If I could only put a spark of my own spirit into that giant,' she said to herself, 'I would make him king of Kent and Wessex too! But he is more body than soul. Wake up, Walram son of Hamond! The sun is at hand. Wake up, and grasp the brand you are to take home for good luck, and do not sleep while your followers shame you!'

Walram rose, stretched his great bulk, and then went up to the bale-fire, where the gradually awakening Beddings were assembling for the last struggle for the brands. They all stood round in silence waiting till the first gleam of the red ball rose beyond the clear-cut horizon. Then there was a wild struggle for the half-burnt bits of stick, and at last, when the sun was fairly above the horizon, the feast of the sun-god was over, and all the Beddings went home.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN OLIVE-BRANCH REJECTED.

AFTER the baptism of the Addings, Denis had gone to Canterbury to report his successes and failures to Ethelbert and Augustine; and Ethelbert, who was sagacious enough to see that the religious question would yet further complicate the

politics of the Wessex border, begged to have him sent back to watch over the training of his new converts, rather than to convert a fresh district. When he came back, Augustine returned with him to confirm the Addings and the Sandrings; and in each township a little wooden chapel was built with a cell attached to it for the priest to live in when he was in residence there. A town-meeting was held under the tree, at which it was settled that every Adding should contribute a small amount towards the sustenance of the priest and the chapel, and this was the first endowment of the English Church in those parts. The chapel was built with wide doors that could be thrown open, so that the congregation, assembled in the open, could see the priest celebrating Mass at the altar within; for among a people so hardy and so much given to open-air meetings, no one thought of worship under cover. Add to which that the rude style of log building of the forest tribes was not adapted for a large edifice; and Denis was not one of the able all-round priests of later days, who could perform with equal ease the work of ecclesiastic, statesman, and builder.

One accomplishment he had, the discovery of which raised him greatly in the opinion of his converts. This was his skill in wrestling. He was quite willing to impart his superior knowledge to the young Addings, and perhaps the applause when he skilfully threw his adversary was as sweet in his ears as it had been in old days at the Paris court. Too sweet, he felt; for after one very successful bout, which had ended in a chorus of outspoken admiration, Denis's conscience whispered that here, even in the forest, was the world which he had promised to renounce seeking to win him again to her arms. He was not a man of keen intellect, but he was one of unflinching sincerity. At once he resolved to wrestle no more, and thenceforward his only share in the amusement was a word of criticism or approval which he could not help passing when he saw a wrestling bout.

Ermenric was the only one of the Addings with whom he could make no way. Swangift's rebuff had left him sullen, unsocial, and miserable. In vain his companions assured him that one woman was as good as another, and that if he could not have Swangift he had better take some one else—Roshild, daughter of Wayland, or Estrith, daughter of Tow-beard, who were both pretty girls, and came of good stock. Warmund was very anxious for him to take this course, and urged its common

sense and expediency with all his force of argument and strength of voice; but Ermenric would not give in. Even when it was urged upon him that he was the only one of the Addings left unbaptised, that he had defied and renounced Woden and had not become Christ's man, nothing had any effect upon Ermenric.

'I would take baptism at once,' he said, 'if there were not such a heap of conditions to give your word to keep to. I am not going to make promises and break them for anybody. And as to being neither Woden's man nor Christ's, I must e'en be my own man, and keep myself with my own right hand.'

'But,' said Denis, 'what if you die unbaptised? Life is short, and you are not the man to sit at home in his hall to keep himself out of reach of blows, to say nothing of other means whereby men come to their death.'

'My weird must take me when it will,' said Ermenric. 'If Swangift should ever send me word she had changed her mind, I would take her from the vile Beddings and make her my wife, whatever might hap; and I will not give my word to aught that should go against that. And as for what haps after death, I doubt no one has come back from the grave to tell if he roasts or freezes.'

With that he swung off, leaving Denis looking after him sadly, and feeling how very little effect his best words had upon the young man. He went into his chapel and prayed, for that was the only thing he could do.

Meanwhile a great calamity had fallen upon all that part of the country. Our English climate doubtless has its merits, and it may have had more in days when no film of coal smoke collected the vapour to hide the pleasant sunshine from us; but it must always have been a very uncertain one for farmers, small or great. In the year of which we are writing, a bright dry spring and early summer was succeeded by a continuous deluge of rain. All July and August the low grounds were flooded, the cattle stood knee-deep in water in the Wandel meads, and the just-eared corn lay prone on the ground, and could not get a chance to ripen. The weather was bad all over the country, but perhaps the Beddings suffered more than any one in those parts, owing to their low-lying lands, where they had cultivated the alluvial soil of the water-meads, as being richer and easier to work. The Addings suffered also, but not so much, owing to the light gravelly soil in their region; and the want of flowing water, which they had always bewailed,

having to depend upon wells and ponds, now proved their safety. There were some who put down the bad weather to the wrath of Woden at their having deserted his worship; but Warmund asked the grumblers, with some contempt, whether the Beddings had deserted his worship too, and if so, what sort of a god was he to send the same weather to his faithful followers and his sworn enemies? And this was a question difficult to answer.

The Beddings, however, had a different explanation—which was given them by Wolfhild with the undoubting certainty and authority which more than anything else kept up her influence over the tribe. Wolfhild said that the weather showed the wrath of the gods upon their deserters, and that they who did not share in the desertion shared in the punishment because they had not interfered to prevent it.

'Well,' said Walram, 'I suppose you know, kinswoman, as you always know about these things. But, if so, I cannot think the gods have behaved well. How on earth could we have prevented the Addings taking baptism, unless we had gone by night and burnt their homesteads and slaughtered them, men, women, and children? And I am sure we are not strong enough to do that, for the Hawks of Add are fairly matched with the Boars of Bedd, and it would have been treacherous also, since they have been careful to do us no damage since Swangift has been my wife.

'They dared not,' said Wolfhild.

'They dared not for Warmund's sake, kinswoman. I know that the seizing of Swangift was your device, and it has fully answered in every way, giving rest to our folk from Adding raids, and to me a fair and loving wife and a lusty young son. But things being well as they are, let them rest. Let sleeping dogs lie.'

'Well?' said Wolfhild. 'With our meads under water, and our crops rotting in the wet? Call you that well, kinsman?'

'Why, no,' said Walram, 'that is not well; but it is well between us and the Addings, and so things had better stay.'

Warmund and Elfrida were anxious to know how Swangift fared, and Elfrida, more especially, was desirous to put things on a friendly footing with Walram, so that she might be allowed a visit from her granddaughter. She was aging very fast, as elderly people did in those rough times, when the appliances of common comfort were unknown, and the cottage of an ordinary

labourer of the present day would have been thought a museum of luxuries; and she longed to see Swangift and her baby before she died.

Warmund scouted the notion at first: but Elfrida harped upon it constantly, till at last he began to think that it might be possible to ask Walram, his wife and baby, and twenty warriors in his train, to come to the Addings' town to a peaceful feast. Such a thing had never been done before within the memory of man; but then, as Elfrida said, the Addings had never been Christians till now.

The Addings' Christianity, however, did not go so far as to make them relish this idea. Never in all his life had Warmund offended the sense of his people so much as when he proposed this arrangement to them, and he could not get a single man to go on this errand. Slaves, of course, would have done his bidding at once; but it would have been an affront to a man of Walram's rank to send such an invitation by the mouth of a slave. Warmund would have let the plan drop, had it not been for poor old Elfrida's fretting. But Denis, when he heard the difficulty, at once came forward and proposed to carry Warmund's message himself. He felt that a conciliatory move like this was entirely in the right direction, and was willing to do anything in his power to forward it.

Denis, with a convoy of slaves to carry the fine buck and two webs of white linen and dark blue cloth, which Warmund and his wife were sending as a complimentary gift to the lord and lady of the Beddings, started one morning early in October through the sodden and dripping woods, where the leaves were dying off the trees with no autumn gold and russet upon them. When he had gone about a mile from home, footsteps came behind, and Witgils made his appearance.

'I'm coming with you, Father Denis,' he said, panting from his hard run.

'With Lord Warmund's leave?' said Denis.

'I have not asked his leave. I knew my grandmother would sit and cry all day long if I told her I was going, and she thinks I have gone out hunting. She is afraid I should fall under the witch-wife's spells. But Warmund would not care. He told her the other day that, little though I might be, I had the head of a man, and must take my chances like other youths of my years. And now it is my mind to come with you. I want to see Swangift in her new home, and I want to see the

Beddings' town. And what can be more likely than that Warmund should send their friendly message by one of his own kin?'

'It is somewhat foolhardy,' said Denis, thoughtfully, 'considering the Lady Swangift's warning to you against the witch-wife, to run into her clutches, as you may say. That woman has dealings with Woden, if not with Satan himself.'

'But I am Christ's man,' said Witgils, and the witch-wife's wiles can have no power over me, more than they had over Swangift's babe, whom she threw into the balefire. He was not harmed.'

Denis felt as if Witgils had more faith than he himself, and was not sure whether his own reasonable caution was cowardice or not. 'Perhaps, he said, 'she may try wiles of this world, which Christ's men may suffer from as well as the rest.'

'And if she does,' said Witgils,' 'I am not always going to stay in the hall muffled up in women's kirtles for fear of a treacherous blow. That was not how Beowulf gained his glory. And I have better reasons than you know. It is not all the vain curiosity of a boy.'

'Tell me the reasons,' said Denis, walking on.

'Well, it is this. This is my plan, and even my grandfather knows none of it. It is not well that Swangift should be there among enemies, and have no means of letting us know if misfortune overtakes her. Do you know the little knoll in the wood where there stands a spreading elm full of mistletoe? We used to send to that tree for mistletoe before we took baptism, to tie upon our quivers so that the arrows might strike—you know the mistletoe could strike Balder, when nothing else could; and my grandmother always has a piece now hanging in the hall for concord and friendliness. I don't know how the same plant can make for both; but there it is. The Beddings send too to the same tree, for there is no mistletoe their side of the wood. Now, if Swangift can send to that tree every seven days or so, and lay there on the south side a bough of beech if all is well, and of pine if she needs help, I will undertake on my part to visit the tree and find her token.'

'But if she comes to this banquet,' said Denis, 'that will be more easily settled with her then.'

'Ay, but she may not come. If the witch-wife sets her face against it she will not. And the more I think of it, the more needful it seems to me that Swaingift should have some means of communicating with her friends.'

Denis no longer tried to dissuade Witgils from his purpose. He saw that the lad was not merely foolhardy, but had reason in his foolhardiness, and they walked on together till they reached the Bedding settlement. Here, unfortunately, they found that Walram was away from home, gone on a distant hunting expedition for ten days. Swangift was there, with her baby, now arrived at the age of springing and crowing: and Wolfhild was in charge of everything in Walram's absence. Happily, however, she was superintending some of her own affairs in her own house, at a little distance when the unexpected ambassadors arrived, and before she made her way into the hall they got some conversation alone with Swangift, and as she was perfectly certain that the Beddings and especially Wolfhild, would not accept Warmund's invitation, Witgils proposed his plan. She understood at once, and undertook to have the bough placed in the given place as a sort of peace-offering to the tree for picking the sacred mistletoe from it. But she was evidently much concerned for Witgils' safety, and begged him to take half the slaves and go off at once before Wolfhild had time to lay wait for him on his way back. This, however, Witgils stoutly refused.

'Then,' said Swangift, 'eat and drink nothing here, either of you, except what I prepare for you with my own hands. The witch-wife is capable of any treachery, and Walram is not here.'

'But are you not afraid of her?' said Witgils.

'I am afraid of her; but not as I was at first. For you,' she said gratefully to Denis, 'put my babe beyond reach of her wiles. And see, if ever instead of a pine bough you find a pine cone lying there, let some one watch the tree for seven days, and I will try to find my way thither, to take refuge with my own folk. But that will not be while my husband is here to care for me. There is talk of Walram going to see Wykhelm of Wessex in the winter; and if aught of ill came to him, I know not how the witch-wife might deal with the babe or me.'

'Then come to us if he goes to Wessex, Swangift,' said Witgils; 'you will be safer with us than here.'

Swangift shook her head. 'No. While Walram is alive I must stay here. Even if I went to my grandfather, the Beddings would say I had fled to Ermenric, and I would rather die than be called a faithless wife to Walram. They know that Ermenric met me in the wood on Midsummer eve, and would have carried me away.'

Here steps were heard outside, and Swangift suddenly changed her voice to one of ecstatic delight. 'And this blue cloth—my grandmother's own spinning! Tell her I shall make a winter garment for the babe of it, and shall begin to-morrow. Lady Wolfhild, see what a fair gift my grandmother has sent me, of her own spinning and weaving!'

She had learnt to act in her exile, and looked as if she were merely a simple girl rejoicing in an unexpected present, instead of a young mother beset with all manner of dangers and difficulties. When Denis propounded Warmund's invitation, she did not seem at all eager to accept it. The long journey, she said, would be bad for the babe—perhaps in the spring, when Walram was at home. Indeed, she acted her part so well, that but for the conversation that had gone before, both Witgils and Denis might have thought her a heartless young woman, who had thrown in her lot with the foemen of her tribe, and was quite happy and contented to 'forget her own people and her father's house.'

There was no more private conversation. Food was brought in from the kitchen, but Denis excused himself for not eating more than a piece of barley bread because it was Friday; and Witgils followed his example. Swangift herself drew ale for them from the cask; and, of course, in matters of hospitality she was lady paramount. Wolfhild appeared quite amiable, and sent many messages of gratitude on the part of the absent Walram to Warmund and Elfrida; and then the embassy departed homewards.

'Women's wits are sharper than I knew,' said Witgils as they went along. 'I know not but that Swangift, whom I always thought somewhat of a fool, will beat Wolfhild in the end on her own ground.'

'It is the mother-love the Lord puts into the hearts of women that points their wits,' said Denis.

As they spake suddenly an arrow whizzed by, close to Witgils' ear. It would almost infallibly have struck him, but that at the moment he had suddenly stooped down to fasten his buskin, which had come undone.

'The witch-wife's wiles,' said Denis, as the slaves rushed off into the wood to discover the author of the outrage. But no one was visible, and they walked back rather uncomfortably, not quite sure when a second messenger of the same kind might strike them with better aim.

Nothing more, however, happened; and Witgils did not know that if he had been struck by that arrow, his body would have been—could it have been carried off—hung on the Bedding Tree of Meeting as a fit atonement-offering to Woden for the desertion of his people from the ancient worship.

CHAPTER XIV.

A MOTHER'S WIT.

THE weeks passed on, and the winter lay upon England—not the clear keen frosty winter which braces the nerves and makes the blood of the young and hardy spin in their veins; but one of those wretched winters which give us all varieties of snow, sleet, rain, and cold raw fog.

The winter was at all times a weary season to our forefathers, with no better light than their flickering torches in the long evenings, and no other amusement than gossipping, and frequently quarrelling over their drink. When the weather was dry, even if cold, they could go and kill something in the forest; but when snow and slush covered the pathless country, they lounged all day in the hall, and their busier women-folk often found them greatly in the way. Their feelings were expressed in the popular song still sung in Switzerland, which may be thus imitated—

'O winter, wicked winter,
Thou makest the world so small;
Thou drivest us into our narrow huts,
And holdest us prisoners all.
O summer, lovely summer,
Thou makest the world so wide;
Thou bringest us out to the sunny hills,
And giv'st us the seas and the woods and rills,
And the lands upon every side.'

In any damp locality, too, the autumn was sure to afflict a good many people with fever and ague, which only left them when the frost froze the marshes and dried up the malaria. They would have suffered more than they did, except for the great mortality among young children, which weeded out all who were not thoroughly strong and hardy. But in spite of their hardihood and their healthy animal life, it sometimes happened that a man in the prime of life was stricken down

with illness, and then his friends were not unapt to find some supernatural cause for so unnatural a proceeding.

This happened to Walram, in the midwinter of the year in the spring of which his son had been born. He was one of those big-framed strong men, who look as if they never could be ill, but who take illness seriously if they get it. The flooding of the meads had continued so long that the Beddings determined to dig dykes to divert the surface water, and Walram came back from a hard day's work, in which he had been standing about directing the workers rather than working himself, chilled through and through. Many draughts of hot ale only resulted in making him as burning as he had been cold before; and on the second night he became so delirious that Swangift sent for Wolfhild. The medicaments of the latter for a time reduced the fever, but they seemed to have no effect in restoring him to health; one day he would seem better, then the shiverings and the burnings would recur, and each time he seemed to be a little weaker than the last. Quinine, which might have cured him, was an unknown drug for more than a thousand years longer. Wolfhild's decoction of gentian had no effect; the malaria had taken too strong a hold of him; and week after week the strong man lay low, able just to creep from the sleeping chamber to the hall fire, where he lay upon a wolf-skin rug spread over some straw, and Swangift nursed him faithfully night and day.

At first Wolfhild had taken it for granted that this would be a three weeks' fever, and that after twenty-one days would come the crisis, and his strength would return. But when the twenty-one days had gone by, and the fever still continued, she was puzzled, and being puzzled, at once her thoughts turned to find a supernatural cause for his affliction. One evening she was sitting in Thunstan's hall beside the fire, with Thunstan and Wolf, talking in low voices over the condition of matters. The only other person in the room was Wolf's young wife, who was spinning in a distant part of the hall by torchlight. Aldgith was a quiet and apparently stupid girl, whom Wolfhild had especially chosen for her foster-son because she believed her to be absolutely inane and characterless, and not likely to interfere with her own influence over him. The girl was singing softly as she paced backwards and forwards with her distaff, not so as to disturb the talkers, but so as to make it plain that she was not listening to them.

'If it is not a natural fever,' Wolf was saying, 'what is it then, foster-mother?'

'It is from the same cause as the spoiling of our harvest. It is the curse the Addings have brought upon the country,' said Wolfhild.

'Then why on earth should the gods have afflicted us rather than the Addings?' said Thunstan, rather pertinently. 'How are you sure that it is not the spells of this White Christ laid upon us because we would not come over to Him? He must be a strong God, or He could not have won the homage of all the Southlanders as they say.'

'Thunstan son of Grim,' said Wolfhild, 'if you had two followers, one who never professed any special faithfulness for you, and the other who was your chosen friend—and if the first went over to your enemies, and the second knew it and did not strike him dead—which would you think had harmed you most?'

'He who was my friend,' said Thunstan.

'And if, besides this, your friend's child had become your enemy's man, and none had so much as taken notice of the matter—not even, if I may say so, your own most favoured and trusted messenger and spokeswoman—for such am I to Father Woden—what would you think of the loyalty of such folk? For such, and none other, has been the conduct of us Beddings to the gods of Asgard.'

'Then what must we do to atone for it? Must we slay the Adding woman?' said Thunstan.

'No—not the Adding woman. At the command of Woden I brought her here; she did not come of herself. And though I feel that if she had not been here, things might have gone better for us—yet I will say for Swangift that she is an honourable woman. I watched her once, when she knew not that I was there. It was on the night of the bale-fire, and she went to speak to her own kin who were lurking near in the forest; and instead of her grandmother whom she thought to see, she met her old betrothed, who would have carried her off to her own folk—Ermenric, the son of Wilfrid. But she refused, saying that she was Walram's wife, and would be faithful to him, and returned to our folk of her own accord.'

'Ermenric shall not make a Bedding's wife that offer twice!' said Wolf through his clenched teeth.

'But,' said Wolfhild, 'though I will not harm the Adding woman, I say that there should be a sacrifice to Woden, and

that that sacrifice should be the half-Adding child of the Bedding lord, who was made Christ's man by that meddling priest. Swangift will have another child, and that child, like this, will be heir to the Adding lord when young Witgils, son of Roswald, is put out of the way.'

'Walram will not agree to that,' said Wolf. 'He plays with the babe as if it were a half-grown pup. I have seen him carry it on his shoulder.'

'Walram will not be asked,' said Wolfhild. 'His life is of more value to the Boars of Bedd than the life of a ten-months babe; and if by slaying the babe we may appease the wrath of the gods and save the life of the Beddings' lord, shall we not do it?'

'But the Adding woman,' said Thunstan, 'will fight like a wild cat in defence of the babe. Are we to slay her too?'

'No. That would put an end to all our hopes of ruling the Addings when her children are grown. There must be force enough used to keep her quiet; and I shall not appear in the matter. It must be done without me. A matter that the Boars of Bedd take into their own hands for the safety of their lord. Otherwise I should lose all command over my kinsman.'

Aldgith had gone on spinning in her corner, and singing at intervals, but she had very keen ears, and had heard more of the conversation than any one thought possible. It so happened that she liked Swangift, who had once been kind to her when she burnt her hand, and had bound it up for her with soft rags and cooling ointment; and though she had never had courage to be outspoken about her liking for the Adding woman, she was horror-struck at the notion of the sacrifice of the pretty child, whom from time to time she had nursed and played with. Possibly this feeling was intensified by personal pique that she was always thus shut out of her husband's counsels, and treated as a nonentity. She now determined to act.

'Husband,' she said, looking across the hall to Wolf, 'I want a little more wool to finish this hank of yarn, and as I have no more ready, I will run over to my mother's and borrow some, if you do not want me.'

Wolf nodded, and Aldgith put on her great cloak and went out into the darkness. In order to get to her mother's house, she had to pass Walram's hall. She knocked at the door, and Swangift came to open it.'

'Come here—out into the darkness where we shall be alone. I

have a thing to say to you,' whispered Aldgith; and then, as they stood together outside in the wind and beating rain, Aldgith revealed the plot she had just heard against the baby's life. If one of the conspirators had been within reach just then, and if Swangift had had a weapon, he would not have conspired again. Her heart beat wildly, and her head swam; but she was able to master herself by a strong effort, and she said—

'Thanks, thanks, Aldgith. I shall never forget this friendly deed.' She threw her arms round her young neighbour and kissed her warmly; and then she went in to think how she might save her baby.

Walram was dozing; and the baby, a plump, fair child, with rosy cheeks and round firm little limbs, was asleep in his wooden cradle. Swangift bent over him, and as she did so an inspiration came into her mind.

One of the slaves had been ill with ague, and Swangift had exercised upon him some of the leechcraft which Elfrida had taught her. Since then he had always been especially attentive to her, and more ready than any one else in the household to help her in what she needed. She believed now that she could trust Bran the Black to help her. A scheme as keen and clear as any that could have occurred to Wolfhild flashed into her mind. She was alone in the hall; for Walram could not bear the noise of other people there, and the servants and retainers had had to be provided for elsewhere. But Bran the Black might probably be found in an outhouse chopping wood; Swangift only that morning had found the store of chopped-up logs getting low, and had told him that he must get some more ready before to-morrow. Yes, she heard in the distance the measured fall of his hatchet. She caught the baby out of his cradle, wrapped him in her cloak, and in another moment stood in the outhouse, lighted by a couple of smoky torches.

'Bran,' she said, 'I am in deadly need of help. Will you help me? You shall have your freedom for the task, and anything else it is in my power to give.'

'Surely I will, lady,' said Bran.

'Then listen. They want to take my babe and slay him, and hang his dear little body on the Tree of Meeting for a sacrifice to Woden. Will you take him to-night—now—and carry him to my folk, to Warmund, lord of the Addings? His father cannot lift a hand to save him, and there is none to act but me.'

'Surely I will, lady,' said Bran again. His voice was stolid, but Swangift knew that she could trust him.

'Then,' said Swangift, 'listen. I must feign to be angry with you and to threaten you with stripes; and you must let some of the rest hear you muttering vengeance on the Adding woman—do you understand?—and they will think you have carried off the babe out of vengeance. But here is a token for you to take to Warmund from me'—she took a silver pin from her hair—'and tell him that I beg him to reward you and keep you with him till the lord Walram and I can reward you as you deserve. Will you do this?'

'Surely I will, lady,' said Bran again. 'I understand what you will have me do.'

'Then listen,' said Swangift, 'and you will hear me complaining to the others of your idleness. Then do you lounge into the kitchen and vow vengeance upon me; and then creep round and knock thrice at the door, and I will put my babe into your arms secretly. There is a moon rising now; you know your way through the forest to the town of the Addings? Then ask for Warmund's hall, and give the babe into his arms, and say, "Swangift Edmund's daughter sends this babe for thee to foster, for the love of the White Christ." And then tell him all that has befallen us, and the danger that threatens the babe.'

'Surely I will, lady,' said Bran for the fourth time.

The kitchen door opened as he spoke, and Swangift at once seized the opportunity to play her part.

'Lazy oaf!' she cried, raising her voice to a stormy scold, 'no more than this done after all that I bade you? That is what comes of the master being laid by thus. But to-morrow you shall have stripes enough to know that you have a mistress over you if no master!'

'I did all I could in the time,' growled Bran, rising to his part.

'All you could!' said Swangift, in a tone of scathing sarcasm. Then going to the kitchen door, where the sound of angry voices had already attracted listeners, she proceeded to pour out a tirade against Bran's idleness, and then walked round, still scolding, to her own door, where she entered. Bran shouted out a defiance after her, and the burst of laughter and cheers which followed it told that the household in general were not averse to hear the Adding woman insulted, when this could be done with impunity.

Walram, happily, had not yet aroused from his feverish torpor when she came in; and she proceeded to take up her baby, to feed him, and make him ready for his journey. When Bran's three knocks came to the door she stood there, with the still sleepy child in her arms. One long clinging kiss and choking sob, and the door was shut and the cradle empty. Not till then did Swangift sit down on her stool and relieve her overburdened heart with a burst of tears.

She told a tale next day how when she had gone to the kitchen to fetch some broth for Walram, Bran had watched his opportunity, crept in and stolen the babe out of the cradle, readjusting the coverings so that she did not know the child was gone until the morning. Anyhow, Bran and the baby were both gone; and whatever sacrifice might be offered to Woden to appease his wrath, it could not be Walram's child. To Walram she said that she had sent the baby away lest he should take the sickness from his father; and Walram's dulled brain accepted the statement, as far as he could take *in* anything.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS' ROOM.

AUTUMN, with its dead-leaf beauty, has made the Girls' Room a comfortable place. It is very good now to draw near the fire—the first fires, which sparkle more brightly than any later—and to talk of the things which interest us—our various pursuits, our duties and pleasures, our frocks, the books we shall read, the letters we shall write, and all the dear round of the common day to which a healthy girl in body and mind springs up so eagerly of a morning. If I could afford to dress myself with the seasons, I should copy their manner of robing themselves. What suggestions in the autumn colouring of russet and golden velvets with a dash of scarlet! You have all, pretty well, seen Mr. Bolossy Kiralfy's wonderful show at Olympia. Have you not noticed that the exquisite waves of colour which float on the long stage and glitter back again from the water are copied from the various flowers? You can identify the daffodil, gold and green, the snowdrop, green and white, and all the wonderful assorted colours which the pansy takes upon itself. If the Girls' Room would but dress itself as the flowers do, the garland of beauty within its walls would be finer than that in Tennyson's 'Princess.' For a winter outdoor dress take the robin's brown and scarlet, or the deep green, with faint scarlet touches, of the berried boughs. Or, for an evening dress, what of the rose and blue melting to heliotrope of winter skies, or the snow flushed with scarlet? If we followed the great Mother's thousand exquisite devices, we should be in little danger of being vulgar or unoriginal in our garments.

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I don't think any one in the Girls' Room will be bitten with a desire for the rational dress, which has lately been agitated about in the papers. If women are wise they will keep their skirts, which have a symbolic sacredness. They need not be heavy and awkward; in fact they ought not to be. They should be well off the ground for walking, and of as light

material as is compatible with comfort. The wide skirts of last year were unwholesome and cruel. It is a folly to comply with a dressmaker's desire to get all the material possible into a skirt. The flowing lines of a woman's dress suggest one knows not what of hiddenness and sacredness. The religious orders of women felt this when they adopted the flowing garments of black, or black and white, that seem to frame so exquisite a purity. Imagine a nun in the rational dress! Imagine Dante's Beatrice, 'low-bosomed and with hidden feet'! Rosalind, I grant you, masqueraded gaily as a boy, but she only played at being boy, and the piquancy of it was her womanhood shining through. If the skirt ever goes, and I doubt it, how many ideals and illusions will go with it! But I take it that the rational dress is but the folly of the dull season, and the agitation for it will disappear with the other marvels of the time. If there be strong-minded sisters who *will* go a bicycling in knickerbockers, might they not, for the sake of the weaker brethren, carry the thinnest and lightest skirt to be slipped on before reaching the town or the hotel where they are to alight? The correspondence on the subject recently in the columns of a daily newspaper was lamentably vulgar and ill-tempered. Each side wrote as if man and woman were the natural enemies of each other. How little like the creed of Christ, who in His birth chose the atmosphere of the family for His resting-place, and who honoured marriages by His presence at the marriage-feast of Cana! The New Woman will find no sympathisers in the Girls' Room—that is to say, the New Woman of the novels and the *Daily Chronicle.* We are all New Women in the sense that, while keeping the veil of our modesty, we are able to influence the world far more than the little-educated woman of old. One of our works in this century is the mercifulness of feeling, which has taken the place of the brutality of the last century. But the women who accomplish such things work quietly, through their influence on the men who love them and on the children at their knees. What Madame Sarah Grand and her friends would accomplish would be a kind of internecine war between the sexes, whose whole welfare depends each on the other.

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I should be very glad to answer my girls any questions they might ask about their reading, or about any subject concerning their tasks or pursuits, on which I am qualified

to advise. Have any of you literary tastes, my girls? I should like greatly to submit to the Girls' Room, now and again, a poem worthy of that honour, and the work of one of the frequenters. I am qualified—it would never do to underrate my own infallibility—especially to advise as to what books to read, what books to buy, what books to avoid, and what books to give away. I am afraid this sounds like a cockney rhyme.

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Last month I promised you another stave from the manuscript book of dear Frances Wynne. Here is one of her delicate fancies.

A SUNSET SONG.

'O Love, if I could travel high with you in yonder cloudy ship,
Far over all the mountains tall that edge the sunset world we'd slip!
At last! at last! we'd linger past the very furthest gleaming star,
And gain the strand of that bright land, where none but granted wishes are.
A dwelling fair we'd fashion there upon that far-off shining shore,
A home where we should always be, together, Love, for evermore.'

This dear, dead friend of mine was for a space a nurse in a children's hospital. To her every child was an angel; under the raggedest frock she was sure of the rosy budding of wings. She always had a great desire to nurse and care for children; yet I remember that she told me her first weeks in the hospital were of disillusionment. One expects to do heroic things; instead, one has merely disagreeable things. I dare say some of my girls will be nurses one of these days. Nursing is a most legitimate and tender outlet for a woman's energies. But don't go to nursing merely because you feel within yourselves sufficient enthusiasm to nurse lepers. The spirit which sees in a sick man or woman the members of Christ, is a lovely spirit in which to begin nursing; but make up your minds also to take the lower place, and do the lowly things in the same high spirit. Remember George Herbert's

'Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th'action fine.'

In religious orders, the novice who comes in expecting to make heroic sacrifices, is merely set to peeling potatoes. One such novice, of the finest breeding and up-bringing, found the almost intolerable thing to do was to wash up greasy dishes.

To intending nurses I would give a few words of advice from the patient's point of view. Be bright and cheerful, but not with the unvarying, unsympathetic brightness which suggests to a patient that his progress causes little change in your moods. Never whisper about the patient, nor seek ostentatiously for consultations with the doctor. A sick person is the most suspicious creature in the world, and imagines that he must be the subject of every conversation. Don't obtrude your religion too much. I know a sick person who suffered acutely because of a nurse who prefaced all her plans by saying religiously, 'If you are spared.' Such stupid cruelty should disqualify the most technically clever nurse in the profession. Humour your patient, even if he seems somewhat unreasonable. If you can't feel that you are richly repaid inconvenience by giving ten minutes' ease to a patient, don't be a nurse. Item, don't talk to convalescent people as if they were in danger of relapse; guard against it, but don't talk about it. You must love the suffering creature who is so entirely at your mercy—must think for him with the ingenuity of love. If you can't do this, let nursing alone. It ought to be a vocation, not a profession.

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The publishing season has not yet begun, but next month I shall be telling you something of new books. I dare say you have all been reading 'My Lady Rotha,' in the *Monthly Packet.* Well, if I had to choose fiction for girls, I think I should begin with a course of Stanley Weyman. I am sure the division of fiction for young people into boys' books and girls' books is all wrong. Their virtues ought to be interchangeable. Why should the girls of the Girls' Room, to whom it comes by nature to be soft of voice, gentle of manners, pure of thought, innocent without and within, read incessantly of girls who are just like themselves. Give them books that will inculcate lessons of pluck, endurance, fortitude, truth, honour, and the other virtues that are more distinctly masculine; give them the Border Ballads and romances, gallant and generous, like Weyman's. The girl should seek to win the masculine virtues and to carry them womanly; the boy to assimilate the girl's purity, refinement, gentleness, and patience; then we should have the complete man and the complete woman.

KATHARINE HINKSON.

Church History Society.

Rules.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s.* II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume*. III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

IX. THE PROGRESS OF PURITANISM.

Questions for October.

33. Give an account of the Puritan attempt to abolish Episcopacy (1584–1593), emphasizing the Marprelate libels.

34. What was the Sabbatarian controversy in Elizabeth's reign? Show how it continued in the next, and the king's part in it. What is, shortly, your own opinion on the question?

35. A short account of the Hampton Court Conference.

36. A life of Whitgift, with special reference to the Predestinarian controversy.

For Juniors.

1. What were the Marprelate tracts?
2. How did the Puritans 'turn Sunday into the Sabbath'?
3. What was the Millenary Petition?
4. A life of Whitgift.

Books recommended:—Hooker's *Lives of the Archbishops;* Perry's *History of the English Church* (Series II.); *Cameos from English History*, by C. M. Yonge, vols. v. and vi.; Soames' *Elizabethan Church History* (out of print, but in many libraries).

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by November 1st.

July Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda 40	Honeysuckle . . . 36	Countess 32
Gooseberry 38	Simple Simon . . . 34	Ierne 31

Class II.

Veritas	28	Sussex Pig Twenty-one	26	Fidelia Marguérite	23

Class III.

*Constans et Fidelis, 16.

(*Juniors*) *Class I.*

Bo-peep	38	Viola	35
Elingar	37	Moo-cow	30

* Three answers only.

REMARKS.

25. First-rate answers on the ecclesiastical writers of these reigns come from *Etheldreda*, *Gooseberry*, *Simple Simon*, and *Bo-peep*, the first of whom musters 51 names. Bog-Oak is surprised that *Honeysuckle* omits Bishop Andrewes, and several omit St. François de Sales. *Marguérite* has such a full list of Continental writers, it is strange she knows only of Jewel, Parker, Hooker, Andrewes, and Laud, for England. Such names as Dr. Donne, Field, Bridges, Overall, and Cowell, would equal the foreign names. *Elingar:* George Cassander was not an English Church writer, but a German Lutheran. The books which influenced their age are variously estimated, but Hooker's 'Ecclesiastical Polity' (with twelve votes), and Jewel's 'Apology' (eleven), lead the list. They deserve it, but Hooker is properly *the* representative man of his school and day. Foxe's 'Martyrs' and Bellarmine's 'Controversies' have four votes each, the former representing the unreasoning, and the latter the reasoning antagonism of their Churches. Three votes each are accorded to Jansen's works (which actually influenced a later period); to Andrewes' Sermons (his Devotions were not fully published till 1648); to St. François de Sales' works, especially the *Vie Devote;* and to Molina's book on Grace and Free Will—all most influential in different ways, the last perhaps the most. After these, with two votes each, come the works of Bacon, Arminius, Beza, and Cartwright, Bilson's 'Perpetual Government of Christ's Kingdom,' and the *Summa* of Canisius; all influential, but not *all* superlatively so. Lastly, sixteen other books have one vote each, as important. Of these it must be admitted that the works of Erastus had a baneful influence on that and every succeeding age.

26. *Etheldreda* sends a careful analysis of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and *Viola*, *Elingar*, and *Bo-peep* give capital lists of books. As to the 'Quotations from secular poets alluding to Reformation principles,' there are several good ones given from Spenser, Shakespeare, and Ben Jonson, also from Milton (rather beyond the period), and Herbert (scarcely a secular poet). The most celebrated quotation is omitted by several, and given entire only by *Gooseberry*. It is from 'King John,' act iii. scene 1: 'No Italian priest shall tithe or toll in our dominions. But as *we under heaven are Supreme Head*,' etc. Here is an expression never used before Henry VIII. *Sussex Pig* should give her quotation, and not merely tell *Bog-Oak* where to find it.

27. Jewel, Andrewes, etc., are done justice to by *Etheldreda*, *Honeysuckle*, *Gooseberry*, and *Elingar*. Very few mention what is much to Jewel's credit —his refusal to institute the non-conforming Humphrey to a living, though his private sympathies had been with him; on the other hand, they omit what is to his discredit—viz. that it was probably he who omitted the famous clause in Article XX. in his draft of the Articles. One of the members (not a Junior) spells apology with double p! *Sussex Pig* does not mention that Jewel was Bishop of Salisbury, nor that Andrewes was Bishop successively

of Chichester, Ely, and Winchester. *Countess:* Andrewes was born in 1555. His Catholicity and Liturgic knowledge are seen in his Devotions, much of them, especially the Intercessions, being taken straight from the primitive liturgies. He did not exactly *write* them in Greek and Latin, but compiled Greek devotions and Latin devotions, using often for the Scriptural parts the Septuagint and Greek Testament, probably to avoid the Vulgate. The very tone of these men's controversial writings was characteristic each of their age. Jewel apologised for the position of the English Church; Hooker calmly explained it; while Andrewes and Laud could glory in it. Jewel, looking to Zurich with eyes of affection, considered Episcopacy, first barely permissible, then advisable; Hooker deemed it Divinely commanded, and required by the well-being of the Church; Andrewes, Bancroft, and Laud saw that the Church's *being* is bound up with the threefold cord. Jewel showed that we had reverted to primitive usage; Andrewes, that our Catholicity was continuous.

28. Best lives of Hooker by *Etheldreda*, *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, *Sussex Pig*, and *Bo-peep*. Hooker was never a bishop, as *Fidelia* calls him. Bog-Oak is glad she does not provide him with a see. *Veritas:* His last living was Bishop's Bourne, near Canterbury, not near Exeter. *Countess:* He does consider there is a Divine sanction for bishops, but none for their perpetual commission. Certainly, if 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world' does *not* apply to the apostles' successors, then there is no stronger warrant for the perpetual continuance of Baptism. If the Church might alter one, she might alter the other.

Subscription for 1894 received from *Sussex Pig*.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 508.)

FIRST SHELF.

VARIETY SUBJECT.

AUGUST.

It is said that George Meredith understands women better than any other author. What do you think of the action of his 'Diana of the Crossways' in selling her lover's political secret?

Chelsea China being herself, no doubt by her own defect, quite unable to appreciate the fascination of George Meredith's writings, has found it difficult to judge of the three papers sent in on this subject. She reads a novel of George Meredith's once a year, to see if she has 'grown up to him,' as she has been told she will do in time; but she has not yet sprouted in that direction. *Winifred Spurling's* paper gives the most unfavourable view, and Chelsea China does not think her idea that Diana had had too much wine tenable. She gives *Blue Wings* as the view of an admirer very well put, and gives the prize to *Mrs. Malaprop*, as being the most carefully thought-out paper. *Undine's* remarks hardly bear on the point in question.

'DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS.'

I have often heard Diana condemned utterly on account of her moment of madness, when she sold Dacier's secret to a newspaper editor; but to me it seems that Meredith was right, and did indeed show a marvellous insight into woman's character when he represented her as committing such a flagrant mistake. Given such a character as Diana's, such candour and generosity, united to a brilliant intellect and proud self-respect, it was most natural that when the consciousness that her generosity had been abused burnt into her brain, her agony of self-abasement should have proved quite unbearable, and that she should have seized blindly and madly what seemed to her an opportunity of placing herself out of reach of further troubles. It is quite clear from what follows that she did not in the least realise what she was doing; like many women, she had been idolizing a very ordinary man, and the discovery of his littleness distracted her reason for a time, though outwardly she was sane.

Surely Diana is a natural, though, as the author says, an uncommon woman, such as few but he could have drawn. Also it is in this book that we have a woman's friendship so beautifully described between Diana and Emma; a reality, but unrecognised by most masculine minds.

BLUE WINGS.

'DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS.'

The assertion that George Meredith 'understands women better than any other author' is a bold one, and can hardly be allowed to pass unchallenged. The character that he gives us in 'Diana of the Crossways' is marvellously drawn—the bold outlines of the figure are sketched with masterly skill, and the details touched in with extreme delicacy of handling and true artistic feeling. Yet there are strange inconsistencies in the character, hardly to be accounted for by the proverbial fickleness of woman's nature. Diana is shown to us as a creature of noble instincts, possessing many fine qualities, and personally most lovable and attractive. She is generous and true-hearted, with a noble scorn, one would think, of meanness, and an instinctive abhorrence of evil. Her brilliant wit and never-failing tact are always at hand to help her out of difficulties, and call forth the constant admiration of onlookers, and the devoted homage of her friends. Yet with all the strength of character and power of brain that she undoubtedly possesses, she fails miserably when the really great crises of her life come; and here it seems to us that the novelist is unfair to the sex in general, or inconsistent in his portrayal of Diana. It is almost inconceivable that a woman with right instincts and an upright, generous nature, should yield (apparently after no great struggle) to the first whisper of temptation, and betray her lover's secret merely to free herself from pecuniary difficulties. The deed was planned and carried out less than an hour after Diana had been swept away by the overwhelming force of Dacier's passion; and she was herself, as after-events proved, deeply in love with the victim of her treachery. Her halting and illogical excuses afterwards betray a weakness of intellect which is hardly compatible with the brilliant clearness of mind she had hitherto shown, though possibly they are intended to show a woman's subtle power of self-deception. One might have expected a woman of her calibre to commit a crime upon the impulse of a moment, to shield or help one whom she loved, but not from purely selfish motives, and at the expense of one dear to her. We cannot reconcile such glaring inconsistency of conduct with Diana's actions and words in the earlier part of her history. A woman with less brain and less heart, and one whose perceptions of right and wrong had been blunted by frequent falls, might have so deceived herself, and done the deed with an easy conscience, but not such a quick-witted and clear-souled woman as the mistress of The Crossways.

The only way of accounting for Diana's action is to suppose that the

difficulties of her most critical position, the conflicting claims of love and duty, and the terror of impending ruin, combined to upset her mental equilibrium, and that she accomplished the deed during a fit of temporary insanity! Women are generally accused of 'losing their heads' in any emergency, and possibly Mr. Meredith is here giving us an example of his insight into the weakness of the sex in this respect.

MRS. MALAPROP.

I think Diana's character, like all George Meredith's creations, is vivid but queer. It has *livingness* but not *lifelikeness*. His books want the sanity and moderation of real life. Every one is exceptional, and this, together with his involved and oppressive style, deprives his books, to my thinking, of the right to the front place which fashion assigns to them.—UNDINE.

PRIZE WINNER.

Miss Mary Hart, 6, St. Peter's Terrace, Cambridge.

SUBJECT FOR OCTOBER.

The best subject for a competition for next year.

SECOND SHELF.

VERSE COMPETITION.

AUGUST.

The principle on which translations are judged, must partake of the nature of a compromise. A smooth and flowing poem must be produced; something of the object of the original must be caught; if possible, difficult passages must not be shirked; and it is, of course, desirable to keep the rhythm of the model.

Literal accuracy is apt to produce results like the famous rendering of '*M. Macbeth, M. Macbeth, M. Macbeth, prenez garde de M. Macduff!*' This was literal, but did it give the slightest idea of Shakespeare? Again, if a foreign metre cannot be rendered into pleasing English, the exact imitation of it fails of its effect. When the emphasis has to be thrown on 'ofs,' and 'buts,' and 'ifs,' to make the line scan, or on the wrong syllable of a long word, as 'butter*fly*,' the object is defeated. Again, an utterly prosaic expression may reproduce the foreign *word*, but it does not suggest the foreign *idea*, and a less literal one is really truer.

In the present case, *Aneido's* poem appears to Chelsea China infinitely the most successful, as was *Dragon-Parzival's* last month (this competitor must keep to one signature for verses). The general practice has been to give only one prize in the year. These ladies have both already received one. The next most presentable poem also puts Chelsea China into a difficulty, as *Arachne* will hardly condescend to enter the prize list. Indeed, she considers that all these three competitors should be pretty heavily handicapped before they put their rivals into the position of Marsyas, when he sustained his famous defeat. And under these circumstances, she thinks *Moonstone*, though in another metre, has made the best hand of it, on the whole.

The Italian Class list, deferred last month, is now given.

PRIZE WINNER.

Miss Mildred Beal, Ronaldhill Rectory, Darlington.

JULY CLASS LIST.

CLASS I.—*Indiana, Dragon*, 85; *Fhorshaven*, 80; *Picciola*, 76.
CLASS II.—*Sylviola*, 70; *E. Y.*, 65: *Firenge, Gurgoyle*, 55; *Mary Hamilton*, 52.
CLASS III.—*Spes*, 45; *Dresden China*, 40.
CLASS IV.—*Capercailzie*, 20; *M. R. A.*, 15; *Lethe*, 10.

'LA FLEUR ET LE PAPILLON.'

None of the translations of Victor Hugo's poem can be considered 'First Class,' which is perhaps not to be wondered at, as it is no doubt a very difficult one to do justice to.

AUGUST CLASS LIST.

CLASS II.—*Moonstone*, 75; *Picciola*, 70; *B., Poetaster*, 60; *Talpa*, 55; *R. V. H.*, 54; *Hope, Spes, Vertumnus*, 53; *M. C. D.*, 52.
CLASS III.—*Azelia*, 48; *R. L. Gorton*, 45; *E. M. W., E. Y., Rose*, 40; *Ellart*, 35; *Gurgoyle, Red Rowan, St. Claire*, 30; *Double-Dummy*, 27.
CLASS IV.—*Truda, Boadicea, Ur Walda*, 20; *Mary Hamilton*, 18; *Ada Moxhay*, 15; *M. E. L., M. R. A., Iris*, 10; *Anemone, Alicia de Fangoine, Cecilia de Noël, one unsigned*, 5.

VERSE COMPETITION FOR AUGUST.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VICTOR HUGO.

To the bright butterfly the flower did pray:
Leave me not so!
Our lot is too unequal! I must stay,
And thou wilt go!

Yet, far from men hath grown without their aid
This love of ours:
So marked our likeness, some have even said
We both were flowers!

But thee the breezes waft—earth chains me fast—
Ah, cruel fate!
Fain o'er thy flight my breath would fragrance cast,
E'en to heaven's gate!

But no! thou fliest too far, where flowers more sweet
Are countless found;
Alone I watch the shadow at my feet
Move slowly round.

Thy form departs—returns—then disappears
To shine elsewhere;
And when, at dawn, thou findest me in tears,
The cause lies there.

Oh! that from days of constancy may flow
Our love alone,
Take root like me, my king! or wings bestow
Like to thine own!

ANEIDO.

THE FLOWER AND THE BUTTERFLY.

The poor flower said one morning,
To the airy butterfly,
'Fly not away so quickly
Towards the bright blue sky!

See how diverse our fates are,
I stay here all the day,
Whilst thou on painted pinions
Art flying far away.

But all the same we're lovers,
We live apart from men;
Far from all human dwellings
We meet and part again.

And we are like each other,
And sometimes people say
That both of us are flowers
With varied colours gay!

Alas! the air blows round thee
And carries thee away;
Ah, cruel fate! for ever
I must in fetters stay.

I would that with my perfume,
As summer zephyr light,
I could attain to sweeten
Thy daily heavenward flight.

But no! Too far thou goest,
Past many a brilliant flower
Thy downy wings do flutter
And bear thee hour by hour.

Whilst I can here do nothing,
Through daylight's hours sweet,
But watch my shadow turning
Slowly around my feet.

Away thou fliest quickly,
Then comest back once more,
Then goest to show thy beauty
For others to adore.

And thus at every sunrise
I stand all bathed in tears;
So thou dost find me daily
Harassed by doubts and fears.

O that our love may ever
Be faithful day by day,
And grow through all our lifetime
And never pass away.

King of my heart, I pray thee
Either take root like me,
Or give me wings in order
That I may follow thee!'

MOONSTONE.

SUBJECT FOR OCTOBER.

Von Perlen baut sich eine Brücke
Hoch über einen grauen See;
Sie baut sich auf im Augenblicke,
Und schwindelnd steigt sie in die Höh.

Der höchsten Schiffe höchste Masten
Ziehn unter ihrem Bogen hin,
Sie selber trug noch keine Lasten,
Und scheint, wie du ihr nahst, zu fliehn.

Sie wird erst mit dem Strom, und schwindet,
So wie des Wassers Flut versiegt
So sprich, wo sich die Brücke findet,
Und wer sie künstlich hat gefügt.

SCHILLER.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

ANSWERS TO AUGUST QUESTIONS.

1. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL—The last line of his poem 'Irene.'

2. 'They tied bladders to the sides of their necks, and flung them from the top of the house.'—'History of the Robins' (MRS. TRIMMER).

3. This question seems to have two answers! There is a tradition (not apparently capable of verification), that this happened at Runnymede to provide King John with the pen to sign Magna Carta. The better-known story is that Locksley shot a wild goose to provide Aymer de Valence with a pen to write to Brian de Bois-Guilbert, as the Prior refused to use the Jew's pen.—'Ivanhoe' (SIR WALTER SCOTT).—(N.B.—Marks are allowed to either answer.)

4. Dr. Primrose, 'The Vicar of Wakefield' (OLIVER GOLDSMITH).

5. Peg Woffington, to amuse the starving children of Triplet the actor.—'Peg Woffington' (CHARLES READE; also the play of 'Masks and Faces').

6. 'The not-browne bride.'—'Lord Thomas and Fair Annet' (OLD BALLAD).

> 'The bride she drew a long bodkin
> Out o' her gay head-gear,
> And struck faire Annet to the heart,
> That word she never spak' mair.'

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR OCTOBER.

1. What worthy tutor took the newly invented 'mackintosh' for a smock-frock?

2. What did Cowper take as the subject of 'The Task,' and why?

3. State what you know about a 'tar-baby.'

4. Who were Blumine, Tony Johnson, Donatello?

5. Who wrote this little fable: 'The pond said to the ocean, "Why do you rage so? The wind is not so very violent—nay, it is already fallen. Look at me. I rose into no foaming waves, and I am already smooth again"?'

6. Who succeeded in seeing 'the elephants' dance'?

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Double-Dummy, *Isabel*, 36; *White Lion*, 34; *Aspley Guise*, *Babee Fox*, *Feu-follet*, *Madge Wildfire*, *Rule of Three*, *Starling*, *Syndicate*, *White Cat*, 30; *Helen*, *L. Halliday*, *Old Maid*, 28; *Greta*, *Sundial*, 24; *Honeylands*, *Scott*, 22; *Clio*, *Green Mantle*, 18; *Iris*, *M. R. A.*, *Stella*, 16; *Euphrosyne*, *Sister Queen*, 12; *Nemo*, *MSS.*, 10; *Helga*, 6; *F. M. Oldfield*, 4. *L. Halliday*. One set of answers (unsigned) was credited to eighteen marks for June. Do you think they were yours? The papers have not been kept, as the half-yearly prize has been awarded.

Competitors are reminded that full marks cannot be given, unless full reference is made to author and work.

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Wanted.—Author, and rest of poem—

> 'Mon seul beau jour a dû finir,
> Finir dès son aurore.
> Mais pour moi ce doux souvenir
> Est du bonheur encore.

En fermant les yeux je revois
L'enclos plein de lumière—
La haie en fleurs—le petit bois—
La ferme—et la fermière.'

MISS KAY.

Author, and words of following—

'Censure not too harshly,
Nature's apt to halt;
The man is yet unborn
Who is without a fault.'

S. MICHAEL'S.

Commercial Bank, Paterson, N.S. Wales.
July 20th.

A subscriber of long standing to the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged to Chelsea China if she will endeavour to find the origin and author of the enclosed lines, and, if successful, insert them in the number following upon the discovery.

'They wait, and the years gather round them;
They hope, and the hoping beguiles;
But how few of the many have found them—
The beautiful Fortunate Isles.'

ANSWERS.

Miss Wilson.—'The headless man,' etc., is by Dr. Whewell.—S. MICHAEL'S.

'Long may the chisels ring' is a translation of a verse of the hymn, 'Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem.'—MARY HAMILTON.

'Let the victors, when they come,' is from Matthew Arnold's poem, 'The Last Word.'—SYNDICATE.

Longfellow.—Translation is the one personally preferred by Chelsea China (Routledge, 3*s.*).—MAC.

L. wants to know the publisher of Lady Barker's 'Stories About.' For Miss Yonge's three books, Messrs. Masters.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TWO ANCIENT DANCES, ETC.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—It is a common saying, that if any one states *any* fact about Rome, some one else is sure to contradict it. Still, I hope Miss Vansittart will not think me uncourteous if I make one or two remarks about her very interesting paper. First, I would object that St. Viatrix (the wayfarer or pilgrim) was the name of the martyr of the cemetery of Generosa.

The name is so inscribed in the catacomb on the architrave of the altar and on the painting. Viatrix is the name in the older martyrologies and liturgies, according to Lanciani, who looks upon Beatrix as not a genuine name at all, but simply as a corruption by some scribe of the eighth or ninth century (see 'Pagan and Christian Rome'). It first is known to appear in the Codex of Berne. I have sometimes thought that the old meaning may have still clung in part to the name in Dante's time, and may throw a side-light on the guiding star of his 'Pilgrim's progress.' At any rate, it is a pity to lose sight of the genuine spelling.

With regard to my further remarks, I have never studied the subject, and am far away from books of reference; but just as a suggestion, I ask if the Saturnalia does not survive in that extraordinary scene in Rome on the night of the 5th of January?—when the populace turns out to make night hideous by beating biscuit-tins and oil-cans, blowing every conceivable sort of horn

and whistle, and generally trying who can make most noise in the most horrible way.

I certainly have heard it stated, that Carnival, with its triumphant entry showers of flowers, motley court, illness, death, and funeral pyre, is an ancient, acted story, an allegory, far older than the city of Rome itself. The poetry is now there no longer, and it has been modernised out of recognition.

The connection between pagan and Christian ceremonies is a very interesting one, though it sometimes brings one face to face with very startling facts.—Yours truly, VIA APPIA.

It is very kind of *Arachne* and Chelsea China to interest themselves in my opinion about Juliet, and I think I ought to confess that my choice was influenced by seeing how the carrying out of the principle of 'What's in a name?' nearly led to a mistake that might have had serious consequences. I think that if we want to see Shakespeare's real feeling of the poetry of the stars in Italy, we should read Lorenzo and Jessica in the gardens of Belmont, in the 'Merchant of Venice.' May I differ about Audrey? She is a rather stupid country girl, who frankly owns she wishes to be married, and sees no harm in the confession; and does not like poetry, which taste (or want of it) she shares with the modern girl. Mrs. Quickly, the shrewd, common type of woman, is like Juliet's nurse, only cleverer. The refined, pretty Audrey, who tries to share her apples (not the traditional turnip) with Touchstone, as played by the Daly Co., is surely more what Shakespeare meant than the usual stage Audrey. I think Chelsea China's ideas of the mismated heroes and heroines is delightful, and quite look forward to the conversations.—GRAY SQUIRREL.

A MUCH-BELATED REMONSTRANCE.

DEAR AUTHOR OF THE 'M. M. PAPERS.'—In your chapter on 'The M. M.'s Friendships' you say, 'Beware of adorations; not only because they make you absurd, but because they mock a beautiful possibility.' (I quote from memory—that is the substance.) But is it inevitable that they should do either? Take the case of a woman (I know such a one)—a woman no longer young, who, though much love has fallen to her lot, has only now found a perfect friend. Excessive pride and a strong sense of personal dignity will keep her from doing anything absurd; and the 'beautiful possibility' of which you speak, she has from earliest girlhood deliberately chosen to put aside.

Is she to quench and stifle the delight in a presence more comfortable to her than the day, only because the degree of love which she cannot but feel is a thing unusual when youth is past? Surely no. Else must her life lack always what may be its best help heavenward.—AMARYLLIS.

[But she *has* the 'beautiful possibility'—the friendship which, if she made herself absurd, she would mock. She has exactly what should be guarded from—foolish imitating.—CHELSEA CHINA.]

A 'Graduate' agrees with University Tutor as to the *plainness* of the translations of pretty poems in the 'China Cupboard,' but cannot blame the editors for not digging out a 'true poet,' when there, maybe, is none. Simple German poems also, as distinguished from the classical, are the despair of translators; but it is a dismal circumstance that the somewhat turgid and ponderous translation (in a wrong metre) of Sully Prudhomme's 'Swallow Song' should be the best of seventy. However, one can only criticise the editors when they have absolute freedom of selection, as of the Rondeau on page 712—'At Sunset Time.' It is so hard to understand as, in that quality, to rival Browning himself. An attempt at a solution is offered by a member of a Browning Club, trained to hunt for meanings.

REASON OF RHYME.

(RONDEAU.)

'Tis just to rhyme, the chorus bird
Retires at sunset, as averred,
To dream apart of somebody;
He seeks his supper usually,
That single bird, in chorus heard,
But just to rhyme.

And when the cattle won't be stirred,
Unless 'thy soft voice sounds a word'—
(The herdsman thou, presumably)—
'Tis just to rhyme.

And even if poor Nature erred,
Why was she mounted, onward spurred?
Why called the stars, who bashfully
Gazed at the earth's tranquillity,
The while *he* wooed them undeterred?
'Tis just to rhyme.

L'Envoy—

Earth once was she, but here a *he*,
To woo these bashful stars must be.
Looms here some riddle dark, sublime?
What dreamt the birds of—who is thee?
Nay, never weigh the mystery—
'Tis all to rhyme.

LOT 13.

MARION'S ERROR.

May an old subscriber say a word for the charming heroine of 'Lot 13.' Perhaps it was a rector's daughter brought up to understand the value of registers who was so hard upon her. Marion, like other girls not specially instructed, might suppose them to be useful, like Peerages or Directories, but not of public importance. In this case, owing to false information, either the register was incorrect, or a crime involving a great failure of justice had been ignorantly committed. To her her action would seem only a hazardous and unlicenced correction of a real mistake *somewhere*—not a forgery of a public document.

BOOK NOTICES.

The 'Ascent of Man,' by Professor Drummond (Hodder and Stoughton), is a book that cannot be too highly recommended to all who are interested in modern science. Its point is to show that side by side with the struggle for life which Darwin brought into notice as the great factor in evolution, there has from the very beginning of animal and vegetable existence gone on also the struggle for the life of others. In other words, he claims that creation has been brought to its present perfection by means not only of successful selfishness, but of successful unselfishness, and that as the creatures rise in the scale of being, successful selfishness becomes a less potent factor than successful unselfishness. It is in fact an exoneration of Nature from Tennyson's picture of her—'red in tooth and claw with ravin,' shrieking against the Christian's Creed; and it cannot but be a comforting book to those who object to the notion that Nature is sternly non-moral, or even anti-moral, in her procedure.

One criticism strikes us—is the author quite right in attributing the existence of modern war entirely to the struggle for nutrition? Is there not in all creatures a pleasurable consciousness of their powers, which shows

itself as play, and from play develops through emulation into serious combat, when the question is either of the choicest food or of the most attractive mate? This instinct, unalloyed by the hatred which is its perversion, seems to have much to do with the 'joy of battle with his peers,' which Ulysses drank

'Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.'

DRAGON.

Mrs. Eleanor Tee's 'This Every Day Life' (G. Bell) is a really valuable book for helping on both the spiritual and temporal daily life of young girls and women. The chapters on Recreation and Fashion are particularly good, except that we do not agree as to the avoiding the putting on of Sunday clothes, lest they should 'steal the Sunday heart away.' She forgets that after the first wearing the charm of novelty departs, and that even that first danger may be obviated, as in the case of a lady we once knew, who made it her rule never to wear anything for the first time on a Sunday, in case, not of vanity, but of inconvenience and want of the accustomed feeling.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address CHELSEA CHINA on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS—

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Search Questions (*Who, When, and Where*). Prize, for six months taken together, £1 1*s.*

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Rules for the above—

(1) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co.; they must NOT be addressed to 'the Editors.' (2) Each envelope must be marked *outside* with the subject to which it refers. Papers under separate competitions or discussions must be in separate envelopes. (3) The correspondent's name and address must be written on every paper: the use of a *nom de plume* for the lists is optional. (4) If competitors fail to comply with any rule, their papers will be disqualified. (5) The real name of the prize-winner is published in each case.

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THE MONTHLY PACKET.

NEW SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

MY LADY ROTHA.

A ROMANCE.

BY STANLEY WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF 'A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE,' 'THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF,' ETC.

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CHAPTER XXXI.

THE TRIAL.

LATE as it was when I fell asleep—for these thoughts long kept me waking—I was up and on my way to Count Leuchtenstein's before the bells rang seven. It was the 17th of August, and the sun, already high, flashed light from a hundred oriels and casements. Below, in the streets, it sparkled on pikeheads and steel caps; above, it glittered on vane and weather-cock; it burnished old bells hung high in air, and decked the waking city with a hundred points of splendour. Everywhere the cool brightness of early morning met the eye, and spoke of things I could not see—the dew on forest leaves, the Werra where it shoals among the stones.

But as I went I saw things that belied the sunshine, things to which I could not shut my eyes. I met men whose meagre forms and shrunken cheeks made a shadow round them; and others, whose hungry vulture eyes, as they prowled in the kennel for garbage, seemed to belong to belated night-birds rather than to creatures of the day. Wan, pinched women, with white-faced children, signs of the deeper distress that lay hidden away in courts and alleys, shuffled along beside the houses; while the common crowd, on whose features famine had not yet laid its

hand, wore a stern pre-occupied look, as if the gaunt spectre stood always before their eyes—visible, and no long way off.

In the excitement of the last few days I had failed to note these things or their increase; I had gone about my business thinking of little else, seeing nothing beyond it. Now my eyes rudely opened; I recognised with a kind of shock the progress which dearth and disease were making, and had made, in the city. North and south and east and west of me, in endless multitude, the countless roofs and spires of Nuremberg rose splendid and sparkling in the sunshine. North and south, and east and west, in city and lager lay scores of thousands of armed men, tens of thousands of horses—a host that might fitly be called invincible; and all come together on its defence. But, in corners, as I went along I heard men whisper that Duke Bernard's convoy had been cut off, that the Saxon forage had not come in, that the Croats were gripping the Bamberg road, that a thousand waggons of corn had reached the imperial army. And perforce I remembered that an army must not only fight but eat. The soldiers must be fed, the city must be fed. I began to see that if Wallenstein, secure in his impregnable position on the hills, declined still to move or fight, the time would come when the Swedish King must choose between two courses, and either attack the enemy on the Alta Veste against all odds of position, or march away and leave the city to its fate. I ceased to wonder that care sat on men's faces, and seemed to be a feature of the streets. The passion which the mob had displayed in the night no longer surprised me. The hungry man is no better than a brute.

Opposite Count Leuchtenstein's lodgings they were quelling a riot at a bakehouse, and the wolfish cries and screams rang in my ears long after I had turned into the house. The Count had been on night service, and was newly risen, and not yet dressed, but his servant consented to admit me. I passed on the stairs a grey-haired sergeant, scarred, stiff, and belted, who was waiting with a bundle of lists and reports. In the antechamber two or three gentlemen in buff coats, who talked in low, earnest voices and eyed me curiously as I passed, sat at breakfast. I noted the order and stillness which prevailed everywhere in the house, and nowhere more than in the Count's chamber; where I found him dressing before a plain table, on which a small, fat Bible had the place of a pouncet box, and a pair of silver-mounted pistols figured instead of a scent-case.

Not that the appointments of the room were mean. On a little stand beside the Bible was the chain of gold walnuts which I had good cause to remember; and this was balanced on the other side by a miniature of a beautiful woman, set in gold and surmounted by a coat-of-arms.

He was vigorously brushing his grey hair and moustachios when I entered, and the air, which the open window freely admitted, lent a brightness to his eyes and a freshness to his complexion that took off ten of his years. He betrayed some surprise at seeing me so early; but he received me with good nature, congratulated me on my adventure, the main facts of which had reached him, and in the same breath lamented Tzerclas' escape.

'But we shall have the fox one of these days,' he continued. 'He is a clever scoundrel, and thinks to be a Wallenstein. But the world has only space for one monster at a time, friend Steward. And to be anything lower than Wallenstein, whom I take to be unique—to be a Pappenheim, for instance,—a man must have a heart as well as a head, or men will not follow him. However, you did not come to me to discuss Tzerclas,' he continued genially. 'What is your errand, my friend?'

'To ask your excellency's influence on behalf of the Waldgrave Rupert,' I said bluntly.

He paused with his brushes suspended. 'On your own account?' he asked; and he looked at me with sudden keenness.

'No, my lord,' I answered. 'My lady sent me. She would have come herself, but the hour was early; and she feared to let the matter stand, lest summary measures should be taken against him.'

'It is likely very summary measures will be taken!' he answered dryly, and with a very sensible change in his manner. His voice seemed to grow harsher, his features more rigid. 'But why,' he continued, looking at me again, 'does not the Countess leave him in Prince Bernard's hands? He is his near kinsman.'

'She fears, my lord,' I said, 'that Prince Bernard may not——'

'Be inclined to help him?' the Count replied sternly. 'Well, I think that that is very likely, and I am not surprised. See you how the matter stands? This young gallant should have been, since his arrival here, foremost in every skirmish; he

should have spent his days in the saddle, and his nights in his cloak, and been the first to mount and the last to leave the works. Instead of that, he has shown himself lukewarm throughout, Master Steward. He has done no credit to his friends or his commission; he has done everything to lend colour to this charge, and, by my faith, I do not know what can be done for him—nor that it behoves me to do anything.'

'But he is not guilty of this, if your excellency pleases,' I said boldly. The Count's manner of speaking of him was hard and so nearly hostile that my choler rose a little.

'He has not done his duty!' he retorted.

'Because he has not been himself,' I replied.

'Well, we have enough to do in these evil days to protect those who are!' he answered sharply. 'Besides, this matter is a city matter. It is in the citizens' hands, and I do not know what we have to do with it. Hark ye,' he continued, almost querulously, 'it is an invidious thing to meddle with them. We of the army are risking our lives and no more! But our hosts are risking all—wives and daughters, sweethearts, and children, and homes! And I say it is an awkward thing meddling with them. For Neumann the sooner they hang the dog the better; and for this young spark I can think of nothing that he has done that binds us to go out of our way to save him. Marienbad! What brought him into that den of thieves?'

'My lord,' I said, taken aback by his severity, 'since he received a wound some months back he has not been himself.'

'He has been sufficiently himself to hang about a woman's apron-strings,' Count Leuchtenstein cried with a flash of querulous contempt, 'instead of doing his duty. However, what you say is true. I have seen it myself. But, again, why does not your lady leave Prince Bernard to settle the matter?'

'She fears that he may not be sufficiently interested.'

He turned away abruptly; unless I was mistaken, he winced. And in a moment a light broke in on me. The peevishness and irritability with which he had received the first mention of the Waldgrave's name had puzzled me. I had not expected such a display in a man of his grave, equable nature, of his high station, his great name. I had given him credit for a less churlish spirit and a judgment more evenly balanced. And I had felt surprised and disappointed.

Now, on a sudden, I saw light—in an unexpected quarter. And for a moment I could have laughed both at myself and at

him. The man was jealous—jealous, at his age and with his grey hairs! At the first blush of the thing I could have laughed, the feeling and the passion it implied seemed alike so preposterous. For there on the table before me stood the miniature of his first wife and his child's necklace. And the man himself was old enough to be my lady's father. What if he was tall and strong, and still vigorous though grey-haired; and a man of great name? When I thought of the Waldgrave—of his splendid youth and gallant presence, his gracious head and sunny smile, and pictured this staid, sober man beside him, I could have found it in my heart to laugh aloud.

While I stood, busy with these thoughts, the Count walked the length of the room more than once with his head bent and his shoulder turned to me. At length he stopped and spoke; nor could my sharpened ear now detect anything unusual in his voice.

'Very well,' he said, his tone one of half-peevish resignation, 'you have done your errand. I think I understand, and you may tell your mistress—I will do what I can. The King of Sweden will doubtless remit the matter to the citizens, and there will be some sort of a hearing to-day. I will be at it. But there is a stiff spirit abroad, and men are in an ugly mood—and I promise nothing. But I will do my best. Now go, my friend. I have business.'

With that, he dismissed me in a manner so much like his usual manner that I wondered whether I had deceived myself. And I finally left the room in a haze of uncertainty. However, I had succeeded in the object of my visit; that was something. He had taken care to guard his promise, but I did not doubt that he would perform it. For there are men whose lightest word is weightier than another's bond; and I took it, I scarcely know why, that the Count belonged to these.

Nevertheless, I saw things, as I went through the streets, that fed my doubts. While famine menaced the poorer people, the richer held a sack, with all the horrors which Magdeburg had suffered, in equal dread. The discovery of Neumann's plot had taught them how small a matter might expose them to that extremity; and as I went along I saw scarcely a burgher whose face was not sternly set, no magistrate whose brow was not dark with purpose.

Consequently, when I attended my lady to the Rath-haus at two o'clock, the hour fixed for the inquiry, I was not surprised

to find these signs even more conspicuous. The streets were thronged, and ugly looks and suspicious glances met us on all sides, merely because it was known that the Waldgrave had been much at my lady's house. We were made to feel that Nuremberg was a free city, and that we were no more than its guests. It is true, no one insulted us; but the crowd which filled the open space before the Town-house eyed us with so little favour that I was glad to think that the magistrates with all their independence must still be guided by the sword, and that the sword was the King of Sweden's.

My lady, I saw, shared my apprehensions. But she came of a stock not easily daunted, and would as soon have dreamed of putting out one of her eyes because it displeased a chance acquaintance, as of deserting a friend because the Nurembergers frowned upon him. Her eyes sparkled and her colour rose as we proceeded; the ominous silence which greeted us only stiffened her carriage. By the time we reached the Rath-haus I knew not whether to fear more from her indiscretion, or hope more from her courage.

The Court sat in private, but orders that we should be admitted had been given; and after a brief delay we were ushered into the hall of audience—a lofty, panelled chamber, carved and fretted, having six deep bays, and in each a window of stained glass. A number of scutcheons and banners depended from the roof; at one end a huge double eagle wearing the imperial crown pranced in all the pomp of gold and tinctures; and behind the court, which consisted of the Chief Magistrate and four colleagues, the sword of Justice was displayed. But that which struck me far more than these things, was the stillness that prevailed, which was such that, though there were a dozen persons present when we entered, the creaking of our boots as we walked up the floor, and the booming of distant cannon, seemed to be equally audible.

The Chief Magistrate rose and received my lady with due ceremony, ordering a chair to be placed for her, and requesting her to be seated at the end of the dais-table, behind which he sat. I took my stand at a respectful distance behind her; and so far we had nothing to complain of; but I felt my spirits sensibly dashed both by the stillness and the sombre and almost forbidding faces of the five judges. Two or three attendants stood by the doors, but neither the King of Sweden nor any of his officers were present. I looked in vain for Count

Leuchtenstein; I could see nothing of him or of the prisoners. The solemn air of the room, the silence, and the privacy of the proceedings, all contributed to chill me. I could fancy myself before a court of inquisitors, a Vehm-Gericht, or that famous Council of Ten which sits, I have heard, at Venice; but for any of the common circumstances of such tribunals as are usual in Germany I could not find them.

I think that my lady was somewhat taken aback too; but she did not betray it. After courteously thanking the Council for granting her an audience, she explained that her object in seeking it was to state certain facts on behalf of the Waldgrave Rupert of Weimar, her kinsman, and to offer the evidence of her steward, a person of respectability.

'We are quite willing to hear your excellency,' the Chief Magistrate answered in a grave, dry voice. 'But perhaps you will first inform us to what these facts tend? It may shorten the inquiry.'

'Some weeks ago,' my lady answered with dignity, 'the Waldgrave Rupert was wounded in the head. From that time he has not been himself.'

'Does your excellency mean that he is not aware of his actions?'

'No,' my lady answered quietly. 'I do not go as far as that.'

'Or that he is not aware in what company he is?' the magistrate persisted.

'Oh no.'

'Or that he is ignorant at any time where he is?'

'No, but——'

'One moment!' the Chief Magistrate stopped her with a courteous gesture. 'Pardon me. In an instant, your excellency—to whom I assure you that the Court are obliged, since we desire only to do justice—will see to what my questions lead. I crave leave to put one more, and then to put the same question to your steward. It is this: Do you admit, Countess, that the Waldgrave Rupert was last night in the house with Tzerclas, Neumann, and the other persons inculpated?'

'Certainly,' my lady answered. 'I am so informed. I did not know that that was in question,' she added, looking round with a slightly puzzled air.

'And you, my friend?' The Chief Magistrate fixed me with his small, keen eyes. 'But first, what is your name?'

'Martin Schwartz.'

'Yes, I remember. The man who was saved from the villains. We could have no better evidence. What do you say, then? Was the Waldgrave Rupert last night in this house—the house in question?'

'I saw him in the house,' I answered warily. 'In the hall. But he was not in the room with Tzerclas and Neumann—the room in which I saw the maps and plans.'

'A fair answer,' the Burgomaster replied, nodding his head, 'and your evidence might avail the accused. But the fact is—it is to this point we desire to call your excellency's attention,' he continued, turning with a dusty smile to my lady—'the Waldgrave steadily denies that he was in the house at all.'

'He denies that he was there?' my lady exclaimed. 'But was he not arrested in the house?'

'Yes,' the Chief Magistrate answered dryly, 'he was.' And he looked at us in silence.

'But—what does he say?' my lady asked faintly.

'He affects to be ignorant of everything that has occurred in connection with the house. He pretends that he does not know how he comes to be in custody, that he does not know many things that have lately occurred. For instance, three days ago,' the Burgomaster continued with a chill smile, 'I had the honour of meeting him at the King of Sweden's quarters and talking with him. He says to-day that I am a stranger to him, that we did not meet, that we did not talk, and that he does not know where the King of Sweden's quarters are.'

'Then,' my lady said sorrowfully, 'he is worse than he was. He is now quite mad.'

'I am afraid not,' the magistrate replied, shaking his head gravely. 'He is sane enough on other points. Only he will answer no questions that relate to this conspiracy, or to his guilt.'

'He is not guilty,' the Countess cried impetuously. 'Believe me, however strangely he talks, he is incapable of such treachery!'

'Your excellency forgets—that he was in this house!'

'But with no evil intentions!'

'Yet denies that he was there!' the Burgomaster concluded gravely.

That silenced my lady, and she sat rolling her kerchief in her hands. Against the five impassive faces that confronted her, the ten inscrutable eyes that watched her; above all, against

this strange, this inexplicable denial, she could do nothing! At last—

'Will you hear my steward?' she asked—in despair, I think.

'Certainly,' the Burgomaster answered. 'We wish to do so.'

On that I told them all I knew; in what terms I had heard Neumann and General Tzerclas refer to the Waldgrave; how unexpected had been his appearance in the hall; how this interference had saved my life; and, finally, my own conviction that he was not privy to Tzerclas' designs.

The Court heard me with attention; the Burgomaster put a few questions. I answered them. Then, afraid to stop—for their faces showed no relenting—I began to repeat what I had said before. But now the Court remained silent; I stumbled, stammered, finally sank into silence myself. The air of the place froze me; I seemed to be talking to statues.

The Countess was the first to break the spell. 'Well?' she cried, her voice tremulous, yet defiant.

The Burgomaster consulted his colleagues, and for the first time something of animation appeared in their faces. But it lasted an instant only. Then the others sat back in their chairs, and he turned to my lady.

"We are obliged to your excellency,' he said gravely and formally. 'And to your servant. But the Court sees no reason to change its decision.'

'And that is?' The Countess's voice was husky. She knew what was coming.

'That both prisoners suffer together.'

For an instant I feared that my lady would do something unbecoming her dignity; and either break into womanish sobs and lamentations, or stoop to threats and insistence that must be equally unavailing. But she had learned in command the man's lesson of control; and never had I seen her more equal to herself. I knew that her heart was bounding wildly; that her breast was heaving with indignation, pity, horror; that she saw, as I saw, the fair head for which she pleaded, rolling in the dust. But with all—she controlled herself. She rose stiffly from her seat.

'I am obliged to you for your patience, sir,' she said, trembling but composed. 'I had expected one to aid me in my prayer, who is not here. And I can say no more. On his head be it. Only—I trust that you may never plead with as good a cause—and be refused.'

They rose and stood while she turned from them; and the two court ushers with their wands went before her as she walked down the hall. The silence, the formality, the creaking shoes, the very gules and purpure that lay in pools on the floor—I think that they stifled her as they stifled me; for when she reached the open air at last and I saw her face, I saw that she was white to the lips.

But she bore herself bravely; and the surly crowd, that filled the Market Square and hailed our appearance with a harsh murmur, grew silent under her scornful eye, and partly out of respect, partly out of complaisance, because they now felt sure of their victim, doffed their caps to her and made room for us to pass. Every moment I expected her to break down: to weep or cover her face. But she passed through all proudly, and walked, unfaltering, back to our lodging.

There on the threshold she did pause at last, just when I wished her to go on. She stood and turned her head, listening.

'What is that?' she said.

'Cannon,' I answered hastily. 'In the trenches, my lady.'

'No,' she said quietly. 'It is shouting. They have read the sentence.'

She said no more, not another word; and she went in quietly and upstairs to her room. But I wondered and feared. Such composure as this seemed to be unnatural, almost cruel. For I could not think of the Waldgrave myself without a lump coming in my throat. I could not face the sunshine. And Steve and the men, when they heard, were no better. We stood inside the doorway in a little knot, and looked at one another mournfully. A man who passed—and did not know the house or who we were—stopped to tell us that the sentence would be carried out at sunset; and, pleased to have given us the news, went whistling down the stale, sunny street.

Steve growled out an oath. 'Who are these people,' he said savagely, 'that they should say my lady nay? When the Countess stoops to ask a life—Himmel!—is she not to have it?'

'Not here,' I said, shaking my head.

'And why not?' he asked.

'Because we are not at Heritzburg now,' I answered sadly.

'But—are we nobody here?' he growled in a rage. 'Are we going to sit still and let them kill my lady's own cousin?'

I shrugged my shoulders. 'We have done all we can,' I said peevishly.

'But there is some one can say nay to these curs!' he cried. And he spat contemptuously into the street. He had a countryman's scorn of townsfolk. 'Why don't we take the law into our own hands, Master Martin?'

'It is likely,' I said. 'One against ten thousand! And for the matter of that, if the people are angry, it is not without cause. Did you see the man under the archway?'

Steve nodded. 'Dead,' he muttered.

'Starved,' I said. 'He was a cripple. First the cripples. Then the sound men. Life is cheap here.'

Steve swore another oath. 'Those are curs. But our man—why don't we go to the King of Sweden? I suppose he is a sort of cousin to my lady?'

'We have as good as gone to him,' I answered. At another time I might have smiled at Steve's notion of my lady's importance. 'We have been to one equally able to help us. And he has done us no good. And for the matter of that, there is not time to go to the camp and back.'

Steve began to fume and fret. The minutes went like lead. We were all miserable together. Outside, the kennel simmered in the sun, the low rumble of the cannon filled the air. I hated Nuremberg, the streets, the people, the heat. I wished I had never seen a stone of it.

Presently one of the women came downstairs to us. 'Do you know if there has been any fighting in the trenches to-day?' she asked.

'Nothing to speak of,' I answered. 'As far as I have heard. Why?'

'The Countess wishes to know,' she said. 'You have not heard of any one being killed?'

'No.'

'Nor wounded?'

'No.'

She nodded and turned away. I called after her to know the reason of her questions, but she flitted upstairs without giving me an answer, and left us looking at one another. In a second, however, she was down again.

'My lady will see no one,' she said, with a face of mystery. 'You understand, Master Martin? But—if any come of importance, you can take her will.'

I nodded. The woman cast a lingering look into the street and went upstairs again.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A POOR GUERDON.

I HAD slept scantily the night before, and the excitement of the last twenty-four hours had still farther worn me out. I was grieved for the gallant life so swiftly ebbing, and miserable on my lady's account; but sorrow of this kind is a sleepy thing, and the day was hot. Of course I did not feel about the Waldgrave as I had about Marie; and gradually my head nodded, and nodded again, until I fell fast asleep, on the seat within the door.

A man's voice, clear and penetrating, awoke me. 'Let him be,' he was saying. 'Hark you, fellow, let him be. He was up last night; I will announce myself.'

I was drowsy and understood only half of what I heard; and I should have taken the speaker at his word, and turning over dropped off again, if Steve had not kicked me and brought me to my feet with a cry of pain. I stood an instant, bewildered, dazzled by the sunlight, nursing my ankle in my hand. Then I made out where I was, and saw through the arch of the entrance Count Leuchtenstein dismounting in the street. As I looked, he threw the reins to a trooper who accompanied him, and turned to come in.

'Ah, my friend,' he said, nodding pleasantly, 'you are awake. I will see your mistress.'

I was not quite myself yet, and his presence took me aback. I stood looking at him awkwardly. 'If your excellency will wait a moment,' I faltered at last, 'I will take her pleasure.'

He glanced at me a moment, as if surprised. Then he laughed. 'Go,' he said. 'I am not often kept waiting.'

I was glad to get away, and I ran upstairs; and knocking hurriedly at the parlour door, went in. My lady, pale and frowning, with a little book in her hand, got up hastily—from her knees, I thought. Marie Wort, with tears on her cheeks, and Fraulein Max, looking scared, stood behind her.

The Countess looked at me, her eyes flashing. 'What is it?' she asked sharply.

'Count Leuchtenstein is below,' I said.

'Well?'

'He wishes to see your excellency.'

'Did I not say that I would see no one?' she demanded.

'But Count Leuchtenstein?'

She laughed a shrill laugh full of pain—a laugh that had something hysterical in it. 'You thought that I would see *him?*' she cried in a grating voice. 'Him, I suppose, of all people? Go down, fool, and tell him that even here, in this poor house, my doors are open to my friends and to them only! Not to those who profess much and do nothing! Or to those who bark and do not bite! Count Leuchtenstein? Pah, tell him—— Silence, woman!' This to Marie, who would have interrupted her. 'Tell him what I have told you, man, word for word. Or no'—she continued, catching herself up with a mocking smile, such as I had never seen on her face before. 'Tell him this instead—that the Countess Rotha is engaged with the Waldgrave Rupert, and wants no other company! Yes, tell him that, word for word. It will bite home, if he has a conscience! He might have saved him, and he would not! Now, when I would pray, which is all women can do, he comes here! Oh, I am sick! I am sick!'

I saw that she was almost beside herself with grief and chagrin; and I stood irresolute, my heart aching for her. What I dared not do, Marie did. She sprang forward, and seizing the Countess's hand, knelt beside her, covering it with kisses.

'Oh, my lady!' she cried through her tears. 'Don't be so hard. See him. See him. Even at this last moment.'

With an inarticulate cry the Countess flung her off so forcibly that the girl fell to the ground. 'Be silent!' my lady cried, her eyes on fire. 'Or go to your prayers, wench. To your prayers! And do you, man, begone! Begone, and on your peril give my message, word for word!'

I saw nothing for it but to obey; and I went down full of dismay. I could understand my lady's grief, and that I had come upon her at an inopportune moment. But the self-control which she had exhibited before the Court, rendered the violence of her rage now the more surprising. I had never seen her in this mood, and her hardness shocked me. I felt myself equally bewildered and grieved.

I found Count Leuchtenstein waiting on the step, with his face to the street. He turned as I descended. 'Well?' he said, smiling. 'Am I to go up, my friend?'

I saw that he had not the slightest doubt of my answer, and his cheerfulness kindled a sort of resentment in my breast. He

seemed to be so well content, so certain of his reception, so calm and strong—and, at this very moment—for the sunshine had left the street and was creeping up the tiles—they might be leading out the Waldgrave! I had liked my lady's message very little when she gave it to me; now I rejoiced that I could sting him with it.

'My lady is not very well,' I said. 'The sentence on the Waldgrave has upset her.'

He smiled. 'But she will receive me?' he said.

'Craving your excellency's indulgence, I do not think that she will receive any one,' I answered.

'You told her that I was here?'

'Yes, your excellency. And she said——'

His face fell. 'Tut! tut!' he exclaimed. 'But I come on purpose to—— What did she say, man?'

The smile was gone from his lips, but I caught it lurking in his eyes; and it hardened me to do her bidding. 'I was to tell your excellency that she should not receive you,' I said, 'that she was engaged with the Waldgrave.'

He started and stared at me, his expression slowly passing from amazement to anger. 'What!' he exclaimed at last, in a cutting tone. 'Already?' And his lip curled with a kind of disgust. 'You have given me the message exactly, have you, man?'

'Yes, your excellency,' I said, quailing a little. But servants know when to be stupid, and I affected stupidity, fixing my eyes on his breast and pretending to see nothing. He turned and for a moment I thought that he was going without a word. Then on the steps he turned again. 'You have heard the news, then?' he said sourly. He had already regained his self-control.

'Yes, my lord.'

'Ah! Well, you lose no time in your house,' he replied grimly. 'Call my horse!'

I called the man, who had wandered a little way up the street, and he brought it. As I held the Count's stirrup for him to mount, I noticed how heavily he climbed to his saddle, and that he settled himself into it with a sigh; but the next moment he laughed as at himself. I stood back, expecting him to say something more, or to leave some message. But he did not even look at me again; he touched his horse with the spur, and walked away steadily. I stood and watched him until he

reached the end of the street—until he turned the corner and disappeared.

Even then I still stood looking after him, partly sorry and partly puzzled, for quite a long time. And it was only when I turned to go in that I missed Steve and the men, and began to wonder what had become of them. I had left them with the Count at the door—they were gone now. I looked up and down in vain; I could see them nowhere. I went in and asked the women; but they were not with them. The sunset gun had just gone off, and one of the girls was crying hysterically, while the others sat round her, white and frightened. This did not cheer me, nor enliven the house. I came out again, vowing vengeance on the truants; and there in the entrance, facing me, standing where the Count had stood a few minutes before, I saw the last man I looked to see!

I gasped and gave back a step. The sun was gone, the evening light was behind the man, and his face was in the shadow. His figure showed dark against the street. 'Ach Gott!' I cried, and stood still, stricken. It was the Waldgrave!

'Martin!' he said.

I gave back another step. The street was quiet, the house like the grave. For a moment the figure did not move, but stood there gazing at me. Then—

'Why, Martin!' he cried. 'Don't you know me?'

Then, not until then, I did—for a man and not a ghost; and I caught his hand with a cry of joy. 'Welcome, my lord, welcome!' I said, growing hot all over. 'Thank God that you have escaped!'

'Yes,' he said, and his tone was his own old tone, 'thank God; Him first, and then my friends. Steve and Franz I have seen already; they heard the news from the Count's man, and came to meet me, and I have sent them on an errand, by your leave. And now, where is my cousin?'

'Above,' I answered. 'But——'

I hesitated on the word. 'But what?' he said quickly.

'I think that I had better prepare her.'

'She does not know?'

'No, your excellency. Nor I, until I saw you.'

'But Count Leuchtenstein has been here. Did he not tell you?' he asked in surprise.

'Not a word!' I answered. And then I stopped, conscience-stricken. 'Himmel! I remember now,' I said. 'He asked

me if we had heard the news; and I, like a dullard, dreaming that he meant other news, and the worst, said yes!'

The Waldgrave shrugged his shoulders. 'Well, go to her now, and tell her,' he said. 'I want to see her; I want to thank her. I have a hundred things to say to her. Quick, Martin, for I am laden with debts, and I choke to pay some of them.'

I ran upstairs, marvelling. On the lobby I met Fraulein Max coming down. 'What is it?' she asked impatiently.

'The Waldgrave! He has been released! He is here!' I cried in a breath.

She stared at me while a man might count ten. Then to my astonishment she laughed aloud. 'Who released him?' she asked.

'The magistrates,' I said. 'I suppose so. I don't know.' I had not given the matter a thought.

'Not Count Leuchtenstein?'

I started. 'So!' I muttered, staring at her in my turn. 'It must have been he. The Waldgrave said something about him. And he must have come here to tell us.'

'And you gave him my lady's message?'

'Alas! yes.'

Fraulein Max laughed again, and kept on laughing, until I grew hot all over, and could have struck her for her malice. She saw at last that I was angry, and she stopped. 'Tut! tut!' she said, 'it is nothing. But that disposes of the old man. Now for the young one. He is here?'

'Yes.'

'Then why do you not show him up?'

'She must be prepared,' I muttered.

She laughed again; this time after a different fashion. 'Oh you fools of men!' she said. 'She must be prepared? Do you think that women are made of glass so that a shock breaks them? That she will die of joy? Or would have died of grief? Send him up, gaby, and I will prepare her! Send him up.'

I supposed that she knew women's ways, and I gave in to her, and sent him up; and I do not know that any harm was done. But, as a result of this, I was not present when my lady and the Waldgrave met, and I only learned by hearsay what happened.

* * * * * *

An hour or two later, when the bustle of shrieks and

questions had subsided, and the excitement caused by his return had somewhat worn itself out, Marie slipped out to me on the stairs, and sat with me in the darkness, talking. The gate of curious ironwork which guarded the house entrance was closed for the night; but the moon was up, and its light, falling through the scrollwork, lay like a pale, reedy pool at our feet. The men were at supper, the house was quiet, the city was for a little while still. Not a foot sounded on the roadway; only sometimes a skulking dog came ghost-like to the bars and sniffed, and sneaked noiselessly away.

I have said that we talked, but in verity we sat long and silent, as lovers have sat these thousand years, I suppose, in such intervals of calm. The peace of the night lapped us round; after the perils and hurry, the storm and stress of many days, we were at last together and at rest, and content to be silent. Under the covert of darkness, under the moonlight, the city lay quaking; dreading the future, torn by pangs in the present; sleepless, or dreaming of death and outrage, ridden by the nightmare of Wallenstein. But for the moment we recked nothing of this, nothing of the great camp round us, nothing of the crash of nations. We were of none of these. We had one another, and it was enough; loved one another, and the rest went by. For the moment we tasted perfect peace; and in the midst of the besieged city, we were as much alone, as if the moonlight at our feet had been, indeed, a forest pool high in the hills over Heritzburg.

Does some old man smile? Do I smile myself now, though sadly? A brief madness was it? Nay; but what if then only we were sane, and for a moment saw things as they are—lost sight of the unreal and awoke to the real? I once heard a wise man from Basle say something like that at my lady's table. The men, I remember, stared; the women looked thoughtful.

For all that, it was Marie who on this occasion broke the trance. The town clock struck ten, and at the sound hundreds, I dare swear, turned on their pillows, thinking of the husbands and sons and lovers whom the next light must imperil. My girl stirred.

'Ah!' she murmured, 'the poor Countess! Can we do nothing?'

'Do?' I said bluntly. 'What should we do? The Waldgrave is back, and in his right mind. And, of all the things I have ever known, that is the oddest. That a man should

lose his senses under one blow, and recover them under another, and remember nothing that has happened in the interval—it almost passes belief.'

'Yet it is true.'

'Certainly,' I answered. 'The Waldgrave was mad—I can bear witness to it—and now he is sane. There is no more to be said.'

'But the Countess, Martin?'

'Well, I do not know that she is the worse,' I answered stupidly. 'She sent off the Count with a flea in his ear, and a poor return it was. But she can explain it, and—after all, she has got the Waldgrave back, safe and sound. And that is the main thing.'

Marie sighed, and moved restlessly. 'Is it?' she said. 'I wish I knew.'

'What?' I asked, drawing her little head on to my shoulders.

'What my lady wishes?'

'Eh?'

'Which?'

My jaw fell. I stared into the darkness open-mouthed. 'Why,' I exclaimed at last, 'he is sixty—or fifty-five at least, my girl!'

Marie laughed softly, with her face on my breast. 'If she loves him,' she murmured. 'If she loves him.' And she hung on me.

I sat amazed, confounded, thinking no more of Marie, though my arm was round her, than of a doll. 'But he is fifty-five,' I said.

'And if you were fifty-five, do you think I should not love you?' she answered. 'When you are fifty-five, do you think that I shall not love you? Besides, he is strong, brave, famous—a man; and she is not a girl, but a woman. If the Count be too old, is not the Waldgrave too young?'

'Yes,' I said cunningly. 'But why either?'

'Because love is in the air,' Marie answered; and I knew that she smiled, though the gloom hid her face. 'Because there is a change in her. Because she knows things and sees things and feels things of which she was ignorant before. And because—because it is so, my lord.'

I whistled. This was beyond me. 'And yet you don't know which?' I said.

'No; I suspect.'

'Well—but the Waldgrave?' I exclaimed. 'Why, madchen, he is one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. An Apollo! A Fairy Prince! It is not possible that she should prefer the other.'

Marie laughed. 'Ah!' she said, 'if men chose all the husbands, there would be few wives.'

* * * * * *

CHAPTER XXXIII.

TWO MEN.

THE Waldgrave's return to his old self, and to the frankness and gaiety that, when we first knew him at Heritzburg, had surrounded him with a halo of youth, was perhaps the most noteworthy event of all within my experience. For the return proved permanent, the transformation was perfect. The moodiness, the crookedness, the crafty humours that for weeks had darkened and distorted the man's nature—so that another and a worse man seemed to look out of his eyes and speak with his mouth—were gone, leaving no cloud or remembrance. He had been mad; he was now as sane as the best. Only one peculiarity remained, and for a few days a little pallor and weakness—of all the things that had befallen him between his first wound and his second, he could remember nothing, not a jot or tittle; nor could any amount of allusion or questioning bring these things back to him. After many attempts we desisted; but there were always some who, from this date, regarded him with a certain degree of awe—as a man who had been for a time in the flesh, and yet not of it.

With sanity returned also all the wholesome ambitions and desires that had formerly moved the man, and amongst these his passion for my lady. He lay at our house that night, and spent the next two days there, recovering his strength; and I had more than one opportunity of marking the assiduity with which he followed all the Countess's movements with his eyes, the change which his voice underwent when he spoke to her, and his manner when he came into her presence. In a word, he seemed to take up his love where he had dropped it—at the point it had reached when he rode down into the green valley and secured his rival's victory at so great a cost; at the point

at which Tzerclas' admiration and my lady's rebuff had at once strengthened and purified it.

Now Tzerclas was gone from the field—magically, as it seemed to the Waldgrave. And, magically also—for he knew nothing of its flight—time had passed ; days and weeks running into months—a sufficiency of time, he hoped, to remove unfavourable impressions from her mind, to obliterate the memory of that unhappy banquet, and replace him on the pinnacle he had occupied at Heritzburg.

But he soon found that, though Tzerclas was gone and the field seemed open, all was not to be had for the asking. My lady was kind ; she had a smile for him, and pleasant words, and a ready ear. But before he had been in the house twenty-four hours, he came and confided to me that something was wrong. The Countess was changed ; was pettish as he had never seen her before ; absent and thoughtful, traits equally new ; restless—and placid dignity had been one of her chief characteristics.

'What is it, Martin?' he said, knitting his brows and striding to and fro in frank, boyish perplexity. 'It cannot be that, after all that has passed, she is fretting for that villain Tzerclas?'

'After risking her life to escape from him?' I answered dryly. 'No, I think not, my lord.'

'If I ever set eyes on him again I will end him!' the Waldgrave cried, still clinging, I think, to his idea, and exasperated by it. He strode up and down a time or two, and did not grow cooler. 'If it is not that, what is it?' he said at last.

'There are not many light hearts in Nuremberg,' I suggested. 'And of those, few are women's. There must be an end of this soon.'

'You think it is that?' he said.

'Why not?' I answered. 'I am told that the horses are dying by hundreds in the camp. The men will die next. In the end the King will have to march away, or see his army perish piecemeal. In either case the city will pay for all. Wallenstein will swoop down on it, and make of it another and greater Magdeburg. That is a poor prospect for the weak and helpless.'

'It is those rascally Croats!' the Waldgrave groaned. 'They cover the country round like flies—are here and there and

nowhere all in the same minute, and burn and harry and leave us nothing. We have no troops of that kind.'

'There was plundering in the Wert suburb last night,' I said. 'The King, I am told, blames the Germans.'

'Soldiers are bad to starve,' the Waldgrave answered briefly.

'Yes; they will see the townsfolk suffer first,' I rejoined, with a touch of bitterness. 'But look whichever way you please, it is a gloomy outlook, my lord, and I do not wonder that my lady is down-hearted.'

He nodded, but presently he said something that showed that he still was not satisfied. 'The Countess used to be of a bolder spirit,' he muttered. 'I don't understand it.'

I did not know how to answer him, and fortunately, at that moment, Marie came down to say that my lady proposed to visit Count Leuchtenstein, and that I was to go to her. The Waldgrave heard, and raced up before me, crying out that he would go too. I followed. When I reached the parlour I found them confronting one another, my lady standing in the oriel with her back to the street.

'But would it not be more seemly?' the Waldgrave was saying as I entered. 'As your cousin, and——'

'I would rather go alone,' the Countess replied curtly.

'To the camp?' he exclaimed. 'He is not in his city quarters.'

'Yes, to the camp,' my lady answered, with a spark of anger in her eyes.

On that he stood, fidgeting and discomfited, and the Countess gave me her orders. But he could not believe that she did not need him, and the moment she was silent, he began again.

'You do not want me; but you do not object to my company, I suppose?' he said airily. 'I have to thank the Count, cousin, and must go to-day or to-morrow. There is no time like the present, and if you are going now——'

'I should prefer to go alone,' my lady said stiffly.

His face fell; he stood looking foolish. 'Oh, I did not know,' he stammered at last; 'I thought——'

'What?' the Countess said.

'That you liked me well enough—to—to be glad of my company,' he answered, half offended, half in deprecation.

'I liked you well enough to abase myself for you!' my

lady retorted cruelly. And I dare say that she said more, but I did not hear it. I had to go down and prepare for her visit.

When I next saw him, he was much subdued. He seemed to be turning something over in his mind, and by-and-by he asked me a question about Count Leuchtenstein. I saw which way his thoughts were tending, or fancied that I did; but it was not my business to interfere one way or the other, and I answered him and made no comment. The horses were at the door then, and in a moment my lady came down, looking pale and depressed. The Waldgrave went humbly to her, and put her into her saddle, touching her foot as if it had been glass; and I mounted Marie, who was to attend her. I expected that my lady—who had a very tender heart under her queenly manner—would say something to him before we started; but she seemed to be quite taken up with her thoughts, and to be barely conscious, if conscious at all, of his presence. She said 'Thank you,' but mechanically. And the next moment we were moving, Franz making up the escort.

My eyes soon furnished me with other matter for thought than the Waldgrave. Throughout the city the summer drought had dried up the foliage of the trees; and the grass, where it had not been plucked by the poor and boiled for food, had been eaten to the roots by starving cattle. The whole city under the blaze of sunshine wore an arid, dusty, parched appearance, and even seemed to reflect on its face the look of dreary endurance which was worn by too many of the countenances we observed in the streets. Pain creeps by instinct to some dark and solitary place; but here was a whole city in pain, gasping and suffering under the pitiless sunshine; and the contrast between the blue sky above and the scene below added indescribably to the gloom and dreariness of the latter. I know that I got a horror of sunshine there that lasted for many a month after.

Either twenty-four hours had aggravated the pinch of famine, which was very possible, or I had a more open mind to perceive it. I marked more hollow cheeks, more hungry eyes, more faces with the glare of brutes. And in the bearing of the crowd that filled the streets—though no business was done, no trade carried on—I thought that I saw a change. Wherever it was thickest, I noticed that men walked in one of two ways, either hurrying along feverishly and in haste, as if time were of the

utmost value, or moving listlessly, with dragging feet and lack-lustre eyes, as if nothing had any longer power to stir them. And I even noticed that the same men went in both ways within the space of a minute, passing in a second and apparently without intention from feverish activity to the moodiness of despair.

And no wonder. Not only famine, but pestilence had tightened its grasp on the city; and from this the rich had as much to fear as the poor. As we drew near the walls the smell of carrion, which had hitherto but spoiled the air, filled the nostrils and sickened the whole man. In some places scores of horses lay unburied, while it was whispered that in obscure corners death had so far outstripped the grave-diggers that corpses lay in the houses and the living slept with the dead. There was fighting in front of the bakers' shops in more than one place—my lady had to throw money before we could pass; women screamed and fought for offal in the kennels; from the open doors of churches prayers and wailing poured forth; at the gates, where gibbets, laden with corpses, rose for a warning, multitudes stood waiting and listening for news. And on all, dead and living, the sun rose hotly, steadily, ruthlessly, so that men asked with one voice, 'How long? How long?'

In the camp, which had just received huge reinforcements of men and horses, we found order and discipline at least. Rows of kettles and piles of arms proclaimed it, and lines of pennons that stretched almost as far as the eye could reach. But here, too, were knitted brows, and gloomy looks, and loud murmurings, that grew and swelled as we passed. Count Leuchtenstein's quarters were on the border of the Swedish camp, near the Finland regiments, and not far from the King's. A knot of officers, who stood talking in front of them and knew my lady, came to place themselves at her service. But the offer proved to be abortive, for the first thing she learned was that the Count was absent. He had gone at dawn in the direction of Altdorf to cover the entrance of a convoy.

I felt that she was grievously disappointed, for whether she loved him or not, I could understand the humiliation under which she was smarting, and would smart until she had set herself right with Count Leuchtenstein. But she veiled her chagrin admirably, and, lightly refusing the offer of refreshment, turned her horse's head at once, so that in a twinkling we were on our road home again.

By the way, I saw only what I had seen before. But the Countess, whose figure began to droop, saw, I think, with other eyes than those through which she had looked on the outward journey. Her thoughts no longer occupied, she saw in their fulness the ravages which famine and plague were making in the town, once so prosperous. When she reached her lodgings her first act was to send money, of which we had no great store, to the magistrates, that a free meal in addition to the starvation rations might be given to the poor; and her next, to declare that henceforth she would keep the house.

Accordingly, instead of going again to the Count's, she sent me next day with a letter. I found the camp in an uproar, which was fast spreading to the city. A rumour had just got wind that the King was about to break up his camp and give battle to the enemy at all hazards, and so many were riding and running into the city with the news that I could scarcely make head against the current.

Arriving at last, however, I was fortunate enough to find the Count in his quarters and alone. My lady had charged me—with a blushing cheek but stern eyes—to deliver the letter with my own hands, and I dismounted. I thought that I had nothing to do but deliver it; I foresaw no trouble. But at the last moment, as a trooper led me through the ante-chamber, who should appear at my side but the Waldgrave!

'You did not expect to see me?' he said, nodding grimly.

'No, my lord,' I answered.

'So I thought,' he rejoined. 'But before you give the Count that letter, I have a word to say to him.'

I looked at him in astonishment. What had the letter to do with him? My first idea was that he had been drinking; his colour was high and his eye bright. But a second glance showed that he was sober, though excited. And while I hesitated the trooper held up the curtain, and perforce I marched in.

Count Leuchtenstein, wearing his plain buff suit, sat writing at a table. His corslet, steel cap, and gauntlets lay beside him, and seemed to show that he had just come in from the field. He looked up and nodded to me; I had been announced before. Then he saw the Waldgrave and rose, reluctantly, I fancied. I thought, too, that a shade of gloom fell on his face; but as the table was laden with papers and despatches and maps and lists, and the sight reminded me that he bore on his

shoulders all the affairs of Hesse, and the responsibility for the boldest course taken by any German prince in those troubles, I reflected that this might arise from a hundred causes.

He greeted the Waldgrave civilly; then he turned to me. 'You have a letter for me, have you not, my friend?' he said.

'Yes, my lord,' I answered.

'But before you read it,' the Waldgrave interposed, 'I have a word to say, by your leave, Count Leuchtenstein.'

I think I never saw a man more astonished than the Count. 'To me?' he said.

'By your leave, yes.'

'In regard to—this letter?'

'Yes.'

'But what do you know about this letter?'

'Too much, I am afraid,' the Waldgrave answered; and I am bound to say that, putting aside the extraordinary character of his interference, he bore himself well enough. I could detect nothing of wildness or delusion in his manner. His face glowed, and he threw back his head with a hint of defiance; but he seemed sane enough. 'Too much,' he continued rapidly, before the Count could stop him; 'and, before the matter goes farther, I will have my say.'

The Count stared at him. 'By what right?' he said at last.

'As the Countess Rotha's nearest kinsman,' the Waldgrave answered.

'Indeed?' I could see that the Count was hard put to it to keep his temper; that old lion in him was stirring, and would soon have way. But for the moment he controlled himself. 'Say on,' he cried.

"I will, in a few words,' the Waldgrave answered. 'And what I have to say amounts to this: I have become aware—no matter how—of the bargain you have made, Count Leuchtenstein, and I will not have it.'

'The bargain!' the Count ejaculated; 'you will not have it!'

'The bargain; and I'll not have it!' the Waldgrave rejoined.

Count Leuchtenstein drew a deep breath, and stared at him like a man demented. 'I think that you must be mad,' he said at last. 'If not, tell me what you mean.'

'What I say,' the Waldgrave answered stubbornly. 'I forbid the bargain to which I have no doubt that letter relates.'

'In Heaven's name, what bargain?' the Count cried.

'You think that I do not know,' the Waldgrave replied, with a touch of bitterness; 'but it did not require a Solomon to read the riddle. I found my cousin distrait, absent, moody, sad, preoccupied, and unlike herself. She had moved heaven and earth, I was told, to save me; in the last resort, had come to you, and you saved me. But when she saw me safe, she met me as much in sorrow as in joy. The mere mention of your name clouded her face; and she must see you, and she must write to you, and all in a fever. I say, it does not require a Solomon to read this riddle, Count Leuchtenstein.'

'You think?' said the Count, bluntly. 'I do not yet know what you think.'

'I think that she sold herself to you to win my pardon,' the Waldgrave answered.

For a moment I did not know how Count Leuchtenstein would take it. He stood gazing at the Waldgrave, his hand on a chair, his face purple, his eyes starting. At length, to my relief and the Waldgrave's utter dismay and shame, he sank into the chair and broke into a hoarse roar of laughter—laughter that was not all merriment, but rolled in its depths something stern and sardonic.

The Waldgrave changed colour, glared and fumed; but the Count was pitiless, and laughed on. At last: 'Thanks, Waldgrave, thanks,' he said. 'I am glad I let you go on to the end. But pardon me if I say that you seem to do the Lady Rotha something less than justice, and yourself something more.'

'How?' the Waldgrave stammered. He was quite out of countenance.

'By flattering yourself that she could rate you so highly,' Count Leuchtenstein retorted, 'or fall herself so low. Nay, do not threaten me,' he continued with grim severity. 'It was not I who brought her name into question. I never dreamed of, never heard of, never conceived such a bargain as you have described; nor, I may add, ever thought of the Lady Rotha except with reverence and chivalrous regard. Have I said enough?' he continued, rising, and speaking with growing indignation, with eyes that seemed to search the culprit; 'or must I say too, Waldgrave, that I do not traffic in men's lives, nor buy women's favours, nor sell pardons? That such power as God and my master have given me I use to their honour and not my own pleasure? And, finally, that this, of which you accuse me, I would not do, though to do it were to prolong my

race through a dozen centuries? For shame, boy, for shame!' he answered more calmly. 'If my mind has ever gone the way you trace it, I call it back to-day. I have done with love; I am too old for aught but duty, if love can lead even a young man's mind so far astray.'

The Waldgrave shivered; but the position was beyond words, and he essayed none. With a slight movement of his hand, as if he would have shielded himself, or deprecated the other's wrath, he turned towards the door. I saw his face for an instant; it was pale, despairing—and with reason. He had exposed my lady. He had exposed himself. He had invited such a chastisement as must for ever bring the blood to his cheeks. And his cousin: what would she say? He had lost her. She would never forgive him—never! He groped blindly for the opening in the curtain.

His hand was on it—and I think that, for all his manhood, the tears were very near his eyes—when the other called after him in an altered tone.

'Stay!' Count Leuchtenstein said. 'We will not part thus. I can see that you are sorry. Do not be so hasty another time, and do not be too quick to think evil. For the rest, our friend here will be silent, and I will be silent.'

The Waldgrave gazed at him, his lips quivering, his eyes full. At last: 'You will not tell—the Lady Rotha?' he said almost in a whisper.

The Count looked down at his table, and pettishly pushed some papers together. For an instant he did not answer. Then he said gruffly—

'No. Why should she know? If she chooses you, well and good; if not, why trouble her with tales?'

'Then,' the Waldgrave cried, with a sob in his voice, 'you are a better man than I am!'

The Count shrugged his shoulders rather sadly. 'No,' he said, 'only an older one.'

(*To be continued.*)

HEROINES AT HOME.

CONVERSAZIONE.

BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W., APRIL 1, 189—.

HEROINES AT HOME

(DOMESTIC SCHOOL).

The favour of your company is requested.

Three to Seven. *R.S.V.P.*

I GAVE up this card on my arrival to a very stout, but ill-tempered manservant, with such a wig and such calves as I have not often beheld. Something about him looked familiar to me, and the phrase 'sulky cockatoo' arose in my mind. Then I knew that he was Mr. Mulliner, lately in the service of the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson of Cranford, and I followed him humbly up the stairs of Burlington House.

'Who is—a—presiding to-day?' I said meekly.

'Nobody of any consequence, mum,' said Mr. Mulliner, crossly.

But I think he was glad to wait a minute or two to get his breath, and he grunted out—

'I don't know how they manage, I'm sure. It's always Miss Austen's old ladies what preside at these here meetings, and not an Honourable nor a Lady, if there is one, among them. There's Lady Catherine De Bourgh in there, but she don't make herself of no more account nor my old mistress, the Honourable Mrs. Jamieson. She just sits in a corner and talks to the Rev. Collins all the time. It's them plain Missuses as come forward out of their right place.'

He grumbled almost all the time till he ushered me into a room, where I was hospitably greeted by a charming old lady with a most bewitching smile and bright dark eyes.

'I must introduce myself and my friends,' said she. 'I am Mrs. Darcy, *née* Elizabeth Bennet; here is my friend Mrs.

Edmund Bertram, my other friend Mrs. Knightley, and—why, I thought Mrs. Tilney was beside me, but she is still a little volatile.'

Here Mrs. Darcy turned to some guest, who succeeded me, and I sat down beside Mrs. Bertram, a gentle pink and white old lady, less striking than Mrs. Darcy, but more highly bred, and by no means devoid of character in spite of her gentleness.

'Shall I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Darcy and Mr. Bertram?' I said.

'Mr. Edmund Bertram,' said his wife, in gentle correction, 'is not here to-night. He might be if he liked. I should be sorry if you should think he was kept away for the same reason as Mr. Darcy.' She lowered her voice mysteriously.

'Why is Mr. Darcy kept away?' said I.

'Well, you know he never could have been really true to life,' said Mrs. Bertram, 'and of course, poor man, he has almost faded out in nearly a century. Mrs. Darcy does not see it, but if he were to be sitting down in that chair at this moment, you would see every button on the chair-back through him. When they are like that, poor things, of course they do not care to come into society.'

'I am sure,' I said, 'that Mr. Edmund Bertram could have no such reason for keeping away.'

'No, indeed,' said his wife, proudly; 'my husband was always a real true human being. But perhaps you are not quite aware of the etiquette that prevails here. Men's men look down upon women's men, and women's women look down upon men's women. Edmund, I find, is always ready to make objection to coming here; not that any one can look down upon him, but he dislikes hearing a young man, like Mr. Clement Underwood, for instance, holding forth and pointing morals by him; as if any better man than Edmund ever held a living! I do not myself care for him to expose himself to such behaviour; but young people nowadays do not know how to behave.'

'That young lady talking to Mrs. Knightley looks charmingly modest and pretty,' I said, anxious to take up the cudgels for my young friends.

'Yes; that is Mrs. Greville—"a beginner," you know. Do you observe how extremely like she is to Mrs. Knightley? It is exactly the same face a century or so younger. Mrs. Knightley is very much interested in her. When she was Emma Woodhouse she did a good deal of mischief by romantic match-making

with regard to her acquaintances; and little Mrs. Greville, I hear, has worked out *her* romance in undesirable books. She cannot do better than get the good advice from Mrs. Knightley, which my friend seems ready to give her.'

I looked opposite to me, and said—

'Who is that officer who seems so attentive to that very uninteresting lady? I feel as if I had seen him before, and perhaps her.'

'Colonel Dobbin,' said Mrs. Bertram. 'He is a very good sort of man, but, to tell you the truth, I never could bear his wife. In fact, we none of us like her; but I am really rather sorry for her, poor thing. She has to consort with the other men's women—don't you see a whole crowd of rather uncertain-looking people? They hunt a great deal, which I never did think ladylike; their names are generally either Alice or Kate; and if you inquire into their past history, you will find that they have generally given up their lovers because their father says he will be ruined if they don't marry some objectionable person. Do you suppose that I should ever have given up Edmund for such a reason as that? Miss Austen *says* I should have married Crawford if he had behaved properly; begging that good lady's pardon, I should have done no such thing, and Edmund knows I should not.'

I thought the dear old lady was getting agitated, and I said, to change the subject—

'Is Mrs. Rawdon Crawley here among the men's women?'

'No,' said Mrs. Bertram, and her pretty old mouth closed in a very determined way. 'In domestic fiction, we are still allowed to be select, and I cannot say that Mrs. Rawdon Crawley is a person whose intimacy I should desire to encourage. It would make poor Miss Percival, and Amy Herbert, and the rest of them so exceedingly uncomfortable to see such a person received into our society—and, indeed, I think it might be very bad for their own minds. I have always felt that literary distinction is no reason for us to condone such conduct as hers. Of course,' she added in a milder tone, 'poor Mrs. Rawdon Crawley had many disadvantages; I do not wish to be hard upon any one, and, indeed, there have been some sad histories in our own family. One of Mrs. Darcy's sisters, too, as you know, poor thing! was not all she might have been. But taking everything together, I think we may fairly be said to have kept up a really high standard of character. If you look on that side

of the room,' proceeded Mrs. Edmund Bertram, 'you will see a large number of our most popular members, chiefly ladies, of course.'

I looked, and saw a number of ladies who seemed curiously familiar to me. Among them there was a tall, thin spinster in spectacles, from whom the graces of dress were absent, a very pretty, sweet-looking, middle-aged lady, and a fair-haired widow in the weeds of the middle of the century, with a bright-looking young woman standing by her side.

'You would like to be introduced,' said Mrs. Edmund Bertram. And she took my arm and led me across the room. 'Miss Ethel May,' she said: 'Mrs. Martindale, Lady Morville, Miss Morville. Miss May,' said my hostess, 'will, I am sure, point out to you any persons of interest—will you not, dear Ethel?—and bring you back to me after a while.'

The spinster had such a charming smile that one quite forgot her plainness, and she said at once—

'Now, whom would you like to see that I can have the pleasure of showing you? I always like to do what dear old Mrs. Bertram asks me.'

'I suppose,' said I, 'poor Sir Guy Morville is not here?'

'No,' said Ethel; 'you could hardly expect to see him, when you know how he died and was buried at Recoara in the Italian Tyrol. But, if you like, I can take you to see his memorial picture, in the central hall.'

'I am glad,' I said, 'that he is commemorated here to-day.'

'Our society would be so very incomplete,' said Ethel, 'without the women's men who have died an early and heroic death. Indeed, I think it would be very hard for the women's men who do come here to these meetings if they could not point to the memorial hall to show why some of their best specimens could not come. As it is, the men's men boast in a way I think ungentlemanlike. Here, for instance. Do you see that dark young man, whom two ladies are talking to at once?'

A tall Jewish foreign-looking man was indeed held in a corner by two ladies: one was a by no means prepossessing person, with the head-dress of the forties, who was laying down the law with much decision; the other was a slight woman in modern black, with fervent entreaty in her eyes, who had laid her hand upon his in her eagerness.

'That is Mr. Deronda,' said Miss Ethel May, 'who, as you probably know, is unfortunately still a Jew. The ladies who

are trying to convert him are Miss Constance Duff and Mrs. Robert Elsmere.'

'Miss Constance Duff?' I said.

'Yes. Surely you have not forgotten Miss Constance Duff of the Fairy Bower? Now, do you see that broad-shouldered, rather unkempt sort of man, who has come to see the fun? That is Dr. Thurnall, a man's man; and you may be quite sure he will not go away without being in some way disagreeable to poor Mr. Deronda.'

Miss Duff turned round suddenly to Dr. Thurnall. 'Oh, Dr. Thurnall, lend your persuasions to ours. I have already proved to our good friend here the error of his ways, but I want him to find no outlet from my convincing arguments.'

'For Heaven's sake,' said poor Deronda, appealingly, 'help me to get away without using force!'

Dr. Thurnall merely stood and laughed, and his laugh was both noisy and sarcastic. It had its effect, however. Miss Duff said emphatically: 'A time to laugh and a time to weep,' and retreated; and Mr. Deronda came out of his corner. He was shortly seen in company with a plain little dark woman, who, Miss May told me, was Mrs. Rochester, *née* Jane Eyre, and they seemed to be enjoying their conversation.

'Is Mr. Rochester here?' I asked.

'No,' said Ethel; 'he faded out sooner than one would think, considering what a following he had at one time. He is too shadowy now to show in public. I can't say I feel sorry for it.'

'I hope,' I said, 'there are a few men's men with better manners than Dr. Thurnall's.'

'Yes, there are. Poor Dr. Thurnall was not a gentleman—he belonged to the old-fashioned, country-doctor class (Ethel lifted her chin slightly), the class that Flora's London friends always expected us to belong to. But Mr. Clive Newcome, the artist, and Charles Ravenshoe, are very well-behaved men. Mr. Pendennis I don't think so much of. He is so conceited, and we object both to his wife and his mother. I wish dear old Colonel Newcome was not dead; I am sure we should all have loved him, and perhaps he would have kept some of the other men's men from swaggering too much. However, I will show you his picture shortly.'

'Some of the men's women seem rather noisy,' I remarked.

'It is that horrid Dodo—Princess of something or other she is now,' said Ethel. 'Ah, I thought so! She has had Mulvaney

and Ortheris and Learoyd brought in out of their own room, where Mrs. Poyser was giving them a most comfortable tea, and Bartle Massey had pipes ready for them, and is trying to make fools of them. Don't look that way, I entreat you. She only does that sort of thing to attract attention, and I make a point of never giving it to her.'

Personally I should greatly have liked to witness the interview between Dodo and Mulvaney and Ortheris, but Miss May carried me off in quite another direction. Facing us sat a handsome, determined, but rather heavy-looking gentleman, with a little dog by his side. He appeared to be deep in thought. Miss May went up to him and made some commonplace remark about the party. He roused himself suddenly to answer her, and at the same moment his cheerful young wife came up, saying—

'I have found Mrs. John Ward for you, Donovan dear. She is in the American room, where I told you she would be.'

'Thank you, Gladys,' he said; and then, turning to us, 'I felt bound to take this opportunity of saying a word or two to that poor woman, whose beliefs seem to have been so sadly shaken by her husband's Calvinism.'

'Shall we go too?' said Ethel May. 'It is worth while. Some of our friends turn up their noses at the Americans, and my sister Flora will never make acquaintance with an American heroine; but I think that is a great mistake. Not that I approve of them all; I dislike the lady Mr. Farrant is going to try to convert, and I think myself it is better to avoid such people than to argue with them. But some of the Americans I like—some of the real native ones, not the smart Parisian ones.'

I beheld the room crowded with two types of women—the natural and the ultra-refined. Poor Bertha Amory, of One Administration, sat on a sofa, and various insipid ladies (men's women) of Mr. Howell's and Mr. James's stood around her; while at the other end of the room sat Miss Ophelia, with Topsy standing behind her, holding court of such ladies as Ellen of the Wide World, Fleda of Queechy, Daisy of Melbourne House, Jo and Meg of Little Women, and a whole crowd of Mrs. Whitney's heroines. Among these one ran up to Ethel May and greeted her warmly—she had once been known as Desire Ledwith—and I was told that they were warm friends and constant correspondents, though Ethel was at times somewhat

shocked at Desire's American views, which were quite unlike any May had ever held.

'Perhaps,' said Ethel, 'you would be interested in seeing our Philanthropic room?'

'What is the Philanthropic room?' I asked.

'It is,' said Ethel, 'where we collect such characters—chiefly juvenile—as have been created absolutely and entirely for the benefit of humanity. It is rather difficult to arrange the tickets for them, because they hold such very strong opinions on different sides. However, we try to persuade them that no religious or political controversy should be allowed, and by means of giving them a really excellent tea, we do manage to preserve harmony for the afternoon. This is the way.'

She took me in to a large room, hung all round with portraits, chiefly of the children of improving fiction who have died young. Here I saw Mr. and Mrs. Fairchild presiding over an enormous party of little folks, while Lucy, Emily, Henry, and Bessy Goodrich waited upon their needs. Other children were there, too, whom I recognised. Leila of the Island, and her cousins Selina and Matilda, were waiting with great interest and *empressement* upon the pinafored children of Langley School, who were all exceedingly proper in their behaviour; Anna Ross was attending to Froggy and his little brother; all the ministering children—Lady Gertrude, and Herbert, and Jane, and Ruth, and Rose—were endeavouring to persuade Murtagh and Winnie, of Castle Blair, that they ought to have made flannel petticoats for Theresa instead of hiding her in their summer-house. Some, however, even here, were not quite comfortable or well-behaved. Mr. Fairchild seemed to have a good deal of trouble with the Marchioness, who had been brought in for her own improvement, and who wanted to teach the other children the art of making orange-peel wine; and a whole set of modern Sunday-school children, without much character, by various authors of opposed opinions, showed signs of being misled into riotous behaviour by the whispers and giggles of Maud Florence Nellie. Harry and Laura and Peter Grey seemed as if they, too, had fallen victims to her seductions, and when poor Mr. Fairchild endeavoured to keep them in order by pointing to the sad picture of Miss Augusta Noble, arrayed in a hat with ostrich feathers, screaming in flames, these naughty children asked whether it was not Foolish Harriet in the Strawelpeter. Miss May, however, would stand no nonsense.

She whispered an admonition into their ears which reduced them to reddening silence; and when I said, 'How quickly you quieted them!' she said, 'I have plenty of experience, you know, at Cocksmoor.'

After this we passed on to one of the other rooms.

Miss May now took me to a circle of ladies to whom she said she was sure I should like to be introduced. Miss Matty Jenkinson and Miss Pole greeted Miss May as a great relief, for Ideala had been talking to them, and had puzzled the poor old ladies so much that they hardly knew whether they were on their heads or on their heels.

'My dear,' said poor Miss Matty, with her voice quite shaky with nervousness, 'I am afraid that lady must be not—not quite right in her head, you know. She did talk about such extraordinary things! Deborah would have been quite shocked; indeed I feel sure she would have called her a downright hussy!'

'But you know, dear Miss Matty,' said Miss Pole, 'it is impossible in a large party like this to keep all the characters quite select. We should not at Cranford be on visiting terms with the people out of Mr. Dickens's books; and, indeed, I understood that such people as Mr. and Mrs. Micawber, and the Kenwigs, were only asked here on condition that they did not intrude into better society than their own. But what can you expect with people of that common class of life?'

'Here is a lady whom I am sure you like, dear Miss Matty,' said Mrs. Forrester, twittering up; 'it is dear Mrs. De Noel.'

I should like to have heard this conversation, but Miss May suggested that I should like to pay my long-deferred visit to the central hall, to see the memorial pictures of the dead heroes. Thither, accordingly, we repaired.

'Here,' said Ethel May, leading me up to a large picture hanging on the wall, under which stood a table to receive wreaths, 'is Sir Guy Morville. I have heard that shortly after his death five or six tables would not have been enough to contain the flowers presented by his adorers. Now you see comparatively few. You see there are so many others.'

And as I glanced round my eye rested on the portraits of the Rev. Robert Elsmere, Jackanapes, the Rev. Stephen Remarx, Lord Charles Barty, Colonel Newcome, Felix Underwood, Sir Everard Chalcote, Victor Malreward, Robert Falconer, and numberless others, most of whom bore a more or less disguised

or shadowy likeness to Sir Guy. There were a great many pictures, I noticed, which seemed to be fading out of existence; their names had entirely vanished, and their faces were blurred, but it was plain that they had once been attired either in clerical costume or in chorister's surplices.

Here we met a very pretty modern-looking girl, evidently on the search for something.

'I am an old *habituée* here,' said Miss May, rather abruptly, but kindly. 'Can I help you to look for any one?'

'Thank you,' said the young lady; and I perceived that she was a man's woman. 'I am Mrs. Claude Monument, and I thought perhaps poor Mr. Randal Smith of Hoxton might be here, as I have not seen him about lately. Do you know him at all?'

'No,' said Miss May, 'I have not that pleasure. Was he in orders?'

'Yes,' said Valentine. 'But there are so many East End clergy in this room—poor things—that it seems impossible to look through them all to find those one wants.'

'Not poor things, Mrs. Monument. I cannot allow that to be said of a *true* hero,' said Miss May; and Valentine flushed a little.

'It was only a figure of speech,' she said humbly. Then turning to me: 'Once I went to a cosmopolitan conversazione of this kind, and I found that among the French heroes, China takes the place occupied by our East End. They all go as missionaries to China, and become martyrs there. Of course, however, they have not nearly so many Chinese missionaries as we have of East End clergy.'

I took a fancy to Mrs. Claude Monument, and as just at the same moment Miss May was engrossed by another party of people, she and I walked on together. We left the memorial hall, and entered a room full of quite different people from those I had already met. There were a very large number of heroines out of Mrs. Oliphant's books, and I asked whether Oonah, the most charming to me of all of them, were there; but Valentine told me that she was a Romantic heroine, and that the Romantic school had its conversazione on another day.

'It would never do to have the Romantic heroines mixed up with the Domestic,' said Valentine, shaking her head. 'The Domestic ladies would preach, and the Romantic ones would do all they could to shock them. Not such as Oonah, of course.

Besides, the older ones are so fond of music, and their harps are always out of tune.'

'Who is that merry young lady with a whole train of followers whom she seems to keep perpetually amused?' I said.

'That is Mrs. Goslett Messenger—Angela Messenger was her maiden name,' said Valentine. 'She does a great deal of good in our East End work, but she does not realise the pathetic side quite so much as Claude and I do. That lady near her is Mrs. Tempest. Her husband was not likely to come; he would not like to place himself, as a woman's man, in a condition of inferiority.'

'Do you find,' I said, 'that the women's women make themselves very disagreeable, to you, for instance?'

'They don't intend to do so,' said Mrs. Monument, 'but they do somehow condescend to us. However, we have some newcomers on our side, who seem to be considered too strong to be looked down upon—Mr. George Meredith's women; but I don't think Miss May would quite cotton to them either. But I always come because I like to see how well my husband looks as a man's man among all the women's men.'

'Here we are again in the first room, and there is Mrs. Bertram. I fear it is nearly time for us to be breaking up. I am sure Mulliner will give us no law that he can help,' said Mrs. Monument. 'Good-bye. I must go back to my friends.'

Mrs. Edmund Bertram was talking to a very good-looking clergyman with a long golden beard. 'My dear,' she said as he left her, 'I have had such a pleasant talk with Mr. Cheriton Lester, that I seem quite sorry that Edmund is not here. That young man really seems to understand the old generation, and not to think us all wicked because Edmund drinks port wine, and does not hold all those theories that people have now, that they call socialism and ritualism and all sorts of other "isms." Must you go? I am so glad you have enjoyed yourself. Mind you come to our next conversazione.'

She smiled and nodded with old-world grace as I departed.

M. BRAMSTON.

AN OBSTINATE OLD WOMAN.

THE sky is one sheet of steely-blue, the air palpitates and trembles in the great heat of the blazing, scorching sun as it beats down fiercely on the baked earth and the dusty roads, and on the little, lone, solitary figure toiling up the steep, white, dusty hill. The figure is that of a little old woman clad in a rusty black gown, with a Paisley shawl pinned neatly round her shoulders. She walks quickly up the hill, fiercely almost, and seems oblivious of the heat, the dust, the weight of her shawl, everything, in fact, so intent is she on her own thoughts.

'I'll do it! I'll do it!' she says over and over again, speaking loud, and clutching her shawl tighter round her arms as if to mark her determination. The weazened little face peering out of the roomy black bonnet has a hard, set expression, and when she has finished speaking she draws back the corners of her mouth in a manner that leaves no doubt of the firmness of her resolve.

'I'll do it! I'll do it, as sure as I'm alive, and what I've said I mean.'

No one is by to challenge her statement, but she repeats the words again as triumphantly as though she had already carried her point, and marches on with head erect. Presently she heaves in sight of a small, whitewashed cottage standing back a few feet from the road—a bare-looking little place, consisting only of the ground-floor, with a window on either side of the door, and a chimney at one end, which looks like an ear cocked up, and gives the little house an alert, knowing air. Not even a rose-bush adorns the front of this dwelling-place, nor is there a flower to be seen except a large patch of white violets growing under one of the windows; how or why they grow there in that hard, poor soil, no one can tell, but they do, and a whiff of their scent comes wafting out towards the old woman to greet her.

'Perhaps they ain't vi'lets after all; seemin' to me I ain't sure of nothin'.'

She opens the little gate and goes up the two or three feet of

paving stones to the door, which is standing open. Inside stands a woman with a broom in her hand; she looks about five and thirty, but her reserved, almost hard face may make her appear older than she really is.

'Well, mother, so you'm 'ome again?' she says cheerfully.

''Ome! Yes, I s'pose I'm 'ome, leastways I may call it so for the time,' snaps out the old woman, crossly.

The younger woman looks surprised. 'Take off your bonnet and shawl, you must be 'ot and tired.'

'I may be, I dunno. That's where it is. I may be 'ot, or I may be tired, but 'tis all the same.'

'The sun 'as tetched 'er,' says the young woman to herself, 'it's enough to give anybody a stroke. Sit down, mother,' she goes on, aloud, 'and I'll make a cup of tea; it'll do 'ee good.'

'I ain't ill, Martha Jane; there's nought the matter with me,'—taking off her shawl and folding it with quiet, angry movements. 'Don't 'ee talk as if I was a poor craking thing, for I tell 'ee there's nought wrong with me; 'twas all a mistake, and I've been deceiving of 'ee all along. Don't 'ee trouble yourself to get anything for me.'

''Tisn't no trouble, mother, and there's no call for 'ee to say such things.' Martha Jane busies herself about the tea-making without another word; she can't make her mother out at all, and it puzzles and worries her. Laying a coarse white cloth on the freshly scrubbed table by the window, she takes from the cupboard two large cups, with inscriptions representing that they are presents from Plymouth, and bearing emblazoned on their fronts, in brilliant colourings which much time and washing has scarcely dimmed, lifelike representations of the Hoe and the Eddystone Lighthouse; another cup, without a handle or any other adornment, holds a tiny bit of soft sugar; a lipless jug, the milk. Having placed these in a haphazard style upon the table, she fetches from the back kitchen a plate of 'nobbies' and places before her mother. She has made and baked these during the old lady's absence as a pleasant surprise for her on her return, but as she puts them before her now, she says nothing, only feels an almost childish feeling of disappointment at the failure of her little plan, and taking the teapot from the hob where it has been standing for a minute proceeds to pour out two cups of tea.

The two women sit down in their usual places, at each end of the table, and stare out of the little diamond-paned window

at the glaring sunshine without another word. A little awkward embarrassment is between them. The old lady is simply longing to air her grievance, and her daughter's lack of curiosity is aggravating her beyond endurance, but her pride will not let her begin her tale unasked, so she sits silent and chafing. Martha Jane's feelings are too much hurt to make any more overtures, and, not being a curious woman, she suffers nothing but perplexity at her mother's manner. So they sit and sip their tea, and gaze and gaze at nothing, and silence falls on the cottage, unbroken save for the cluckings of the hens outside, as they dig pits in the hot dust and roll in them.

Presently Martha Jane looks round. 'Will 'ee 'ave another cup of tea, mother?'

The tea has warmed 'mother's' heart a little. 'Yes, thank you, Martha Jane, I will; it freshens anybody up after a walk. This is very good tea; where did 'ee get it?'

'I got two ounces of the half a crown, when I was in to market. I thought I'd 'ave a bit of the best, as you wasn't well——'

'I'm sorry you should 'ave got it for me,'—stiffly. 'I'm quite well, Martha Jane.'

The old soul grows frigid again, and Martha Jane looks frightened; she really fears the sun has affected her mother's head.

'Mother, what's the good of talking so! you know you've been ailing these months past. What 'as took 'ee since you've been away? What does the doctor say?'

The old woman does not give a direct answer, but sits for a moment looking angrily at her teacup. At last the silence becomes too much for her.

'Seems to me,' she bursts out, 'anybody can't 'ave their own complaints nowadays; they tell 'ee you don't even know what your feelin's is, where you'm sufferin', or what are your symptoms. All I can say is that if I've lost the use of my senses the sooner I go where I can be looked after the better, and I'll do it, yes, I will.'

'Mother, what's come to 'ee? Didn't the doctor 'tend to 'ee? didn't 'e listen to what you'd got to tell 'im?'

The exasperated invalid assumed an air of calmness she was far from feeling.

'Now, look 'ere, Martha Jane, I'll ask 'ee straightforward and you answer me truthful. 'Aven't I suffered in my 'ead for months past, so as I can scarce sometimes raise it from the pillow?'

'Yes, mother, you've suffered in your 'ead, shure enuf.'

'And 'aven't I 'ad the rheumaticks all over me so as I can scarcely move 'and or foot?'

'Ye-es, mother.'

'And 'aven't I'ad the palpitations in my 'eart, something cruel?'

'Yes, mother, I believe so.'

'And 'aven't I 'ad the brownchiters so as I couldn't 'ardly breathe?'

'Yes, mother.'

'And 'aven't I 'ad the asmy so that you could 'ear me breathing out in the road?'

Martha Jane is silent.

''Aven't I now, Martha Jane? Speak up and say what you knows is gospel truth.'

'Well, mother, you've been bad on your breath, but I didn't know 'twas the asmy.'

'That's your ignorance. I tell 'ee 'tis asmy, and you ought to believe your own mother; but there! it seems I've been a foolin' of 'ee all along, and you know'd it, maybe.'

'Never mind, mother, but tell me what you was going to.'

'Well, 'aven't I 'ad the inflammation in my legs so bad that they swelled up like gate-posts, and would 'ardly bear me, and my ankles was so bad that I couldn't get my boots on?'

'Your legs swelled somethin' awful, mother, I know, but——'

'Say yes or no, Martha Jane.'

'Well, mother, *if* 'twas the inflammation——'

'If! 'twas, I tell 'ee. Do 'ee think I don't know, when 'tis my own legs, and 'twas creeping on so I was pretty nigh inflammation all over! You'm as bad as the doctor.'

'What did 'e say, mother? did 'e give 'ee a bottle of trade?'

'Trade! no, there ain't nothin' the matter with me, accordin' to 'im. I'll tell 'ee what 'e did. When I got into the surg'ry and see'd 'im, I began to tell him what was wrong, when 'e interrupts and says: "My dear Mrs. Retallick," says 'e, as nice as you like, "let's begin at the top and 'ave all your symptoms as they come." And we began with my 'ead. I told 'im 'ow I suffered agonies in it at times so that I was 'most mazed; and then I told 'im about my cough and bronchiters and asmy, and 'e seemed to know my feelin's exactly. 'E saith, says 'e, "'Ave 'ee a pain 'ere," and "do 'ee feel a contrakshun there, and a irritation?" My dear, 'twas like as if 'e know'd my case exactly; and I told 'im yes to it all, and thought I'd never 'eard of such a clever man. So we went on till 'e comed to the end, when 'e

saith, "My good woman," saith 'e, "if you'd only got a twentieth part of the complaints you think you 'ave, you'd 'ave been in your grave long before now, instead of walking three miles and a 'alf on a day like this to see me." Them was 'is very own words. I ups in a moment. "Seemin' to me," says I, "nowadays you doctors know so much; you know what folks suffers better'n they do theirselves. I know I'm mortal bad, and I knows I've got every one of they symptums you spoke on, and if you 'aven't got no physick as will suit my case, why I'll try what elder tea will do." "Physic!" 'e snaps out, quite cross like; "there's no drugs under creation could cure all your complaints, for what would suit one would aggravate another." "Then there isn't no cure for me?" says I. "'Ave I got to be a poor craking cripple all my days?" "If you'll listen to me," saith 'e, "I'll 'ave 'ee right in a week or two. Your liver is a little out of order, that's all, and most of your diseases are fancy, due to that." Martha Jane, I didn't wait to 'ear no more, but I up and flounced out of that there surg'ry as if I'd been a duchess born and bred.'

'An' you didn't 'ave no trade at all?'

'I wasn't goin' to be poisoned, to cure my complaints that way, so I comed 'ome, and I made up my mind on the way, and 'tisn't no use trying to over-persuade me, for my mind's made up.'

'Yes, mother,' says Martha Jane, weakly. She knows her mother of old.

'I'm goin' to the 'ouse.'

She announces her decision slowly and impressively, and looks at her daughter to see the effect, all her own feelings on the subject being swallowed up in the pride of having brought forth some startling intelligence.

'I'm goin' to the 'ouse,' she repeats, nodding her head, which is still adorned by the voluminous bonnet, the strings, which she has pinned up in a roll on either side to keep them from creasing, wagging with every nod. She speaks and looks as important as if she were going to lay her case before Parliament.

Martha Jane at this announcement drops her teacup with a clatter, and her face turns a greenish white colour unhealthy to look upon.

'But, mother,' she gasps at last, 'it'll kill 'ee outright, you wouldn't never live in there, 'twould break your 'eart; and where's the call for 'ee to?'

The old soul, who has been longing to make some one else as

unhappy as she is herself, is satisfied with the effect she has produced.

'No, Martha Jane, it won't kill me; it may break my 'eart, or my pride,' with a sort of willing-martyr expression, 'but it won't kill me, for, you see, I'm strong and able-bodied, and it seems to me that when a body 'asn't got no sense of 'er own 'tis time for 'er to go where she can be looked after, and not be a burthen on 'er children. My mind is made up, so don't 'ee waste your breath trying——'

'But, mother,' says Martha Jane again, 'what's to become of me? I ain't fit to go to service, and I can't live here alone.'

'Look 'ere, Martha Jane, you and Tom Tregaskis 'ave been coorting this ten years, and 'e ought to 'ave a 'ome ready for 'ee; p'raps when 'e sees 'ow you'm left, 'e'll think upon it; 'tis time to give 'im a 'int, anyway.'

'Mother, I couldn't,' says Martha Jane, getting up suddenly and holding by the corner of the table, her cheeks flushed, and a hurt, angry sparkle in her eyes. 'If Tom comes to me and says, "I've got a 'ome ready for 'ee, Mat," I'm ready, but I'll never give 'im a 'int about it, and I wouldn't marry 'im if anybody else did. And, mother, I must tell 'ee this: I wouldn't keep my word with Tom if you was to go to the work'ouse. I wouldn't marry any man if my mother was in the 'ouse. 'Twould be a disgrace, and I couldn't do it.'

The old woman looks rather abashed for a minute, but her enjoyment of the consternation she is causing returns in all its force.

'If Tom Tregaskis is anything of a man, 'e'd never throw 'ee over because of a misfortune to your mother, after keepin' 'ee tied to 'im so long too. If that's 'is nature the sooner you'm rid of 'im the better.'

'Tom wouldn't throw me over, mother,' goes on the daughter in a hard voice, 'I should throw 'im. And, mother, you needn't to throw slurs to Tom because we've been coorting so long; you know 'e's 'ad 'is mother to support, and now 'e's saving every penny 'e can, and 'tisn't as if I'd cost anybody anything all along; I've earned more'n I've——'

'There, that's enough—that finishes it!' cries the old woman, with a shrill scream; she has begun to feel ashamed of the commotion she has caused, and is glad enough to have an excuse to be angry with her daughter; 'to think that a child of mine should ever throw up to me as I've 'ad part of their earnings.'

Poor blundering Martha Jane, who would rather have done anything than hurt her mother's feelings in this way, tries to explain, and reasons, expostulates, soothes—or tries to; but all to no purpose; the old woman talks, and raves, and works herself up to a higher and still higher pitch of wrath, until sheer lack of breath puts an end to her ravings, and she awakes to the fact that she is alone, for Martha Jane, having washed up the teacups and put the rest of the things back in the cupboard, has slipped out of the door, and is now making her way, hurt and miserable, across the fields to meet her lover on his way home from work.

A week later Mrs. Retallick is admitted to the workhouse, and Martha Jane has to pay half a crown a week towards her maintenance, this last sorely against the old woman's will, for she is so irate with her daughter she would have preferred not to be under any obligation to her whatever.

The cottage is very lonely to Martha Jane when she is alone, and there is no sound about the place but the noise of the fowls, and the squeaks and grunts of the pigs; but she busies herself with her work, and attends to her poultry more carefully than ever, so that the people passing along the road seldom see her to have their usual little gossip, or to pass the time of day as they go by; and when they do, they remark to each other that 'Martha Jane Retallick is quieter than ever, and seems to feel 'er mother's going to "the 'ouse," terrible,' and they wonder why she stays on in the lonely little cottage by herself, with nobody to speak to but the fowls.

But to all outward appearance she seems to find the fowls quite company enough, and is busy amongst them all day long. She has quite a large stock now, and manages to make a living out of them, and save a bit too; pretty fowls they are, really good sorts, and very proud their mistress is of them. It always hurts her to kill one, and she never gets over the feeling, though she kills dozens in the course of the year.

She is out now trying to catch a big white chicken with a top-knot, and her lips grow pale, and her hand shakes as she thinks of what has to come, for she has a very tender heart, has this big, heavy-looking woman.

'If only there was a man on the place,' she says sadly to herself, 'e'd come in 'andy for the killings. It always goes to my 'eart to 'urt one of the pretty dears. Poor Tom 'e took it 'ard, but 'e shouldn't 'ave said it seemed as though our mothers was to

always come between us; 'twasn't showing a Chris'ian sperrit. Here—cluck! cluck! cluck!—come, my pretty, I won't 'urt 'ee. No more'n I can 'elp,' she adds to herself, as if the fowl possesses the gift of understanding.

'It would 'ave been so 'andy; as 'e said, if we could 'ave made this our 'ome, 'e could 'ave done 'is own work, and 'elped me a brave bit, and we could 'ave kept mother in the lap of luxury, she shouldn't never 'ave wanted for aught, or cost 'im nothing.'

She has forgotten the white chick during her musings, and it now pecks up grains of corn fearlessly, close to her feet. She straightens herself and stands gazing away down the sunny, dusty road, shading her eyes with her hand.

'Them vi'lets are mighty sweet,' she says to herself, sniffing in the scented air. 'Who can this be coming along in all the heat and dust? I wonder if 'tis old Mrs. Knight? if so I'll give 'er a cup of tea; 'tis close on four o'clock, and I shall 'ave plenty of time to do the chicks after; it'll be cooler then.'

She goes inside and stirs up the smouldering fire, puts the kettle over, and then sits down with the bellows to quicken the blaze. She knows that Mrs. Knight, if it is she, will stop and speak. The blaze shoots up, and the kettle sings away merrily. The footsteps come closer and stop at the gate, then the gate is opened, and the steps come into the kitchen. Martha Jane puts down the bellows slowly, gets up and turns round.

'Why, mother!' she screams, 'is it you?'

'Yes, Martha Jane, I've come 'ome.' The old woman's face is very stern and unsmiling, but a tear slowly trickles down her cheek and falls on to the workhouse shawl pinned across her bosom. 'Somebody brought some scenty vi'lets into our ward, and they 'minded me of the white vi'lets under the kitchen window, and then I thought as 'twasn't safe for 'ee to be living 'ere all alone and unpertected, so I got out and come'd straight 'ome. And I couldn't 'elp it. I couldn't stay there no longer, Martha Jane, and I thought of you and Tom—and—and, Martha Jane, my dear, I'm a bad, cross-grained old woman, who 'as lost all her senses. I'll get Tom to come back, and do 'ee forgive me, my dear. Perhaps you and 'e between 'ee can look after such a poor daft old soul the rest of the time the Lord spares me. And'—pointing to her cotton gown and shepherd's-plaid shawl—'do 'ee get my old gown and put these 'ere things 'way out of sight.'

MABEL QUILLER COUCH.

VENICE AND HER WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MADEMOISELLE MORI,' 'HESTER'S VENTURE,' ETC.

PART I.

WHEN we look at the portraits of the fair, stately Venetian women, which, four hundred years ago, were painted on the walls of the Ducal Palace, or which still hang on their ancestral palazzi, we cannot but ask what kind of persons they were; what life did they lead; what influence had they over their splendid city and the men who made Venice Queen of the Adriatic?

These are questions more easily asked than answered. Venice, always jealous, was especially so with regard to her women, and kept them for centuries in almost Eastern seclusion. Even in the seventeenth century, Saint Didier remarks that a patrician lady led so retired a life that 'elle tient quelque chose de sauvage.' Venetian chronicles say little about them, unless some scandal broke out too flagrant to be ignored. In the vast archives hardly anything can be gleaned concerning them; the very names of the early Dogaresse are unknown. When a Doge was elected, his wife took an oath to accept no gifts but rose-water, leaves, flowers, sweet herbs, and balsam, nor to ask for any office or favour for any one, nor to write on behalf of any man to her husband or his council. No ambassador, notary, or syndic might take wife or daughter to a foreign Court, nor might any lady marry a member of a foreign legation sent to Venice.

The seclusion of Venetian ladies was so rigorous that they hardly even left their palaces to go to church. Out of between six and seven hundred married patrician women, Saint Didier tells us that only about sixty were seen at Mass. This, of course, does not refer to the great festas, nor does it mean that they neglected the offices of the Church. Every great family had its private chapel and chaplain, the latter looked on as little more than an appendage to the family, for the status of

ecclesiastics was not high in Venice, where they were severely excluded from any share in the government; and on occasion of great banquets, such as the nobles loved to give, the chaplain remained in the kitchen, and had the fragments of the feast for his perquisite. On ordinary occasions all that was left on a plate belonged to the serving-men, who often showed unseemly haste in removing them, to the annoyance of those who loved to eat slowly and appreciate the viands. It was not till the late days of the Republic that anything like the abbé of French society appeared; nor does there ever seem to have been that influence of the 'director' among the ladies at which Molière struck so stinging a blow in his 'Tartuffe;' but her patricians were simply and gravely devout through the earlier times of Venice, and knew goodness when they saw it. When Giovanni Dolfin spitefully opposed the election of Doge Marco Cornaro, in A.D. 1365, on the ground that he had married a wife of plebeian origin who led him into extravagance of dress, the old man rose with grave dignity, 'noble of aspect, white of skin, lean and upright,' and replied that plebeian she was, but he loved his country none the less for that; and Madonna Catarina was so good and discreet that all ladies of the city honoured her as if she were descended from the greatest families; and as for his being over-sumptuously attired, the industry of his wife, who lined and re-lined his garments, made him appear that which he was not.

Besides 'lining and re-lining' garments, which doubtless the more thrifty ones did, as well as Madonna Catarina, Venetian ladies produced a great deal of embroidery and lace; if they read, they had an Italian version of 'Tristan and Iseult,' of 'Lancelot and Guenevere,' of 'Renard the Fox' (Reinardo and Isengrun) in a Venetian-Frankish dialect, and, later, Tasso's 'Gerusalemme'; but probably they read as little as their descendants do, and were content to sit unoccupied in the loggie of their palazzi, looking down on the gondolas coming and going on the Grand Canal, or over the wide smooth spaces of the lagunes, where the rafts came floating down from the Pieve and Istria, and the fishing-boats with their tan and orange sails crossed from Chioggia, and the smoke rose over the glass furnaces of Murano. Or, very possibly, they did not look out at all, but sat with their backs to the view, and their hands lying idly on the arms of their chairs, like the Dogaressa and her two ladies in an engraving of A.D. 1560, by Giacomo Franco. Other

engravings and paintings show a fondness for pet animals, such as the one by Pietro Carpaccio, now in the Museo Civico, where the ladies are playing with two dogs, and a boy is amusing himself with a peacock.

To divine how little Venetian ladies stirred abroad, we have only to look at an engraving by Pietro Beretto, a Venetian who lived in the eleventh century. Nothing can be more significant. It depicts a lady mounted on clogs two feet high—a pair of the same kind lie on the ground in Carpaccio's picture—such as we may see preserved in the Museo Civico. To move about in them, the wearer had to be supported by one, or even two attendants. It is true that these chopines were used in other countries, for Hamlet, receiving the players, says to the boy who takes the female part, 'Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last by the altitude of a chopine' (Act II. sc. 2). But it really would seem as if Venetian fathers and husbands looked on them as a means of fettering their womankind, for when a French ambassador remarked to the Doge Domenico Contarini that the small French shoes were much more convenient, a counsellor broke in austerely with, 'Only too much so! Only too much so!' However, it would seem that the observation had its effect, for the daughters of this Doge were the first allowed to leave off the chopines, and no doubt others besides the worthy counsellor thought the world would come to an end.

It could not have been the muddiness of the streets that caused chopines to be used, though the women of the people wore clogs on that account, for, as we have seen, the ladies did not walk abroad in early times of Venice, appearing only in public on great gala-days, when they formed part of the show. These were the rare occasions on which they could meet; visiting at each other's houses was quite unknown until late in Venetian story, and what pageants those must have been when the Doge went in state to render thanks for some victory, or Venice decked herself to receive some royalty or great ambassador, and all her people gathered in piazza, before San Marco, for a tournament; or floated out on the broad, sunlit spaces of the lagunes, with the city of the waters rising radiant behind them, more beautiful than any dream, enthroned on her islets! Such a festa did she offer to Henri of Valois on his return from Poland. 'On the Sunday,' says an old writer, quoted by Yriarte in 'Un Patricien de Venise,' 'the prince was

invited to a festa in the Council Chamber, whither he went with the dukes, the Grand Prior, and the lords of his train. Two hundred patrician ladies, very beautiful, all in white and pearls, sat along the walls, leaving the middle of the chamber free. At the entrance, where usually stood the Doge's seat, was erected a throne, with azure and golden draperies, the floor being covered with costly carpets. This vast hall, with its gilded ceiling, and all around it marvellous paintings of Gentile Bellini, and Titian, and Tintoretto, was wonderful to behold. The King sat amid the Doge, the dukes, lords, and barons, and all around one beheld the garland of graceful women, who seemed choirs of nymphs and goddesses. Before seating himself, the King glanced over this magnificent sight, and, with a small following, advanced, bowing to the ladies, who rose and curtsied, his Majesty gallantly returning their salutation. Then, two and two, in groups, to the sound of music, they began to dance, each passing before the King.'

On this occasion, and certain others, sumptuary edicts were suspended, and the ladies were encouraged to vie with one another in gorgeousness, which they were not slow to do. The marriage of that splendid sinner, Bianca Capello, was one of these. First, as a runaway with a clerk of her father's bank, she was renounced by the city; then, wedded after a disgraceful past to a Medici, she was taken into fullest favour. In the British Museum is a print of her marriage party, where long-bearded patricians and splendid ladies make a goodly show in a loggia overlooking a wide lagune, with an islet, perhaps the then lovely Sant' Elena, in the distance. Great balls, too, were given in the palazzi, such as that in honour of 'the most serene family of Modina,' arranged by Elisabeth Cornaro, widow of the last of the splendid line of Foscarini; but these belonged to comparatively later times.

What, then, did Venetian ladies spend their time and thoughts upon, when visiting was unknown, gossip hardly possible, love-making extremely difficult, and marriage a mere business matter? One thing remained to them—namely, dress.

In very early times the simplicity of manners in all classes deprived them of this interest. Sansovino tells us that the Venetians, from the first having made it their aim to be peaceful and religious, and to keep on an equality one with another, made their dress a matter of conscience, and invented a costume conformable to their gravity. It was a long robe, as this

restrained hasty movements, and was 'nowise convenient for eager and quick spirits.' The colour is not named, but the women seem to have worn 'turchino,' a pale blue.

By A.D. 776, however, Eastern fashions began to creep in, and the ladies then wore a gold-embroidered cap and a mantle with a long train, also embroidered with gold, and trimmed with ermine, such as we see in the group of ladies, with a crowned one among them, probably the Dogaressa, in one of the mosaics of San Marco.

In A.D. 1071 a great impulse was given to luxury generally by Teodora, the Greek wife of Doge Servo, who scandalised Venice by her perfumes, her baths of dew, her habit of eating with 'an artificial two-pronged instrument,' and her evil custom of 'washing her whole person.' San Pier Damiano cannot say enough in reproof of such conduct, especially with regard to the fork. Teodora was terribly in advance of her time. In England a fork was unknown as late as Queen Elizabeth's day, and nearly a century later Louis Quatorze disdained one in civilised France. As might be expected, Teodora came to a bad end, but chroniclers differ as to what it was, one saying that she died of a loathsome disease (perhaps in consequence of her pernicious habit of washing); another, that after her old husband's death she desired to marry a young noble, and when permission was refused by the Senate, the two fled in a gondola, and perished in a great tempest. But all agree that the poor Greek lady only got what she deserved.

Unwarned by Teodora's fate, the Venetian ladies devoted themselves more and more to dress, as is shown by the repeated edicts framed to restrain them. Again and again laws were passed by scandalised husbands and fathers to forbid the wearing of costly jewels, especially pearls, of amber, of gloves embroidered with gold, of expensive dress materials, such as gold and silver brocades, of bonbons—of which they were as inordinately fond as are Turkish women—and of expensive fans. A fan is still a regular part of a Venetian woman's attire, and in old engravings we see them carrying little wands, with a tiny flag, for a fan—a fashion brought from Constantinople. The hair was dyed golden; receipts still exist of the drugs used; the operation took three hours. In one of Beretti's engravings, we see a lady sitting on her balcony, with a solana—a wide-brimmed hat with no crown on her head; her long hair is spread over it; she holds a mirror.

Of chopines we have already spoken ; they seem to have been worn in all cities subject to Venice. In Tom Coryat's 'Crudites,' published A.D. 1611, we find, 'No woman whatever goeth about, either in her house or abroad, without a thing made of wood, or covered with leather of sundry colours, some with white, some red, some yellow. It is called a chapiney, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted ; some I have seen fairly gilt. . . . There are many of these chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short seeme much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also, I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her chapineys.' All their gentlewomen, and most of their wives and widows that are of any wealth, are assisted or supported either by men or women when they walk abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arm, otherwise they might quickly take a fall.'

The chopines were not made of wood ; they were generally of cork. This absurd fashion, imported from Turkey, passed into England. Thirty-seven years later than Coryat's time, we find Raymond in his 'Voyage through Italy' uncivilly describing these Venetian ladies as 'walking maypoles . . . one part wood—their chopines—another part their apparel, and the third part a woman.' 'The Senate,' he adds, 'hath often endeavoured to take away the wearing of these high shoes, but all women are so passionately delighted with this kind of state that no law can wean them from it.' So perhaps, after all, the daughters of Domenico Contarini were not particularly delighted at leaving off their chapineys!

With intercourse from France came new fashions ; Priuli, in a journal written at the beginning of the fifteenth century, writes: 'Two things make the Venetians universally disliked—namely, the blasphemy in the mouth of all men and all ranks, and their passion for French fashions in dress.' About the end of A.D. 1506, for many succeeding years a doll was set up in the Merceria, then as now lined with shops, as a model of costume. and when the ladies returned from the great festa of the Doge's espousal of the Adriatic, they poured into the Merceria to study this doll arrayed in the last Parisian fashion. On such an occasion, when they could come freely abroad, they wore such dresses as we see in Carpaccio's and Bellini's pictures—gold necklaces of

Venetian chains, jewels, large gold buttons on sleeves and gorget, and long trains of brocade. These caused much scandal. 'Neither let women wear such long "caudash vestimentis," dragging on the ground,' wrote a Camaldolese monk to the Doge Cristofero Mono, in A.D. 1462, 'which thing is diabolical.'

Young girls covered their heads with a white silk veil, and when betrothed, ventured on foreign fashions, such as a velvet beretta. The widow's dress was of black wool with a black veil.

Of course the *corredo*, or wedding outfit, was a very important thing, and grew more so as the strictness of early times relaxed. There were at least a dozen gowns—of satin, velvet, and brocade, rare furs, jewels—especially pearls—mirrors, and carpets. Modern luxury pales before the description of the corredo given to the young wife of the unhappy Jacopo Foscari.

From the corredo to marriage is a natural transition. From the strict etiquette which surrounds courtship and wedlock, to this day even among the lower classes in Venice, we may guess how much of ceremony accompanied it in old times. 'Scarcely is a youth grown up,' says an old writer (and the description might almost have been written yesterday), 'than he bethinks him to marry, since neither can a woman prosper without a husband, nor a man without a wife. And when he had found a maid who takes his fancy, then he will seek to make himself known to her. First, he will walk below her balcony and eye her (ghe da de le occiae); then he goes by night and sings songs to her, naming her therein, and by-and-by, when she goes forth, he will follow, and bow to her. And he shall note what thing the maid doth, and if she look on him and bow when he salutes her, and if so he will hope, and take courage to ask if she be content to make love. Mostly she will take three days to reply, and these being past, she will bid her moroso (suitor) ask her from her father and mother. And if he mean honestly he will send a third person to ask if they allow him to court the maid, and they, if satisfied, set him a time of probation, and then they bid him to sup or dine, and a time is set for the wedding.'

A gold ring is given by the lover; and at Easter he may offer a cake; at Christmas, mandorlata (candied honey and almonds); at San Martin, chestnuts; on San Marco's Day, a rosebud; but there is none of the profuse giving of ornaments usual in

Southern Italy, there known as 'l'oro,' the 'gold.' The 'morosa' may give him a silk scarf, an embroidered handkerchief, and a pin to fasten his scarf, but not a comb, nor a picture of any saint, for the former is used in spells, and pictures of saints, oddly enough, bring ill luck. Scissors and needles are altogether forbidden; 'who gives such things will never be married.' The best man is called 'the comrade of the King,' and has an expensive part, for he must send a box of bonbons, bunches of artificial flowers, a gold piece, six bottles of Malaga and Cyprus wine, and six of rosolio, for a wedding gift, also four wax candles for the wedding Mass, the bigger the better. When the bride is dressed, she kneels before her father, weeping (tears are *de rigueur*), and asks a blessing. The wedding will be on Sunday, at the first Mass, often in the dark. In the evening there is a dance, opened by the bride and best man, but the mirth is dashed if on the way to church a cat was seen, or a dog barked, for a barking dog augurs sickness or prison; a silent one, constancy. To meet a hunchback brings good luck; a shower, plenty and prosperity. The practical character of the Venetians was nowhere better shown than in their views on marriage. 'A man,' says Fra Paolino, a Minorite friar, 'should seek in a wife fit age and a woman well made, since of such are commonly born tall and fair sons.' He adds, like the uncivil celebate which he was, 'let him not seek advice of a woman, since women have not good counsel to give, being of a constitution no ways firm or sound, but soft and poor, and the soul is apt to be moulded by the body containing it.' In the earliest days of Venice, all patrician marriages took place on the same day in the year, so that all might rejoice together. Each bride carried her dower to church in a small coffer; the bishop wedded them, and they went to their new homes.

In memory of that famous rescue of the brides carried off by corsairs, A.D. 943, the 'festa of the Maries' was instituted, twelve maidens being chosen, two from each sestiere or quarter of the town, who, decked with costly garments and jewels, went every 31st of January in a gondola to fetch the Doge and the Signory, after which they heard Mass at San Pietro di Costello, and again on the 3rd of February at Santa Maria Formosa. The intermediate day was spent in parading through the city, but by-and-by it was whispered that the Maries grew indiscreet, and exchanged smiles and glances with youths in the crowd, and a few wooden figures were substituted for fair damsels, which

caused no small dissatisfaction, and finally, during the disastrous war with Chioggia, in A.D. 1379, the festa was abolished.

In the Middle Ages dowries were small, but after A.D. 1400 they grew so large that the chroniclers note with disapproval that, instead of working, young men married rich wives. The senate vainly issued edicts to limit dowries. The husbands, however, had by no means entire control of their wives' fortunes; pin-money was stipulated for by law, so if the wife died, or was separated from her husband, or went into a convent, she could demand her dowry. Widows were especially protected by law, and if they lived with their sons these must give 'victuals and garments' till the youngest came of age. If a husband died without a will, the real estate went to the sons, and only half the personal property to daughters. It must be remembered, however, that in most Venetian families the former was small, and the latter very considerable. Canon law forbade women to bring a suit against a man, or to bear witness in a law court; but they could buy and sell, make donations even without their husband's consent, join in public loans, and make a will. The Dogaressa, Maria Steno, made one leaving fifty golden ducats to the poor, and a velvet gown to the parish priest of Santa Maria del Giglio to make a 'pianeta,' *i.e.* chasuble. They could also be guardians and executors. The Republic had prisons, galleys, and exile for any who deceived a woman by a false marriage, and made the ceremony as public and secure as possible. When a patrician was about to marry, he had to give notice to the three *Avogadori* or lawyers of the commune, two of his own relations with two of the bride's being present to state the rank of her father, as certain steps had to be taken if she were of the middle class to enable her sons by-and-by to sit in the Great Council, and if a noble married a slave or any one 'of low condition,' he forfeited his rank.

This ceremony accomplished, and all arrangements made between the two families, the bridegroom went to the court-yard of the Ducal Palace, and standing there, received the congratulations of his kindred and friends. A patrician wedding was regarded as a State affair, and on the day when the contract was signed, he betook himself to the palace of his future father-in-law, with a large party of relations and friends, and, standing at the doorway, received the high officers of the Republic, and conducted them to the great saloon, where in

early times no woman was allowed to appear, except on some such great occasion. How the bride looked we may gather from old Venetian pictures, such as Carpaccio's lovely series of the legend of St. Ursula, and Sansovino's description of maidens all in white, with hair loose on their shoulders, interwoven with threads of gold. The dress grew more and more costly as time went on. After the contract was signed, she had to 'dance serenely' round the room, making a court curtsey to each guest, no easy matter on a slippery marble floor. This required much practice, and we may see a bride taking a lesson how to do so in a rare old print which Yriarte oddly calls 'a *novice* and her dancing master,' no doubt misled by the Venetian word 'novizza,' which means a bride. Another account of the ceremony says that every time a new party of guests arrived, the bride had to repeat it, leaving her room again, and executing before each person a 'passo e mezzo,' then a modest salterello, afterwards, bowing gracefully, she asks leave to return to her chamber. This custom must have lasted down to late times, for Goldoni satirizes it in one of his plays.

After this came a kind of royal progress in a gondola, with those of relations and friends following in a line to all the convents where she had relations, and if her gondoliers were not duly attired in scarlet stockings, they were pursued by all the other gondoliers with hootings and whistlings. On the wedding day little cannon were fired from the palazzo; flags and draperies were hung out; the servants wore extra splendid liveries. The marriage usually took place at dawn; sometimes as many as three hundred people were present, and trumpets and pifferi played all through the ceremony; but in the earlier times, 'the wedding took place in church with secresy and small was the feasting,' says Sanudo, applauding Zanfranco Morosini for returning to the old ways. A feast followed, the cost of which and the number of the dishes were strictly restrained by law, valuable gifts were made, and in the fifteenth century gaiety was promoted in an odd way enough, by a burlesque recital of the great deeds of the ancestors of the bridal pair.

It seems strange in a city where women were kept so strictly in subjection to find that girls came of age in the thirteenth century at twelve years old; in the sixteenth, however, they did not attain their majority until they were fourteen. This liberty was in reality little more than nominal; they married

very young, and passed under the rule of their mothers-in-law, often a stern one. 'O God of heaven! be kind to me; send me a youth with no *madona* (mother),' says an old Venetian canzone. With the Renaissance the restraints on women were relaxed, but, unused to liberty, both men and women abused it increasingly. There were rendezvous in the churches; girls were insulted in San Marco, and terrified in their own houses by insolent young patricians, and henceforward corruption ate deeper and deeper into Venetian life, in spite of edicts giving the husband and father absolute power over wife and children. The wife, on mere suspicion, could be shut up in a convent, sons and daughters could be married by force, or obliged to become priests, monks, and nuns. What priests, what nuns they must have made! So scandalous had life become, that in A.D. 1781 the Supreme Tribunal closed the Casino di San Cassiano after 6 p.m., and made the furnishing of cards to play at 'Panfil' an offence punishable with death. This Casino had become the meeting-place of the highest and the lowest, of patrician ladies and the worst of women, who met to gamble there. When the ladies had no more money, they borrowed from the men; the men played high and cheated shamelessly. We hear, too, that the ladies galloped about the piazza, in short skirts, and such masculine attire that it was not easy to know if they were men or women, especially as Venetian dandies perfumed their long hair and looked as like women as the women did like men. 'Feminine or masculine?' Carlo Gozzi asked, when one of these curled Lovelaces passed before him.

(*To be continued.*)

WILD BEAST LORE.

IN the quaint traditions, fables, and symbolism of the Middle Ages, animals always figured very prominently; and from old myths, saintly legends, curious superstitions, old-world natural histories, and poetical associations, a rich sheaf could be garnered. First in importance, as befits the king of beasts, comes the lion. In Christian art it is used as a symbol of our Blessed Lord, both because He, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, overcame Satan; and because, being a royal beast, it typifies the kingship of Christ. Winged, he symbolises St. Mark, as all who have been to Venice, and seen the granite columns on the Piazetta, will recall. In saintly legend he is often mentioned. When St. Thekla, 'the first lily in the garden of God,' was thrown to the lions, they would not harm her.

> 'But lo! the fierce and famished creatures shook,
> And crouching at her feet, in fondness lay;
> There will they rest, though none beside may brook
> Their furious fangs, nor soothe their angry way.'

The same story of their refusing to molest their victims was told in the legends of St. Prisca and St. Euphemia, virgin martyrs of the third and fourth centuries. St. Ignatius was devoured by lions in the Roman amphitheatre. 'Men and Romans,' he said, just before his death, 'know ye that it is not for any crime that I am placed here, but for the glory of that God whom I worship. I am as the wheat of His field, and must be ground by the teeth of the lions, that I may become bread worthy of being served up to Him.' Lions came to help St. Antony to dig a grave for the hermit Paul, 'roaring, as if in sympathy;' and when the priest Zozimus sought to inter the body of St. Mary of Egypt, a lion came to his assistance. The royal beast is one of the attributes of St. Jerome, no doubt on account of the saint's boldness and watchfulness; but a curious legend explains the association otherwise.

'One evening, Jerome was sitting at the gate of his monastery, when a lion entered, limping, as if wounded. The monks were all terrified, and fled, except Jerome, who went to meet him. The lion lifted its paw, and in it Jerome found a thorn, which he extracted, and then tended the wound till it was well. The lion remained with the saint, and he made it the duty of the beast to guard an ass which brought wood from the forest. One day, while the lion slept, a caravan of merchants passed, and they stole the ass and drove it away. The lion returned to the convent with an air of shame. Jerome believed that he had eaten the ass, and condemned him to do the work of the ass, to which the lion quietly submitted, until the ass was again discovered by himself in the following manner. One day, after his task was ended, he saw a caravan approaching, the camels of which (as is the custom of the Arabs) was led by an ass. The lion immediately saw that it was his stolen charge, and he drove the camels into the convent, whither the ass gladly led them. The merchants acknowledged the theft, and St. Jerome pardoned them for it.'

In heathen mythology, lions were sacred to Rhea, the mother of Zeus; the Nemæen lion was strangled by Hercules; and, in the Nibelungen Lied, Siegfried's extraordinary strength was proved by his catching the lions in the wood and hanging them by their tails over the castle wall. Æsop deals largely in lions, beginning with the one who was released from durance vile by his tiny friend the mouse, and passing on to the poor old forest king insulted by the rebellious subjects who no longer feared him; to the royal autocrat who, hunting in company, calmly appropriated the whole of the prey; and to the enamoured lion, who allowed the forester's daughter to draw his teeth and cut off his claws, after which the treacherous forester killed him! Every one knows the story of Androcles and his faithful follower; and a crusading knight, Sir Geoffrey de la Tour, likewise possessed a leonine friend, whose gratitude he had won by delivering him from a huge serpent, who helped him to fight the paynim horde, and who—poor loyal brute!—was drowned in trying to swim after the ship which bore his master away. Our Richard I. was said to have gained his sobriquet by plunging his hand down the throat of a lion who attacked him, and tearing out its heart; but the kingly Plantagenet spirit is a better explanation of the name. Una's lion, in the 'Faërie Queene,' ought not to be forgotten. What fitter subject could a

painter find than the spotless maiden, journeying onward under the guardianship of the 'lord of every beast in field'?

> 'The lion would not leave her desolate,
> But with her went along, as a strong guard
> Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
> Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard;
> Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
> And, when she waked, he waited diligent,
> With muckle service to her will prepared;
> From her fair eyes he took commandément,
> And ever by her looks conceivéd her intent.'

In heraldry the lion plays a prominent part—rampant, couchant, passant, sejant. Our English lion is crowned; the Scottish tressured. The lion who used to stand on the top of Northumberland House—now, alas! swept away—tells of his connection with the Percies; and the 'blanch lion' belonged to the Howards. Nor ought Thorwaldsen's most noble lion of Lucerne, which commemorates the 'valour and faith' of the Swiss, to be forgotten—lying, in the pathos and grandeur of self-devotion, with the broken lance in his side, and the shield held in the fierce grip which guards it even in death.

Some of the mediæval notions of the habits and ways of the forest king were curious. He was said to brush over his footprints with his tail, so that the hunters could not track him; to sleep with his eyes open; and to awaken his offspring into life the third day after their birth by his roaring. Lions were kept in the Tower of London by the kings of England; if one died, it was an omen of the approaching demise of the sovereign—a belief that survived at least as recently as the time of George II. A favourite joke at the expense of country cousins was to send them to see the annual washing of the lions at the Tower on the 1st of April. Topsell, an old naturalist, tells us a very remarkable anecdote, indeed, of a father and mother lion.

'In Pangius, a mountain of Thracia, there was a lionesse which had whelpes in her den, the which den was observed by a beare, the which beare on a day finding the den vnfortified, both by the absence of the lion and the lionesse, entered into the same, and slew the lion's whelpes; afterward went away, and, fearing a reuenge, for her better securitie against the lion's rage, climbed vp into a tree, and there sat as in a sure castle of defence. At length the lion and lionesse returned both home, and finding

their little ones dead in their owne bloud, according to naturall affection, fell both exceeding sorrowfull to see them so slaughtered whom they both loued; but smelling out by the foote the murderer, followed with rage vp and downe until they came to the tree, whereinto the beare was ascended, and seeing her, looked both of them gastly upon her, oftentimes assaying to get into the tree, but all in vain, for Nature, which adorned them with singular strength and nimblenesse, yet had not endued them with power of climbing, so that the tree hindering them from reuenge, gave vnto them further occasion of mourning, and vnto the beare to reioice at her owne crueltie, and deride their sorrow. Then the male forsook the female, leauing her to watch the tree, and he, like a mournfull father for the losse of his children, wandered vp and downe the mountaine, making great moane and sorrow, till at the last he saw a carpenter hewing wood, who, seeing the lion coming towards him, let fall his axe for feare. But the lion came very louingly towards him, fawning gently vpon his breast with his fore feete, and licking his face with his tongue; which gentleness of the lion the man perceaving, he was much astonished, and, being more and more embraced and fawned on by the lion, he followed him, leaving his axe behind him, which he had let fall; which the lion perceaving, went backe, and made signes with his foote to the carpenter that he should pick it vp; but the lion perceaving that the man did not understand his signes, hee brought it himselfe in his mouth, and delivered it vnto him, and so led him into his caue, where his yongue whelpes lay all embrewed in their owne bloude, and then led him where the lionesse did watch the beare. She, therefore, seeing them both comming, as one that knew her husband's purpose, did signifie vnto the man he should consider of the miserable slaughter of her yongue whelpes, and showing him by signes that he should looke vp into the tree, where the beare was, which, when the man saw, he coniectured that the beare had done some grieuous iniurie vnto them. He therefore tooke his ax and hewed downe the tree by the rootes, which being so cut, the beare tumbled downe headlong, which the two furious beastes seeing, they toar her all to pieces. And afterwards the lion conducted the man vnto the place and worke, where he first met him, and there left him, without doing the least violence or harme vnto him.'

In Eastern Africa the Arabs believe that an unguent of lion's fat inspires men with boldness, and causes the wild beasts to flee in terror.

The 'Beare,' who appears in so unamiable a light in Topsell's narrative, was, and indeed is yet, thought very highly of by the Lapps, who call it the 'Dog of GOD,' and by our Norse kindred, who prefer to speak of him as the 'Wise Man,' and the 'Old Man with a Fur Cloak,' and who declare that he has the strength of ten men and the sense of twelve. In old days, when he was slain, his executioners always politely apologised to him, which we will hope soothed his feelings. He was, indeed, looked on by the bold Norsemen as a sort of ancestor, and old Earl Siward Biorn was, tradition declared, the son of a bear, and bore the pointed ears he inherited from his father concealed beneath his hair. The Fairy Bear Hereward slew will not be forgotten by those who have read Kingsley's Chronicle of the Wake, nor the amiable mother bear who adopted Orson in the fairy-tale book of our childhood. Perhaps the wild man of the woods having been King Pepin's nephew explains the veneration the French had for the creature, whom they used to speak of as le vieux and le grand-père; and who has not heard of the notable bears of Berne? The Red Indians, when giving a bear his death-blow, always cruelly taunt him with his cowardice. 'He understood me very well,' said a brave, when asked why he did so. 'Did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked?' The cause of the animal's well-known habit of hybernating is explained thus satisfactorily by Topsell: 'There was a certain cowherd in the mountains of Helvetia, which, coming down a hill with a great cauldron on his back, he saw a bear eating of a root, which he had pulled up with his feet. The cowherd stood still till the bear was gone, and afterward came to the place where the beast had eaten the same, and finding more of the same root, did likewise eat it. He had no sooner tasted thereof but he had such a desire to sleep that he could not contain himself, but he must needs lie down on the way and there fall asleep, having covered his head with the cauldron to keep himself from the vehemency of the cold, and there slept all the winter time without harm, and never rose again till the spring time; which fable, if a man will believe, then doubtless this herb may cause the bears to be sleepers, not for fourteen days, but for fourscore days together.' On Candlemas Day, an old Latin rhyme tells us, the bear turns over for another nap.

He does not figure much in saintly legend, except in connection with St. Romedius, a rich Bavarian, who, in the fourth century, owned considerable property in the Innthal, including

Taur. On his return from a pilgrimage to Rome, he put himself at the disposal of Virgilius, the apostle of South Tyrol, who despatched him to the conversion of the Nonsthal, where he lived and died in the odour of sanctity. He was not unmindful of his own Taur, but frequently visited it to pour out his spiritual benedictions. He was once there on such a visit, when he received a call from St. Virgilius. Regardless of his age and infirmities, he immediately prepared for the journey over the mountains to Trent. His nag, old and worn out, like his master, he had left to graze on the pastures at the foot of the Taneralpe. So he called his disciple David, and bade him bring him in and saddle him. Great was the consternation of the disciple on making the discovery that the horse had been devoured by a bear. Saddened and cast down, he came to his master with the news. Nothing daunted, St. Romedius bade him go back and saddle the bear in its stead. The neophyte durst not gainsay his master, but went out trusting in his word. The bear meekly submitted to the bidding of the holy man, who bestrode him, and rode on this singular mount into Trent.

The bear and the ragged staff were the arms of the Dudleys; and those who have visited the Tower of London will remember seeing them carved on the walls of the Beauchamp Tower, with the unfinished inscription beneath. The hand that graved them was that of the Duke of Northumberland—poor Lady Jane Grey's father-in-law,—and the work was left incomplete because the worker was called forth to that scaffold on Tower Hill, where all his ambitious plots and schemes were ended for ever by the axe. Our ancestors believed the 'Wise Man' to possess medicinal virtues, as the following quaint recipes testify. 'The right eye of a bear dryed to powder, and hung about children's necks in a little bag, driveth away the terror of dreams, and both the eyes whole, bound to a man's left arm easeth a quartain ague.'

The wolf has an important place in Christian art and symbolism. Innumerable stories are told, connecting him with various saints. 'St. Simpert, Bishop of Augsburg,' says the author of 'Christian Symbolical Zoology,' 'is said to have restored to a mother her child, which had been carried off by a wolf. St. Godoaldus, or Gaswal, is related to have restored life to a lamb, which a wolf had strangled. The story is told of St. Norbert, that he obliged a wolf, who was robbing a flock in the absence of the shepherd, to stand guard over the flock till the

return of the shepherd. St. Malo is represented in sacred art with a wolf carrying faggots, compelled to this office by the bishop to expiate its fault in having devoured his ass. . . . St. Hervé, or Houan, the blind Breton poet, is figured with a wolf leading him, the legend being that the beast having devoured his dog, the saint turned the savage creature into fulfilling the office for him which the dog had executed. St. Fillanus of Scotland, having had his ox killed by a wolf, ordered the wild beast to draw the stones for the construction of his church. A similar story is told of St. William of Monte Vergine. St. Edmund having been slain by the Danes, his head was cut off and was thrown into a wood; but, after the retreat of the Danes, the Saxons searched the wood for the remains of the prince, and found a monstrous wolf standing guard over his head. St. Radigund, of Wellenburg, in Swabia, was devoured by wolves, on his way to minister to the sick and poor, and is consequently represented with them. On the other hand, the Blessed Christine of Strommeln, having one night tumbled into a marsh seven wolves came to her, when she crawled out, and with their breath warmed her frozen limbs.' St. Blaise was appealed to by a poor woman, whose pig had been carried off by a wolf and, at the saint's command, the savage creature brought it back. St. Francis of Assisi once solemnly represented the error of his ways to a wolf, who, struck with remorse, placed his paw in the saint's hand, and faithfully promised to abstain from eating sheep again. The conscientious animal was, one is glad to know, rewarded for his self-denial by the inhabitants of the little town of Gubbio, who undertook to provide him with victuals.

In Norse mythology wolves are prominent figures. 'Wolves, called Geri and Freki,' we are told, 'sat on either side of Odin's throne, and devoured his share of the bear's flesh of Valhalla, a banquet he was too ethereal to require. Wolves chase the sun and moon round their daily courses; and a terrible wolf, called Mangarmir, or moon-gorger, is to devour the moon at the coming of the wolf-age, which, in the Voluspa, shadows the last days of the world. Fenris, the wolf of the abyss, is the son of Loki, and though bound by the Asir at the cost of Tyr's right hand, will finally break loose, destroy Odin himself, and only be rent asunder by Vidur in his resistless shoes.' The wonderful she-wolf of Rome, with her nurslings Romulus and Remus, cannot be forgotten by those who have

seen how perpetually she is repeated all over the Eternal City, even appearing on the pats of butter sent up with one's café complêt! The terrible grandmother-wolf who devoured little Red Ridinghood is familiar to us all. How many generations of child-readers have not shuddered over the grim retort, 'The better to eat you with, my dear!' which answered the frightened little maiden's observation on the 'large teeth.' The Wolfen, the Bavarian house who were the progenitors of our royal line of Guelph, are said to have gained their names through the remarkable proceedings of a far-away ancestress, who having been blessed with twelve children at once, sent her maid to drown the supernumeraries in the river. On her way thither she met the father, who demanded what she had in her apron. 'Only whelps,' said she; but he insisted on looking, discovered his unfortunate babies, rescued them, and named them ever after 'Wolf-whelps.'

At Aix-la-Chapelle they have a quaint legend that the devil offered to find money to complete the cathedral, on condition that the first who entered it should belong to him, and that a wise little priest foiled his design by setting free a wolf from a trap on the threshold, when, of course, it dashed into the church, in proof of which a little brass wolf is still shown on the door!

At Heidelberg the Wolfsbrunnen still recalls the legend of the beautiful young priestess Jetta, who, faithless to her vows, was punished by the offended goddess Hertha by being devoured by a wolf.

In England wolves used in olden times to be plentifully numerous, and were eagerly hunted down for the sake of the reward—so much for every head—offered by the king; from which came the custom of styling an outlaw a 'wolf's head.' Verstegan, an old writer of the sixteenth century, says of the Anglo-Saxons: 'The month which we now call January they called Wolf-monat, to wit, Wolf moneth, because people are wont always in that moneth to be more in danger to be devoured of wolves than in any season els of the yeare; for that, through the extremity of cold and snow, these ravenous creatures could not find of other beasts sufficient to feed upon.' He has also something to tell us of the terrible mediæval superstition of the were-wolf. 'This name remaineth still known in the Teutonic, and is as much as to say man-wolf—the Greek expressing the very like in "Lycanthropos." The were-wolves are certain sorcerers who,

having anointed their bodies with an ointment which they make by the instinct of the devil, and putting on a certain inchanted girdel, do not only unto the view of others seem as wolves, but to their own thinking have both the shape and nature of wolves, so long as they weare the said girdel; and they do dispose themselves as very wolves in worrying and killing, and waste of humane creatures.'

In Portuguese the term for the man-wolf is lobis-homem, hardly a change from the Latin lupus homo. 'The legend,' says Oswald Crawford, 'of a human being assuming a wolf's shape is certainly one of the most generally diffused through the world. It takes many forms in Portugal. A common belief is that when there are seven children of the same parents, one, either son or daughter, is fated before the age of puberty arrives to turn into a corredor—a night-ranger—that is, to become that which is preliminary to being a true wehr-wolf, or lobis-homem. The corredor need not necessarily assume a wolf's shape—indeed, he as often takes that of a hare, a wild cat, or a fox—but at nights he must put on the likeness of one of these animals, and range through woods and desert places. The corredor, by all I can learn, harms no one but himself, and is unconscious of his nightly wanderings as soon as he returns to his human shape and right senses; but he is always to be recognised by excessive leanness, wild eyes, and a pale and haggard face. The corredor steals from his bed, and climbing the highest tree in the neighbourhood, strips to the skin and hides his clothes in the branches, then descending naked to the ground, he is instantly transformed into a bestial shape, with all the habits belonging to the beast whose form he has put on. He is endowed with supernatural strength, and can outstrip men and all other animals. The child with this fate to undergo passes a novitiate of seven years as a corredor, and then, unless the spell be broken, he turns to a true lobis-homem, a versi-pellis, a wolf-man, or a wolf-woman. The female of this terrible human wild beast is known as lobeira. Male or female, it is a fierce creature, with appetites exaggerating those of the wolf it resembles, and whose strength and swiftness are greater than those of the wolf. The creature is now no longer harmless, but leaps upon and preys on other animals; and its special delight is in the slaughter and devouring of children. When once the change into the true lobis-homem or lobeira has taken place, I understand that the wolf-man

or woman can never again be reclaimed into the ranks of our common humanity; but the spell upon a corredor can be broken. It needs but for its clothes to be found and burnt, or for blood to be drawn from its body while in the form of a beast; then the spell is broken, the animal returns into human shape—waking amazed as from a sleep-walking dream, and receiving the reversion of the human soul, of which the true lobis-homem must inevitably forfeit the tenure. Tales are many where a particularly savage wolf, being sorely wounded by some peasant in a midnight fray, has yet escaped by a seeming miracle. The next morning the unsuspected brother or sister of the peasant himself is seen with a wound of identically the same nature, and so has proved to be nothing less than a foul lobis-homem or lobeira.' This gruesome superstition was rife in France, where the human wolf was known as the loup-garou. Indeed, the French seem always to have had a good deal to do with wolves, concerning whom they have no less than forty-nine proverbs.

The fox—the 'little red rover'—who is an object of such absorbing interest to our countrymen, is not associated in modern minds with any idea of saintliness. Yet he figures in more than one mediæval legend. 'St. Magnus, Abbot of Fuessen,' we are told, in 'Christian Symbolical Zoology,' 'in Upper Bavaria, discovered the iron mines in the neighbourhood by means of a fox. According to another version of the legend, St. Magnus was sent by his master, St. Columbanus, to fetch apples. But a fox had eaten many of them; then the saint mildly divided the apples which he shook off the tree into heaps, and said, "Half are for thee, Reynard, the other half are for my master and me." St. Genulphus is also represented accompanied by a fox, for one of these crafty animals having carried off a fowl from his poultry-yard, was ordered to return it without delay, and the fox was obliged to obey. The same story is told of the blind hermit, Hervé, and also of St. Condedus. SS. Fargean and Fergeon, martyrs at Besançon, the one a priest and the other a deacon, were buried in a cave, and the place of their sepulture was forgotten; but it was found through the instrumentality of a fox, which, flying from the hunters, hid itself in their tomb. But it is chiefly as a symbol of fraud, cunning, and deceit, that the fox is employed, in art, to represent those who succeed in entrapping unwary and simple souls; and therefore especially is the fox a type of the devil, as a dissembler

and leader into error. The fox was said to capture geese and barndoor fowls by many curious artifices. It walked hind forwards towards the geese, with its tail erect, and the foolish birds did not discover that the advancing bunch concealed a fox, till he was upon them. He was said to feign death, and to lie still upon the ground, till the birds came up to look at him, when life returned, and he fell upon them.'

Reynard is of course the hero of the German Reinecke Fuchs; and old Æsop returns to him over and over again. Who is there who is not acquainted with the fox of 'sour-grapes' celebrity; with him who lost his tail, and artfully strove to make his *confrères* believe a condition of taillessness was the latest fashion; with the crafty flatterer who wooed the cheese out of the crow's beak; with the inhospitable host who invited the stork to take soup out of a shallow bowl; and the clever schemer who inveigled the goat into the well, by the assurance of the sweetness of its waters, and himself emerged, leaving his dupe to escape as he might?

Of the hyæna the following remarkable account is given by an old-world naturalist. 'If a man meet with this beast, he must not set upon it on the right hand, but on the left, for it hath been often seen that, when in haste it did run by the hunter on the right hand, he presently fell off from his horse senseless; and, therefore, they that secure themselves from this beast must be careful to receive him on the left side, that so he may with more facility be taken, especially (saith Pliny) if the cords wherein he is to be ensnared be fastened with seven knots. Ælianus reporteth of them, that one of these coming to a man asleep in a sheep-cot, by laying the left hand or fore-foot to his mouth, made or cast him into a deep sleep, and afterward digged about him such a hole like a grave, as she covered all his body over with earth, except his throat and head, whereupon she sat until she suffocated and stifled him; yet Philes attributeth this to her right foot. The like is attributed to the sea-calf, and the fish hyæna, and therefore the old magicians, by reason of this exterminating property, did not a little glory in these beasts, as if they had been taught by them to exercise diabolical and prestigious incantation, whereby they deprived men of sense, motion, and reason.' According to Topsell, the hyæna is useful medicinally. 'There is for the biting of a ravenous dog an excellent remedy, which is this: first to anoint the places bitten with the fat or grease of a sea-calf, or

else to give it in drink; and then, to make the operation more effectual, mingle the marrow of an hyæna, and oyl that cometh from the Mastic tree, and wax together, and being so applyed and anointed upon the sore, it will presently cure the same.'

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.

WHEN MAIDENS SLEEP.

(RONDEAU.)

WHEN maidens sleep, each witching wile
The soft-fringed lashes hide; a smile
Of peaceful languor and content
Round the coquettish lips is blent,
The dimples have no place for guile.

No cares, no sorrows there. Meanwhile
Sweet thoughts the lengthened dreams beguile.
The roses yield a mystic scent
When maidens sleep.

The golden curls rest on a pile
Of brightly-tinted cushions; while
With tiny love-charged bowstring bent
Comes Cupid, and with sly intent
He aims in swift, unerring style
When maidens sleep.

O. M. W.

THE ONE I KNEW LEAST OF ALL.

'A little Pegasus
Will make a greater fuss
Than one of thrice his size.'

I DON'T know when I began to 'make up stories.' I remember running up and down the nursery, beating a basket with a stick, and telling one to myself. I don't know what it was about, but I knew it was a story. Next, I told one to my cousin, as we sat curled up together in a big bath. Then there were stories about princes and maidens, which one acted by jumping off window-seats and waving sticks. In those days I always acted stories. One could not pretend or make up when one was sitting still, so I ran about and played at ball, and told the stories aloud to myself in infancy and early childhood. They sank into whispers as I advanced into self-conscious girlhood; but the practice continued—well, for a long time. When I had no ball, I tied up my pocket-handkerchief in knots and played with that. Once it fell into the globe of the schoolroom gas. Let memory draw a veil over the result all round! I called this amusement, telling stories; but it was really realisations of people —chiefly, I suppose, of myself — in various circumstances. Sometimes I talked about myself to my ball. I called myself Madeline, after the little girl in 'Laneton Parsonage,' and I pitied Madeline, and blamed her, and realised her in all sorts of ways. Perhaps she was my 'subliminal self.' She grew up and went to balls and talked about her partners; but I haven't seen her for a long while now.

Stories were another form of 'acting games,' when we played at being fairies, knights, robbers, gipsies, and so on, as I suppose many children do. When we girls wanted to do sentimental pieces together, we played that the little boys—always the robbers or bogies—were in prison, to get them out of the way. They didn't always stay there, and now and then broke in on the dying speeches of the wounded knights.

Acting, playing, making up, 'pretending,' in those days, all came from the same impulse, and I don't think living one's real life from a very different one. The future, of course, was a story, for which the castle was ready in the air, and the present was its prologue.

How did the stories come? Well, I was supposed to be a dreamy child, but I was really very observant, and spent much time in studying the actions and characters of those about me. The effect on my behaviour was less beneficial than on my brains. Then I read every story I could get hold of, and nothing else. I loathed my lessons, and though I must have given an impression of cleverness, from the reproaches addressed to me for idleness, probably from having a flow of language, I really had the greatest difficulty in learning anything. I liked out-of-doors games with companions, and was always extremely sociable. But I also liked wandering about in gardens by myself, looking at the trees and the grass and the gravel, finding odd insects, which I always thought nice and never nasty, and I liked *tasting* seeds and leaves and flowers. I know the taste of laburnum seeds and ivy leaves, holly berries and violet blossoms. I have eaten them all, and yet I live! I don't remember thinking about things and places being pretty, or caring for natural beauty at all; but at these times what I used to call 'having ideas' came to me. I did not know then, and I don't know now, how, while one was poking one's finger under the rough bark of a thorn tree and watching the spiders run out, or staring into the grass and counting the soldiers, I don't know *how* that which was to be a story came. But so it was; the mental image of a face, a scene, a place arose within, and by-and-by explained itself into a story. So it was then, and *mutatis mutandis*, so it is still.

I read of children who believed in their own imaginations, in fairies and bogies; but I never did. The line between fancy and reality was never in my case blurred for a moment. I was afraid of nothing; not even of the dark. Yes—I was afraid of Frederick, the fish-man, who had only one leg, and of Dorothy, the poet Wordsworth's sister, when she was drawn in her Bath-chair at Rydal Mount, in extreme old age, and quoted poetry to the 'grandchildren of my friend.' That was horrid and embarrassing, and quite uninteresting to the little, narrow-minded girl, who did not see anything here for her imagination to work on. Other little girls who had been to school were more

exciting than old poets, whom one did not admire as much as one was told to do, and whom one had heard a good deal of all one's life. Such is the stupidity of childhood.

The grand-daughter of one great poet in the library of another, could find nothing worth reading but a small green story-book of the Religious Tract Society—the one gem, she thought, among much rubbish! If now, with brains behind her eyes, she could see Rydal Mount and its inhabitants as they were then, what a chance she would consider it! Still, so great a background to one's literary childhood must have had force, little as it was felt.

It had at least the result of making efforts at literature such a commonplace thing in the family, that conceit was out of the question. It never could be, 'How wonderful you should do it at all!' It was always, 'How very odd you can't do it *better!*'

I never wrote anything down till I was quite twelve. I don't think I could spell or write with sufficient ease to do so earlier.

Then, I wrote a story in pencil, and a friend copied it out. I would give much to see this work again. It was called, 'Zara; or, The Haunted Chamber.' The heroine was a ventriloquist and a villainess, who pretended to be dumb, and the catastrophe was brought about by Richard Cœur de Lion, who appeared, unexpectedly, in the Highlands of Scotland and set matters straight.

With this exception, which I think must have been partly put into shape by my elder companions, I remember nothing definite about my early inventions. I spun out people and hardly knew them from myself; but when I was nearly fifteen I paid a visit away from home, and the step from babyish childhood to girlhood was made. On an impulse, gained during this visit, I wrote a story—of course, about the Great Rebellion, what a blessing to have got *that* over at fifteen!—called 'Langthwaite Grange.' This exists, tied up with red ribbon and written in a screwy hand on paper bought with my own money and carried home secretly in my pocket, and is a quite sensible and consecutive historical tale, with careful descriptions of the Lake district, and some character in one of the heroes. I loved it with passion, and read it to my privileged friends.* I don't think this story was bad for a 'fifteener,' as my relations used to call me at that time. Now came into my life the first influence,

* There was a bench in the Great Western Cemetery, 'far from the madding crowd,' which lives in my memory as a most blissful spot.

which I *recognised* as a literary one. Miss Charlotte Yonge became Mother Goose to twelve callow goslings, in days when essay societies were new and magazine competitions were not; when girls in their teens had time to think and very few incentives to learn. I found out I had thoughts, and I learned to write them down. I read, occasionally, a book that was not a story, hero worship for the creator of Guy Morville and other dear friends being in my case the chief motive. Mother Goose set up a manuscript magazine, which gave us a public of cousins and intimate friends, and she started a story competition among us, which I won, and she printed the result in 'The Monthly Packet.' That was how I got into print. I had never thought of it before.

Alongside of these more serious efforts, I and the cousin who formerly sat in the bath made joint stories, and told them together. We invented the plot, divided the characters, and spoke for each. The dramatic impulse must have been strong. These stories, told first with this cousin and then with another, were, as was natural to girls in their middle teens, love stories of an innocent and domestic sort. The conversations, I presume, consisted of what we should have liked to have said ourselves, and what we should have liked to have said to us under interesting circumstances. I suppose they were, in some part, castles in the air. But some of the characters were distinctive, and a certain readiness of invention was gained. I have always liked 'collaboration.' There is a unique delight in hearing what some one else will make your hero say.

These stories had an outcome in a 'novel' in five and twenty copy-books. How beautiful it was, and how thankful I am that in five and twenty copy-books it still remains, and that the extremely blue eyes of its hero never attempted to open on a critical world! In these middle teens, 'stories' oozed out of me, and I lived in the personalities of innumerable aliases. *Then*, I never thought of wanting money, or of making it, and satisfied ambition meant, I fear, plenty of partners at a ball. I did not want to 'do good,' for I had nothing improving to say. Work for others was a later development, and it was long before the two sides of my life joined. I made stories as a bird sings, and I wrote them to see what they were like when I had sung them.

But literary childhood came to an end, and was succeeded, in my case, by print, and by a modest prosperity, which I felt to

exceed my deserts. In after-life there come to all authors motives and efforts, and working to scale and order, and Pegasus, poor little fellow, gets tired and goes lame, when he is rather too small to run in harness and pull the chariot of success. Never mind. The stories that are written are part of the life that has been lived, sobered by its experiences, saddened by its griefs, limited by its limitations. But the stories which are *not* written? Ah, in these Pegasus can still 'hitch his waggon to a star.'

Or, to put the matter in a less romantic fashion, the story-maker can always smoke his own pipe of peace, and provide his own tobacco.

CHRISTABEL R. COLERIDGE.

DULNESS.

BY E. C. TAIT.

DULNESS has been called a kind of disease, a species of mental or moral atrophy, and we have been told that we should feel kindly and pityingly towards those who are afflicted with this depressing malady; instead of being annoyed with them, we should be sorry for them, and do what we can to alleviate their condition. There is possibly some truth in this view of the subject, though, on the whole, I am inclined to think that there is more moral responsibility for dulness than is commonly supposed.

What is Dulness? How can we define it? It is a purely passive or negative state or quality, and may be described as the absence of colour, variety, or interest. We call a person dull who has few ideas, and no brightness of manner or vivacity of conversation. We say a book is dull when it does not interest us. We call a place dull when the scenery is flat and monotonous, or where there is little movement or variety. We say a life is dull that is monotonous and has few interests and little variety in it. We call the weather dull when the sun does not shine, and the landscape in consequence looks colourless.

Dulness always, then, consists in a lack or need; it is not a positive quality, and can only be got rid of by an antidote, and the antidote is colour, variety, interest. How can it be applied so as to dissipate the fog that envelops so many lives?

We are affected by dulness under three distinct forms. There are dull people, dull places, and dull lives. Now, I do not think it is too strong an assertion to make, that no one ought either to be dull themselves, nor to find any place dull, nor to lead a dull life. Dulness in any of its forms is a passive and negative breach of God's laws. No one who reads the face of Nature can doubt this. How full Nature is of colour, of variety, of interest!—the very antipodes of dulness. Did any one ever see two mountains, two valleys, two sunsets exactly alike?

Were ever two leaves or two flowers veined or coloured exactly alike? Did ever two springs bud and blossom in precisely the same way? Did any one ever know two human beings who exactly resembled each other in every particular? How is it, then, that with all this wonderful variety and interest in the world around us, we find some people and places and lives so dull and uninteresting? Is the fault in ourselves or in them? Generally in ourselves. We have no right to be dull ourselves, nor to find any place dull, nor to lead a dull life. If we do, it is because we lack something which we ought to have, and might have if we liked. To find out what that essential quality is, that antidote to dulness, we must proceed to consider Dulness under its threefold aspect of Persons, Places, and Lives.

I. *Dull People.*

We all know them well, yet if we try to define what constitutes a dull person we shall find it a little difficult. It is not silence, for many talkative people are very dull—bores, for instance. People who talk upon uninteresting topics are much duller than if they kept silence. Nor is it ignorance, for many learned people are undeniably dull; nor can it proceed from any inherent vice, for some people of unquestioned virtue are, to use a vulgar but forcible simile, 'as dull as ditchwater.' Such people are dull in spite of, not because of, their learning or their goodness.

We must first distinguish between the dull and the commonplace, for commonplace people are often extremely lively; they may be uninteresting, but not dull. Commonplaceness proceeds from shallowness; dulness, from opaqueness. Shallow water is usually clear, but it reflects nothing. The most glorious mountain, the most brilliant sunset find no counterpart in its bosom. You may count the pebbles in its bed and the fish that dart through it, but it is self-centred and self-contained; it reflects nothing above or beyond itself. So it is with shallow natures. They will talk—by the hour sometimes—of their own petty concerns and interests and those of their neighbours; but if you introduce a topic of general interest they are dumb. Try to get such people to talk about art, or literature, or philanthropy, and you will get no response. This is what makes shallow people so uninteresting, unless you happen to enjoy unlimited 'small talk.' You come to the end of them so soon. They have no ideas of their own, and don't care about yours. You know beforehand what they think upon almost any subject.

Conversation with them, unless it degenerates into gossip, must chiefly consist in remarks. If you venture upon an opinion, or express an idea, they either receive it in silence or hasten to acquiesce as the easiest way out of the difficulty. They have nothing of their own to contribute, for they never think. They never can distinguish any *nuances*,* bald agreement or dissent is their only attitude towards any subject. Their opinions—they have no ideas—are very clear, cut and dried. Such people are often very agreeable in society, but one would not choose one as a companion with whom to spend a wet Sunday alone in the Highlands.

Dulness, on the other hand, proceeds from opaqueness, but whether this mental 'muddiness' overlies a deep or a shallow character can only be ascertained upon farther acquaintance. The true dullard is one who is destitute of ideas, and also lacks the very superficial facility for 'small talk'; but, on the other hand, there are deep people, with plenty of ideas of their own and other people's, who are superficially dull. They have ideas, but they do not know how to express them; they are like taps without a key, which will not flow. Sometimes this proceeds from shyness, and when this is the case such people are often brilliant in the society of congenial spirits, by whom they feel they will be understood. Sometimes the deficiency proceeds from lack of expression, and very often it is due to absorption in one subject.

And then, lastly, there are the true dullards, who have neither ideas nor 'small talk.' To engage them in conversation is almost hopeless; what they think about is a mystery; you can no more get a spontaneous remark or a voluntary opinion out of them, than a spark from a stone. They are silent, not from excess, but from deficiency of feeling. Many naturally silent people are responsive. They do not speak, because they fear the subjects they care about, and could talk about, are not congenial. Were they sure of sympathetic listeners they could talk brilliantly. Not so the dullards. They never get beyond 'fairly accurate observations upon the obvious.' As a rule they have no sense of humour. They sometimes make feeble jokes of their own; but they never see a humorous allusion. Irony and sarcasm are thrown away upon them. They take everything *au grand sérieux*. But there are two things they are incapable of taking—a hint and a joke. The former they despise, the latter

* A French word, meaning shades of colour.

they resent. The dull are monotonous in look and tone. There is no play of feeling in the expression of their countenances, no varied intonations in their voices. All is a dead level of calm mediocrity. To be in the company of such people is most depressing. It lowers one's vitality. One shuts up instinctively like a daisy at sunset. One ought to be sorry for them, but I fear one is more sorry for one's self. One's pity for them is apt to be mingled with contempt.

Now, what is the remedy for dull people? In this as in most cases prevention is better than cure. No doubt some people are born brighter than others, just as some are born stronger; but just as feeble limbs and muscles may be strengthened by training and exercise, so may feeble faculties and perceptions be brightened.

Children should be taught to observe, and to record what they observe. Many children are, or used to be, required to give an account of the sermons they hear in church. It would be more reasonable if they were required to give an account of what they saw in their daily walk; the sermons are often above and beyond them, but Nature is the book which 'he who runs may read.' On their return from their walk let them be questioned, not as to whom they have met, but what they have seen, what birds or animals they have noticed, what flowers they have gathered, what rural treasures they have found. Above all, throw no cold water on their childish delight over these common treasures. I shall never forget my mortification when on bringing in some ivy leaves crimson with the glow of autumn they were rejected with scorn as 'common,' nor my vexation at being told to throw away as 'rubbish' a collection I had made of every flowering grass I could find. Never check enthusiasm—it is the fire that devours dulness—only let it be directed to worthy objects. Nowadays the injunction to make lessons interesting is scarcely needed. A schoolroom in the present day makes one long to go to school again. There certainly ought to be fewer dullards in the next generation.

One caution is needful. Shy, sensitive, nervous children often *appear* dull. We all know the story of the Ugly Duckling. Children should be watched like plants, not all treated alike, like a brood of chickens. If a child is silent or moody, try to get at its thoughts, to win its confidence. One of the brightest people I know—when in congenial society—was considered almost idiotic in childhood.

II. *Dull Places.*

Places are stigmatised as dull, for two different reasons: either because they have no attractions of scenery, or because they are not lively. The former is, no doubt, very depressing; but the dullest landscape has secrets to reveal to the initiated. A little scientific knowledge will turn a muddy lane or a stony cart-road into a storehouse of interesting facts. Learn botany, and every dusty hedgerow becomes a primer. Study geology, and a heap of stones by the roadside becomes a lesson-book. Study biology, and a muddy horse-pond is at once full of interest. A love of natural history will make the dull landscape teem with interest.

As to the second cause of the dulness of localities, it is those who make the accusation who are really dull. How often one hears it said of a place, 'It is a wretchedly dull hole; there is nothing going on there.'

Nothing going on! Are not life and death going on? Are not the wonderful laws of growth, of which we see the effects, but know so little of the causes, going on? Are not joy and sorrow, sin and sickness, misery and crime, going on? But these things do not interest the dullards. The changes of fashion are of more importance to them than the budding beauties of spring or the dying glories of autumn; the strains of a brass band, than the notes of wild birds or the hum of insects; the gossip of society, than the tale of woe or the plaint of suffering; the details of a *cause célèbre*, than the commonplace sins that bind so many of their fellow-creatures with the iron fetters of habit.

The remedy for the dulness of localities is to have plenty of resources. The happy possessor of a hobby is never dull. Love of reading is one of the most effective antidotes to dulness. Books will carry you away from the most sordid surroundings into the grandest and most varied scenery; from the most commonplace people into the society of the greatest and wisest of mankind. Nothing makes one so independent as intellectual tastes; they are not dependent upon locality; one carries them about with one, and though their enjoyment is intensified by congenial companionship, yet one is able to gratify them in solitude. But even short of possessing strong intellectual tastes, one need not be a prey to dulness. There is one unfailing resource open to almost every one, except the dwellers in large cities, and they are never dull: I mean gardening. A garden, if small enough to be kept in order entirely by one's own hands

(except the rough work of 'doing up' required three or four times a year), is an unfailing source of interest and pleasure. Plants, like children, require constant attention, constant care. Gardening is also a field for experiment. There is always something new to be done or tried. The very word 'variety' is a horticultural term. Next to a love of reading, nothing gives more pleasure than a taste for gardening, and no amusement is more healthy—the open air, the smell of the freshly turned earth, the early-morning visits to see if the seedlings have begun to push their tiny green heads above the soil, or whether the plants set last night are looking fresh and at home in their new surroundings.

Of course tastes differ. To some people nothing would be so dull as a round of gaiety. To others, books and flowers are insipid. The advantage the former have is that they can carry their antidote of dulness with them wherever they go, and are never *ennuyée*, even in the 'dullest hole.'

III. *Dull Lives.*

How colourless and monotonous some lives appear to be, while others are sparkling with variety and amusement! Yet the dulness or gaiety are often only superficial. For what makes a life dull? Want of interests. An interesting life may be busy, may be hard, may be even poor, but it is never dull. I think we often waste a great deal of unnecessary pity upon the poor, as though poverty were an unmitigated evil; whereas it often gives an interest and zest to life quite wanting to the well-to-do. We can understand the love of travel and adventure. It is the same tastes that make the tramp and vagrant. If they were rich, they would become Cook's tourists, or African explorers. A tramp is often hungry and cold, and sometimes in danger, but he is never dull.

Without, however, wishing to defend so unsatisfactory and profitless a life, any one who has friends among the poor will acknowledge how full of interest is the life of a hard-working woman. It is duties that make life interesting. Without them existence would be intolerably dull. Even those whose obvious and natural duties are performed for them, make fictitious duties for themselves. How often one hears the remark, 'I really ought to call on so-and-so'!—though the result of the call will only be an interchange of gossip or scandal, or at best a comparison of milliners' bills; or, 'I really think it is my duty to go to such-and-such a garden-party, or concert, or fancy-fair.'

Real duties give a zest to life, for the happiness of life consists in the exercise of the faculties, and things become interesting in proportion as they call forth the latent powers. Now, things continue to be interesting as long as there is room for improvement; directly perfection is attained, the interest falls off like the petals from a ripened seed-vessel. But does one ever attain perfection in the performance of one's duties? I am sure no conscientious worker would allow it, any more than an artist would confess that he had reached his own ideal of perfection.

Interests give colour to life and keep off the demon of dulness. It does not so much matter what it is one takes interest in, so long as it is a living interest, that is, so long as one takes a personal interest in it, not an interest by proxy. Philanthropy, politics, art, literature, science, education—no one is agreed upon these subjects; there is room for endless discussion, investigation, speculation, discourse—in a word, they are full of interest. These are the problems of the leisured classes, just as how to make two ends meet is the ever-recurring problem of the poor.

Just as the lives of many poor people are superficially dull, but really full of interest, calling out the exercise of all the faculties, so are the lives of many of the prosperous and well-to-do superficially happy and really intensely dull. The round of gaieties or amusements or morning calls is monotonous; the lack of duties is enervating. There is nothing to occupy the mind or exercise the faculties, which, after a while, become paralysed by disuse, and everything palls. Life then becomes a mere routine, a treadmill, whether on golden stairs or on the dull round of mediocrity.

But one must guard against another danger. Merely to be busy is not enough. If duties are performed in a dull, listless, perfunctory manner, they do not enliven life, they become as much a routine as the London season. One must be interested in one's duties, and always be trying to improve in the performance of them. The power of self-improvement is a distinctively human faculty, the effort to improve keeps alive the energies and faculties. Every one knows the difference between a smouldering and brightly burning fire. In both cases fuel is consumed, but what a difference to the occupants of the room! Some people smoulder through life; they do their work in a lifeless, apathetic manner; they shed no brightness around them; in a word, they are dull. Others work in a brisk and lively way,

they throw themselves into their work, and so bring out its utmost capabilities. They throw a cheerful glow round the sphere in which they move.

To some—and they are happiest—Religion is the absorbing interest. It brightens their whole lives, whatever their circumstances. They are never dull, for they have a window in their souls that looks towards heaven. The inward light so irradiates them, that one knows them at a glance. But few have attained to this height. Most of us are still on the dusty highway—perhaps will be all our lives. It may need the terrible operation of death to remove the film from our eyes and enable us to 'see the King in His beauty.' But if we are true to ourselves and to our God-given faculties and aspirations, we need never sink into the mire of dulness.

CAMEOS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

CAMEO CCCXIX.

1765-1774.

THE MEASURE FILLED UP.

THE tone and temper of England were beginning to recover under the influence of a religious and conscientious King, of the awakening brought about by the Wesleys, and of the gradual purification of literature. France was, however, sinking lower, and the forces that were to lead to a terrible upheaval were preparing. The crushing of all zeal and independent thought, alike in Jansenists and Jesuits, had led to the irrepressible yearning for intellectual discovery and research taking refuge in philosophy, and at the same time the last attempts at constitutional freedom were suppressed.

The Parliaments had always hated the Jesuits, and rejoiced in registering the decrees for their suppression; but their own liberties (such as were left) were in great danger. The Seven Years' War had left the public credit in a dreadful state, and the Duke de Choiseul was casting about for means of meeting the terrible deficit. As to touching the wealth of the nobles or the clergy by contributions, that was not thought of, but fresh taxes were announced, and Louis XV. went down to hold a bed of justice to have them registered on the 31st of May, 1765, attended by six princes of the blood, three great ecclesiastical peers, twenty-five lay peers, and four Marshals of France, while a double hedge of French and Swiss guards lined the streets, from the Tuileries to the Palais de Justice. No deliberation was allowed in the royal presence; the Parliament registered but could not debate.

However, after the ceremony was over and the King had retired, a debate took place, and a strong remonstrance was drawn up and presented to the King; but all the answer to the first president was, 'I should wish to take the remonstrance of

the Parliament in good part, but to warn them not to show too much zeal.' All the provincial Parliaments likewise remonstrated, and the King actually found himself obliged to yield, though commanding silence. No wonder he did not like to hear them. 'France,' said the Parliament of Paris, 'is a country that devours her inhabitants.' 'One has only to leave the capital to see impoverishment, traces of emigration, misery and helplessness in those who remain. Daily are seen wretches whose imposts have been paid by the sale of their crops, their cattle, or their tools. If they die of want, or their children waste by disease and their ground is uncultivated, the State loses these men and the produce, and it is on the Lord King, on his paternal heart, that all these losses fall.'

Every Parliament spoke in these terms, yet, as has been before said, they were horribly severe in their judgments of criminals, and savagely carried on the Huguenot persecutions. The whole head was sick, the whole heart faint.

The new dauphin was a quiet, studious boy, and his aunt, Madame Adelaide, the cleverest person in the family, dreaded that he would not have sufficient strength of will and character for the times that he was to encounter, and used to say, when he went into her room, 'Make more noise, Berry. Throw things about! Make a disturbance.' The family never called him dauphin. He was always known by his original title of Berry—an ill-fated one, as was often recollected. The old King, with some notion of impending dangers, sometimes said, 'I wonder how Berry will weather the storm?'

Nature had meant Louis XV. for simple homely occupations and for family affections, but it was art—the art of the serpent—that had perverted him from these. He only wanted to be amused, and he had been taught to seek amusement in whatever he chose.

The woman who gained possession of him was not even a lady by birth, nor an educated person—Jeanne Lange, who came from the same village as her utter contrast, Jeanne d'Arc, namely, Vaucouleurs. She had already lived an abandoned life, when, under the title of Countess du Barry, she became the favourite of the wretched old King, chiefly because her vulgarity, coarseness, and insolence amused his jaded mind, though she really had a certain fund of simplicity and good nature, together with a good deal of beauty. 'See, La France! your Parliament will cut off your head,' she said, pointing to pictures of Henri IV.

and Charles I. She always called him La France, a name specially degrading, because La France and La Pierre were the stock names of footmen in great families.

The Duc de Choiseul thought such a creature could not be dangerous to him and favoured her, in the fear that the King might marry again some respectable princess who might obtain the ascendency over him. But Choiseul's star was on the wane, though in his ministry he had accomplished two acquisitions for the crown: one a very easy one, though not long retained. The first was the old papal city of Avignon, which was occupied by French troops to punish Pope Clement XIII. for refusing to suppress the Order of Jesuits. The poor old pope, pressed on all sides, appointed the 5th of February, 1769, for the signature of the bull of suppression, but died almost suddenly the night before.

The other acquisition was the island of Corsica, which had hitherto belonged to the Republic of Genoa, which had been a very severe and unjust oppressor, so that a gallant patriot, Pasquale Paoli by name, had maintained the cause of his country, and with the aid of the French had organised a just and independent government, when, in 1768, the Genoese sold their claims to the island to France, while Paoli was deceived by Choiseul's negotiations. Suddenly he found his island made over to those he had thought his allies, and a large force poured in on him under the Marquis de Chauvelin. The Corsicans are brave and vindictive, and the mountains of their eastern coast were defensible. Paoli, by desperate bravery and high talent, maintained the struggle for two years, with brilliant ability, but was forced at last to give way, step by step, and embarked for Leghorn, while his countrymen obtained fair and kindly terms from the Count de Vaux, and took the oath of allegiance to France. It was in that very year 1769 that at Ajaccio a young Corsican was born, who would make the name of France a terror to all European nations—Napoleon Bonaparte,—the reconstructor of France, yet the avenger of her corruption and crimes.

Paoli was welcomed and much honoured in England. It was the sympathetic history of his campaigns that brought James Boswell into notice and intercourse with Dr. Johnson. Choiseul was angered at the English sympathy with the Corsicans. He also let the American malcontents understand that they had a friend in France, and on all sides he was preparing for a war

to efface the disgraces and defeats of the Seven Years' War, but the King was not of the same mind, remembering enough of old Fleury's policy to dread wars with England. Marshal de Richelieu, a man of much brilliancy and a proverb for dissipation, was bitterly jealous of Choiseul, and paid court to Madame du Barry to secure his fall. So did the Chancellor Maupeou and the Duke d'Aiguillon; but Choiseul worked on, and one of his last undertakings was the marriage of the dauphin. The youngest of Maria Theresa's daughters, Marie Antoinette, was only fourteen, the dauphin only sixteen; but the Empress, though an affectionate mother, was too anxious to secure the French alliance to make serious difficulty as to launching a young and giddy girl into the most corrupt Court in Europe.

Yet Maria Theresa had many high qualities. Her devotion was real, and she had a true love for her people, remitting many of their burthens, and mitigating the old exactions of the feudal system. She lived on the most friendly terms with the people of Vienna, and they liked to remember how, on receiving a message in the theatre, she stood up and called out, 'Franz has a son!' so that all might participate in her joy over her first grandson, in the male line. She had four sons and eight daughters, and it was believed that she had educated them excellently, but in the case at least of the younger ones it proved that their training had been very slight.

Soon after her husband's death, the small-pox broke out violently in her family. Her daughter Johanna, who had been betrothed to Ferdinand, son of Charles III. King of Naples, died of it. Then her sister Josepha, a fair and lovely young girl, was to take her place. All was prepared for her departure, and she was to be married by proxy on the 14th of August, 1767. She was in agonies of grief at the prospect of parting with her sisters, probably for ever, and being carried to a new and unknown world, and either by her own wish, or the family decree, she descended into the vault of the Capuchins to weep and offer her prayers at her father's coffin. She came back chilled and exhausted, fell sick of the small-pox, and died on the very day appointed for her journey. Her sister Caroline was then substituted, and was destined to make some noise in the world as Queen of Naples.

When the disorder was at an end in the palace, the Empress Queen established a hospital for inoculation, and when the first

sixty-five children, corresponding with her own age, had recovered, she brought them to dine at her palace of Schönbrunn, waited on them, gave them each a piece of money, entertained them with a play, and ended with a dance.

She hoped to keep her ascendency over France through her daughter, in whose train she placed her old tutor, the Abbé de Vermond, who was charged to advise the young lady. So also was the Ambassador, the Count de Mercy, who sent home full reports of her conduct. The correspondence which has come to light of late years, shows the poor girl to have been headstrong as well as indiscreet, and to have committed follies that were truly atoned for as few ever have been.

She was beautifully fair, with fine blue eyes and splendid hair; her features were of the Austrian type, not beautiful in themselves, but capable of lighting up into much animation and showing great majesty, and when her childish figure developed, she had a truly majestic deportment; but a child of fourteen could not be at her best, and she was lively and thoughtless in manner, speaking very imperfect French, and giggling from shyness. She did not strike any one as attractive, not even her young bridegroom, and the Austrian alliance was very unpopular. The Court met her at Compiègne, and by her mother's orders she was very gracious to Choiseul. The King had the effrontery to introduce Madame du Barry, whom she received with the words, 'You are the lady who amuses his Majesty.' This woman was the only one admitted to the young Archduchess's supper at La Muette, a hunting lodge in the Bois de Boulogne, with the royal family, the dauphin with his two brothers, Clotilde, a most amiable, kind-hearted being, but, like her two elder brothers, afflicted with a corpulence that caused her to be popularly called 'Gros Madame,' and the bright little Elisabeth, only eight years old, destined to be the stay of her family, and to share their fate, when their piety and resignation converted into martyrdom the doom that their grandfather and others before him brought on them.

The next day, the 16th of May, 1770, Louis the dauphin and Marie Antoinette were married in the Chapel of Versailles by the Archbishop of Rheims, while the Bishops of Senlis and Chartres held a canopy of cloth of silver over their heads. The rings were exchanged, and the bridegroom endowed the bride with thirteen gold pieces, after the regulation custom.

A terrible thunderstorm was raging overhead, and on the 30th

of May, when the rejoicings were to be terminated by a grand exhibition of fireworks at Paris, there was a frightful catastrophe. The scene was to be the square called 'Place Louis Quinze,' the exit from which was the Rue Royale, where much building was going on, and the ground was encumbered with materials, and was full of excavations for cellars and foundations. Police arrangements were hardly known; there were only a few *gardes françaises* to deal with the crowd, which amounted to a hundred thousand, and was thickest on the parapets of the river. In the midst of the exhibition, part of the scaffold took fire, and in a few moments there was an ungovernable panic. The narrowness of the openings prevented escape, the wretched multitude trod one another down, and though comparatively few were burnt, when the agonised throng were at length dispersed or cleared away, a hundred and thirty-three corpses, with many more injured persons, were found in the square and in the streets, the pits and the river bodies amounting to twelve hundred.

The grief of the newly married pair was very great. They gave all in their power to the families of the sufferers, and even the King was moved, but the grants of the Court were far from sufficient to relieve the distress. Here is the account of the dauphiness's day as she wrote it to her mother. Rising between nine and ten o'clock, she went in morning deshabille to the three aunts' apartments, where she often met the King. On her return to her own she had her hair dressed in the presence of every one who chose to look on, put on her rouge (a strange necessity), washed her hands, then turned out male spectators, and was dressed in long-waisted bodice, hoop petticoat and lengthy train. Thus the whole family attended Mass, and dined in different divisions at two. Then came occupations in the dauphin's rooms, afterwards singing lessons, and reading with her old tutor, a walk or drive, and playing in the aunts' room, where at half-past eleven there was another visit from the King, which lasted till he chose to go to bed.

Marie Antoinette was fond of the King, and could say anything to him. Once when Madame Victoire had the measles, and he choose to go out hunting, she scolded him and said, 'That was not kind of you, papa!'

'Ah!' said Madame Adelaide, 'it is plain you are not of our blood.'

She also would rush in on the two young brothers and part them when their boyish quarrels came to blows. It was

unfortunate that the Abbé de Vermond was not a wise man, and did not choose books of much worth or weight to form his pupil's mind, and he was also said to have encouraged the taste for raillery and persiflage which was by-and-by to do her so much harm.

It was unfortunate for her that she had been brought to France by Choiseul, who had long been unpopular in the country. His lavish expenditure and love of war were blamed for the horrible misery and famine in the country, where absolute starvation prevailed, and people might be found dead, with handfuls of grass in their mouths. Louis XV. heeded not, and remonstrance only embittered him against the Parliaments. The system of taxing only the bourgeois and the peasants, and recklessly granting pensions to all who could obtain the favour, was grinding the country folk to utter misery. We see how even good people regarded these grants, when we find a young lady praised for importuning the King for a pension for her dancing-master, never guessing that the poor were suffering misery from these multiplied expenses.

A remonstrance from the Parliament of Paris was again silenced, and the Duke d'Aiguillon took the opportunity of inflaming the King against Choiseul, seconded by Madame du Barry. He was accused of stirring up the Parliaments, of provoking the English to a naval war, and making too lavish promises to Carlos III. of Spain; and on the 20th of December, 1770, orders were sent to Choiseul to give up all his offices and leave Paris in twenty-four hours.

The Duke d'Aiguillon, the Chancellor Maupeou, and the Abbé de Terray became a sort of Triumvirate, managing everything. Maupeou, though once first president of the Parliament, was resolved to sweep away this only obstacle to the royal despotism. An edict of the harshest came from the King, forbidding any resistance as disloyalty. On this the Parliament declared that, while the constitution was violated, and they were treated as criminals, they could not attend to the administration of justice. There being no other tribunals in France, this suspension of the law had gained the victory for them in former cases, but Maupeou was ready for this. Each magistrate on awaking found two musqueteers beside his bed, who held out to him a paper, demanding if he would resume his functions. Only the words 'yes' or 'no' were permitted, and if he said the latter, he was hustled into a carriage, and taken off to a place of detention.

So, in 1771, ended the Parliament of Paris, commenced by St. Louis and long the most respectable body of men in France. Maupeou got together, with considerable difficulty, a sort of new Parliament of young lawyers and striving men, who were willing to register acts and attend to business without asking questions, and there Louis XV. held his last bed of justice in 1772. There were strange doings in other parts of the world. It was an evil time, and the kingdoms were filling up the measure of their evil doings. Prussia was, indeed, prospering under the strong, just, and sagacious government of Frederick II., but his infidelity was doing evil work, though more among the sovereigns than the people.

Young Joseph II., the eldest son of Maria Theresa, and Emperor after his father's death, had imbibed his ideas to a great extent, though not to that of open scepticism. Many of these were sound and beneficial, but Joseph held them in a crude fashion of early youth, and did not live to mature them, nor were his people ripe for them. His mother was shocked and grieved over them, preventing his schemes from being carried out in the hereditary kingdoms, which were still her own. It was the contest fought out in every generation between the Conservative mother and Liberal son. When it was proposed to her to destroy the fortifications of Vienna, she said, 'I am an old woman. I can almost remember Vienna besieged by the Turks. I have twice seen it almost the frontier of my dominions. Let Joseph do as he pleases when I am dead. While I live Vienna shall not be dismantled.' The Empress-Queen's son, though not Joseph, was destined to prove the wisdom of her decision.

In Russia, Catherine II. was a woman of great ability, but corrupted to the heart's core by the horrible surroundings into which she had been thrown. In her heart she embraced to the utmost the scepticism of Voltaire and Frederick II., and she had the smallest possible amount of conscience, and conformed outwardly to all the requirements of the Greco-Russ Church, while she extended the bounds of the Empire on all sides.

The eyes of all three potentates—in Russia, Austria, and Prussia—were fixed upon Poland, which, it must be owned, was a very inconvenient neighbour to them all. It had no frontiers traced by nature in mountain or river; the population were Slavs, but Roman Catholic, for Lutheranism, which had once flourished, had been stamped out. The people were all either

abject, helpless serfs, or very brave and gallant nobles, but the national character was *inconséquent* and turbulent to the last degree, greatly resembling the Irish, and the constitution—if constitution it could be called—quite unmanageable in the face of advanced civilisation, when every noble of the diet assembled on horseback had an equal right to be chosen King. Poland had produced one great man, who had been able to unite his subjects and save Vienna from the Turks, but ever since his death all had been chaos. Bribery from one of the great powers generally decided the choice of a king, and after the death of Augustus III. of Saxony, Catherine, half by bribery, half by force, obtained the election of Stanislas Poniatowski, a Polish noble, indeed, but young, of an undistinguished family, and a favourite of her own; but when she tried to dragoon him, he and the people resisted, and Frederick pretended to espouse their cause, but sent his brother Henry to Prussia to confer with Catherine on breaking up this unhappy country, and dividing it among the neighbouring powers. Henry was extremely disgusted with the frivolous and licentious Court of St. Petersburg—a great contrast to the plain, stern, outward morality and intellectual habits of Berlin,—and he preserved a serious conduct that displeased the Russians, not relaxing even when at a masquerade a gigantic green parrot hopped into the room, calling out 'Henri! Henri!'

However, the mission was accomplished. 'I will undertake to frighten Turkey and flatter England,' said Catherine. 'You may buy over Austria that she may amuse France.'

The dealing with Austria was possible from Joseph's admiration of Frederick, whom he had visited incognito as Count Falkenstein, at Neisse, in Silesia, and called his master. Frederick politely wore the white uniform of Austria, lest his own should excite painful recollections; but the next year, on coming to Neustadt, Joseph, with his attendants, wore the blue of Prussia, and told Frederick, 'Here are a troop of recruits for your Majesty.' In this interview Joseph was drawn over to the scheme, for which there was really much to be said on the grounds of expediency, but his mother was most strongly averse to it. 'Never in my whole life did I feel so anxious,' she wrote; 'I am ashamed to let myself be seen. What an example we shall set the world if for a wretched piece of Poland we give up honour and fair fame! I plainly perceive that I stand alone, and am no longer *en vigueur*, therefore I let things take their course, though not without the greatest grief.'

Upon her objections, Frederick wrote: 'I would sooner undertake to write the Jewish history in madrigals, as to make three sovereigns agree, especially when two of them are women.'

So the treaty was made, and on the edge Maria Theresa wrote: '*Placet*, because so many good and learned men will have it so, but after I am dead and gone, people will see the consequences of thus breaking through all that has hitherto been held just and holy.—M. TH.'

Protest was vain: each of the three powers seized a portion, and only a fragment, torn by dissensions, was left to the King. England would not risk a war by interference, and France did not stir, though Louis feebly said, 'If Choiseul were here, I should not suffer this;' but there was not vigour enough in him to exert himself. Poland was thus dismembered, though Stanislas retained a fragment twenty years longer, amid perpetual dissensions and disturbances, till at last he was carried off to Russia, and died in obscurity at Gradin. Poland has brought a nemesis to its spoilers. The nation, enthusiastic and affectionate, yet incapable of combined or sustained action, has been the perplexity and misery of each of its spoilers ever since in turn, and has sown malcontents and intriguers all over Europe. The Austrians, not being alien in religion, have perhaps done best with them, and Prussian discipline and toleration of their faith have led to a certain amalgamation; but Russia is bitterly hated still, and the efforts to force all into the Greek Church grievously offend the people.

The two young brothers of the dauphin were married to two daughters of the King of Sardinia, dull and silent girls; but their coming enlivened the Court, and the young princes and princesses indulged in private theatricals, of which, unfortunately, the elder generation disapproved, and the dauphin, though persuaded to act audience, had much rather have been indulging in his favourite mechanical amusements—masonry, and lock or watch-making.

In the course of Lent of 1774, Bishop Beauvais, of Senedy, preached at Court a sermon on the text, 'Yet forty days and Nineveh shall be destroyed.' It made Louis XV. turn pale, and he was restless, saying that he should not be happy till the forty days were passed. Easter came, however, but the time was not over, when the King, while walking in the garden at Trianon, was seized with giddiness and headache. He returned to Versailles, and the illness soon proved to be virulent small-pox, and his self-indulging life had left his constitution in such

a state that there was little hope for him. His neglected daughters, Adelaide and Victoire, nursed him devotedly. The rest of the family were kept from the room, and prayed in the chapel the devotions of 'the Forty Hours.' Madame du Barry was sent away in one of the carriages of her ally, the Duke d'Aiguillon. The King bade his grand almoner ask his courtiers' pardon for the evil example he had set, but seemed to reassure himself by repeating, 'Kings owe an account to God alone.'

'That is exactly what I fear,' said Maria Theresa, when this was reported to her.

There was a violent thunderstorm just as the final struggle began, and carriages were drawn up in readiness to carry the royal family away, while couriers waited in the court booted and spurred to carry away the news. The King lived till three o'clock in the afternoon of the 10th of May, 1774, his sixty-fourth year, the fifty-ninth of his ruinous reign. Instantly, when his last breath was drawn, the clocks were stopped, a signal was made from the windows, the couriers mounted and galloped off in every direction, and the young Louis and Marie Antoinette burst into tears, and fell on their knees, hand in hand, crying aloud, 'O God, help us, we are too young.'

They were immediately thrust into coaches, the first containing the three brothers and their wives, the eldest of the party being barely twenty; the second, the sisters Clotilde and Elisabeth, with their governesses and ladies; the third, mesdames, who had already taken the infection, but had the disease lightly. The party went to Choisy, the young party grave and sorrowful, till the little Countess of Artois said something that sounded absurd enough to make a reaction set in, and all were soon chattering and laughing as usual.

Versailles was deserted before three hours had passed. A few servants and a few priests stayed to do the last offices to the miserable corpse, and paid for it with their lives. They placed the remains in a box filled with quicklime, and carried it to St. Denys, no one showing any token of respect except an old soldier of Fontenoy, who saluted as the almost unattended coffin passed by.

Thus almost emblematically ended the old *régime* of France, when corruption had so done its work that the days of vengeance were imminent. France, the country which above all has produced the greatest saints, has also had the strange power of stifling their influence and turning aside to the evils ever accumulating.

SHAVEN CROWN.

CHAPTER XV.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

So cleverly had Swangift contrived her baby's escape that the Beddings believed that Bran had really carried off the baby out of spite, and the sacrifice to Woden was made with a horse instead of a child. Aldgith, the only person who suspected the truth, kept her own counsel. Walram had a relapse of fever which kept him for another fortnight unable to notice or understand anything but his own physical needs and sufferings, and they observed that he grew uneasy if Swangift left him for a moment, which some thought a clear proof that the Adding woman had bewitched him. Swangift was a tender and devoted nurse, and though she missed her sweet little playfellow, the thought of his safety among the Addings was such a weight off her mind that she felt as if she hardly cared what might happen to her. She never for a moment doubted her grandfather's will and power to protect the child; and she was right in her trust.

Meanwhile, Thunstan and Wolf had on their part determined to avenge the insult which Ermenric had offered the whole tribe in endeavouring to persuade the Lady of the Beddings to leave her husband for him. They set the deserter Cole to watch that side of the forest, and find out where Ermenric went for his hunting; and Cole, by dint of bribing a slave of Ermenric's, at last came to them with the intelligence that the next day the young Adding was going through the forest to the town of the Sandrings, probably unattended. It was not customary for people in those days to travel alone, and wisely enough most men avoided doing so; but Ermenric affected solitude since he had divided himself from the rest of his tribe by refusing to take baptism. He had a swift horse, too, which he liked riding at full gallop whenever he came to a stretch of down, and if he took slaves to follow him on foot he distanced them with these

gallops, and did not care to wait till they came up, so that their company was not of much use.

He was riding unsuspectingly along a sort of gully between two hills, thinking, not very cheerfully, of the one subject his thoughts usually ran upon when he was alone—Swangift *versus* Baptism. The hillsides were grey with the twigs and boughs of leafless trees, interspersed here and there with the dark needles of the Scotch fir; the sky was grey above, and the only colour came from the frosty green of the winter grass. 'Life is not much worth having,' thought Ermenric to himself, 'when a man is foiled in his love, and stands alone with none in the other world, neither old nor new gods to take his part.' But as he mused thus dejectedly, as young people are wont to do when the world does not give them all they would like, suddenly something happened which made him instinctively resolve, however little life was worth, to sell it as dearly as he could. An arrow whistled past him, then another. One struck his horse's eye, and the gallant creature fell dead under him; and as he at the same moment sprang to the ground, he himself was struck in the thigh, and he fell across the corpse of his horse. Then with a shout two men sprang upon him, one armed with a club, the other with a dagger. 'Shame!' he cried; 'two to one, and a wounded man too! Coward Beddings that you are!' And the reproach went home so far that the club which was swinging round Wolf's head for the final blow made its circle harmlessly, and the point of Thunstan's dagger touched Ermenric's breast without entering.

'We are not cowards,' said Wolf, 'but he is a coward who comes by night to carry off the wedded wife of a better than he.'

'Stay!' said Ermenric. 'Speak first and slay after, if you will. Did Swangift Edmund's daughter betray me, or did she not?'

Thunstan laughed, still holding the dagger to Ermenric's breast; but Wolf had more mercy.

'No one betrayed you. Wolfhild Worm's daughter lurked in the shadows of the forest, and was witness to all that past, and we twain have sworn to avenge the insult to our tribe.'

Even at that supreme moment a great weight rolled from Ermenric's heart. The thought that Swangift had betrayed him was so bitter that he would hardly have cared for life at that moment, if it had been proved to be true. Again Wolf swung the club round his head, and the young Adding looked, as he thought, his last upon grey sky and grey woods, and saw

a raven fly out of the right-hand wood, as if he already scented the feast that would soon be spread for him. He would have scorned to show a sign of fear, and only waited for the crashing blow that was to end life and sensation together.

'Stay!' said Thunstan. 'Why should we not carry him alive and sacrifice him to Woden instead of the Adding mongrel that escaped us?'

'We will,' said Wolf. 'It is a good thought. Ay, he will know what death is before he has done with it.'

'Pull out the arrow and bind his thigh above the wound with your girdle, or he may bleed to death before he gets there,' said Thunstan.

'Now let us hear him shriek,' said Wolf, grinning like his namesake as he set his foot on the thigh, and pulled out the arrow with a tug with both hands.

Ermenric did not shriek, but a dimness came over his eyes as he felt the agonising pain, and he was only half conscious of a dark-robed figure that sprang into the group, crying, 'In the name of Christ!' and seemed to strike both his assailants upon the ground by his side. Then he knew nothing more for the time.

Wolf and Thunstan were both taken by surprise. Both had been bending down over Ermenric, Thunstan holding the dagger to his breast, and Wolf manipulating the arrow; and the monk's bare feet had trodden silently over the grass as he saw from the hill behind that Ermenric the Adding was in the hand of his enemies. Denis was unarmed, but the weapons with which nature had provided him were by no means despicable. He caught Thunstan and dashed him against the ground with such force that he lay there stunned; and then he proceeded to wrestle for the second time with Wolf, on this occasion in deadly earnest.

Wolf and he had a hard tussle, but before long Wolf was lying on the ground by the wounded man's side, his hands bound with the girdle that was lying ready to bind Ermenric's leg, and his legs tightly fastened with Denis's own cord. A strap of leather from the horse's bridle performed the same office for Thunstan. Then Denis turned his attention to Ermenric, whose swoon had, happily for him, checked the flow of blood from the arrow wound. As Denis bound up the wound Ermenric began to come to, and when he had recovered full consciousness, he found himself mounted upon Denis's shoulders,

and being carried homeward to the Addings' town. The pace at which they went was wonderfully good for a man carrying such a load, though Ermenric could feel by the hard panting that came from his bearer that it was not kept up without much strain and labour. Indeed, he was no light load, and if Denis had had any superfluous flesh of his own to carry, he could hardly have performed the feat. But he was all muscle, and a determined spirit did the rest.

'Stay,' gasped Ermenric. 'You will kill yourself that way. Stop and rest a bit.'

'When this spur of wood is past,' panted Denis, without stopping. And he did not stop till they had come within sight of the nearest outlying Adding farms. Then he slid Ermenric from his shoulders, and lay down himself, speechless with fatigue.

After a bit, however, he revived, and was able to give attention to his patient, whom he found less seriously hurt than he had feared. The arrow had gone deep into the flesh, but had not injured bone or artery, and Ermenric was quite himself again by the time Denis was able to speak to him, though unable to move without help.

'Did you kill them?' were his first words.

'Nay,' said Denis, 'that would not be right for Christ's priest. I left them both bound, though, and they will have some little trouble to get their bonds off. But when the fellow who was stunned comes to himself, he can crawl to his dagger and cut the other's bonds. His hands are free.'

'Oh,' said Ermenric, 'leave me here and go to yonder house and bid them send some one to slay the traitors! They gave me no warning, but shot in ambush. Oh, would that I could go back myself and feast my eyes on their death-writhings!'

'No, Ermenric Strongarm, that shall not be. It is the White Christ who saved you by my hand, though you have refused to be man of His; and He will have no gloating over private vengeance.'

'Am I to let the evil traitors go unpunished? Why, they would have taken me and sacrificed me to Woden, with tortures that chill a man's blood to think of; and me at peace with the Beddings!'

'Had they no cause of hatred against you? Who sought to carry off Swangift Edmund's daughter from him who had wedded her?'

'She was my betrothed!' said Ermenric, 'and taken from me by guile!'

'Very well,' said Denis. 'Bring your complaints before Ethelbert, and let the Beddings do the same, and pay you whatever fine that Ethelbert may say is due from you, and let the Beddings pay what is due from them. And do you, in thanks to Christ who saved you, now take baptism and become His man.'

'At least,' said Ermenric, 'I will never go back to Woden, after his men have threatened to sacrifice me.'

'That is well so far, but not far enough. But now mount upon my back again, and I will carry you to yon hut, and leave you there till your men can come and fetch you thence.'

Again Ermenric was hoisted on the priest's back, and the journey continued. At last they reached the nearest hut, where Ermenric was bestowed safely, and received with all sympathy and compassion by the women who were alone at home, the men being at work on the common land at a distance. Denis was not sorry that the men were away, as he was rather doubtful whether their newly learnt Christianity would have kept them from going out to slay the helpless men; and though no one could say in such a case that they did not deserve their fate, he was very anxious to discountenance all private vengeance among his converts, and to have all offences judged at the hundred, or shire, meeting.

Broth and ale were brought at once for the adventurers, and both the wounded man and the priest were the better for their food. After that both were glad to accept their hostess's offer of a rest, and slept soundly for some hours. When Ermenric awoke, he found Denis bidding farewell to his hostess, and thanking her for her hospitality.

'And,' he said from his corner, 'I have to thank you also, Sir Priest. Had it not been for you, by this time I should have been in evil case indeed.'

'Thank the Lord,' said Denis, gravely, 'not me, His unworthy servant. Thank Him who did not desert you, Ermenric Strong-arm, though you refused Him and turned away from His service. The evil demon Woden had clutched you for his own, except for the unexpected mercy of Christ, who knew you would be His man, and do good work for Him, and so saved you for a better fate.'

'But I cannot marry any other woman than Swangift Edmund's daughter!' said Ermenric.

'No one commands you to marry at all. It is possible to be Christ's man without marriage. Am not I such myself? What He commands you is to turn your thoughts from Swangift Edmund's daughter, while she is the wife of another man. He has bought you for His own, Ermenric Strongarm, and if you refuse His homage now, you are a nithing!'

Ermenric was silent in thought for a few minutes, during which Denis stood by him with an anxious face. At last he looked up and said—

'You and He are too strong for me, and Swangift will have none of me. I give in at last. I will take baptism.'

And Denis baptized him there and then.

CHAPTER XVI.

A STRAW-DEATH.

THAT last bout of fever of Walram's passed away at last, leaving him reduced almost to a skeleton, and so weak that he was unable to move himself on his bed, but clearer in his mind than he had been since his illness began. Swangift was aware of this change when one morning he looked up at her and said—

'Where is the child, wife?'

She hesitated for a moment to tell him, but there was sense and comprehension in his eyes, and she could not keep her secret any longer.

'They—they were going to sacrifice him to Woden that he might turn away his wrath from you, husband,' she said, 'and I knew you would not have it so. So I got Black Bran secretly to carry him to my grandfather Warmund, and bade him place the child on his knee, and pray him to foster him for the sake of the White Christ. But—but it was not that I did not care that you should get better,' she sobbed, breaking down at last.

'Weep not, wife,' said Walram. 'You did wisely and bravely. I doubt it was not so much anxiety for me as hatred of the Adding blood that endangered the babe. Who was the mover in the matter?'

'Who but Wolfhild?' said Swangift.

'Ah!' said Walram, and was silent.

Swangift brought him a little broth in a bowl; but he had scarce tasted it before he turned his head away with sick loathing. Before this, when the fever bouts were once over, he

had been able to take nourishment freely; but now, though he seemed better in one way, he seemed worse in another, and Swangift felt very anxious about him. After a little while he spoke again.

'I doubt I am struck for death this time, and a straw-death too! I have not much longer to live. There are things I must say to the elder-men of the Beddings, and to Wolfhild. Does any one know your deed with regard to my son?'

'No one knows it,' said Swangift; 'but Aldgith, Wolf's wife, who warned me of the plot, may well guess.'

'I will take it upon myself,' said Walram, 'and tell them you did my bidding in the matter. And now have the eldermen and Wolfhild called, and I will rest while I can, and try to gather up my strength and my thoughts for what I would say.'

Two hours later, Walram, arrayed in the scarlet cloak in which he was wont to attend town-meetings, sat, or rather lay, propped up on pillows, and covered with a wolf-skin. Swangift sat beside him, more anxious about him than about what he was going to say. Her own position, poor girl, was perilous enough in case of his death; but she was a true woman, and was more taken up with his condition than her own. One after one the eldermen of the Beddings came in and sat down on the bench close to the wall; and Swangift, at her husband's bidding, asked them to come up nearer and sit on the floor near him, that he might speak with as little exertion as possible. Last of all Wolfhild came in, with Thunstan and Wolf, both looking rather less truculent than usual. Perhaps they were the less anxious to appear in public that something of the story of their discomfiture in the matter of Ermenric had got about the tribe.

'Boars of Bedd!' said Walram in his weak voice, 'I much misdoubt but that the hand of Hela is laid upon me. I hoped, as you all hope, to die gloriously in a hand-to-hand fight with some worthy warrior; and instead of that the gods have sent me a straw-death, a cow's death, a woman's death! So now I have sent for all of you.' He stopped and gasped for breath, and Swangift gave him some cordial. 'Boars of Bedd! have I deserved well of you while I have been your lord?'

'Ay, ay, ay,' came in a chorus of gruff voices, all the gruffer for the honest grief that made the eyes of most of the speakers dim.

'Then swear this to me. Swear by the Egg of the World, by the Serpent of the Sea, and by the Holy Ash of Heaven,

that your voices shall be for good only, and not for evil, to my wife Swangift Edmund's daughter and her babe.'

At this word the Beddings looked at one another, thinking that Walram was raving, or had he not heard of the loss of the child.

'I know,' went on the weak voice, 'all that you purposed against my first-born son; and by my command I sent him by a true hand to a place of safety. Now swear that when I am gone you will neither harm him nor this my true and faithful wife; and if you fail in your word to either of them, may the curse of Loki wither your bones and dry your marrow, and may you die the death of a dog!'

One by one the Beddings took hold of the cold, damp hand of the dying man, and swore by the Egg of the World, by the Serpent of the Sea, and by the Holy Ash of Heaven to guard the rights and protect the life and goods of Swangift Edmund's daughter and Eldred her son; Wolfhild and her foster-sons swore among the rest. They would hardly have dared, powerful as they were, to refuse the oath just then, in a hall full of Walram's friends, whose friendship was all the more vehement for their grief. As the last of the party left him, the sudden strength which had enabled him to go through so stirring a scene flickered down, and Swangift feared that the end was come. Cordial and rest, however, revived him again; the strength and youth that were in him took long to kill, and though he seemed to be getting weaker as the long hours went by, he did so by slow degrees. He did not speak much that afternoon, only now and then he muttered with a deep sigh, 'a straw-death—a cow's death—a woman's death;' and at last he added, 'and what next? The gods will be at their feast in Walhall, with Beowulf and the other heroes men sing of, and the scars of their death-wounds will shine like gold and jewels; but when I come to the door and knock, they will drive me out with scorn and laughter, and Hela's cold hand will clutch me and carry me down to the icebound regions of endless winter, where the sun never shines, and no man is warm any more!'

'Oh, husband,' said Swangift, 'Woden has been a cruel lord to you! You would have died for him at a word, and he punishes you because the men of Kent have deserted his worship, and takes away your reward for the next life as well as for this. There is time yet for you to become the man of

the White Christ. Send one of your faithful friends, with no word to Wolfhild, to fetch the shaven-crowned priest from the Addings, and you and I will both take baptism before you die! And if you are once Christ's man, He will carry you into His own country, where the sun and stars live, and His servants fly with swan-wings on their backs, and will never ask whether you died in battle or on the straw in the hall!'

Walram was silent for a little while.

'I have never been a man to change my homage easily,' he said; 'and I can do little for the White Christ by becoming His man now. I gave my voice against the change when the shaven-crown was here. I doubt He will shut the door on me when I go to Him, just as Woden will shut it when I go to Walhall, and I shall gain nought by the change. I would not take a man's homage when he lay on his deathbed, if I were He.'

'No, no, husband!' said Swangift, 'I know more of Him than that! He is always ready to take a man's homage, if he will give it! The shaven-crown's brother gave him his homage when he was lying wounded to death, and He took it! And, besides, I know He is kind. Has He not defended our babe, and broken the spells of Wolfhild, because he had been made Christ's man? Did He not save him from the Bale-fire? I have vowed to be His woman when I had the chance. Walram, my husband, follow my counsel and make yourself His man before you die!'

There was another silence. Then Walram spoke again.

'It is good. Go find Cribba and Waltheof, and bid them from me, if they love me, to go secretly and fetch the shaven-crown here. Wolfhild must not know. And bid them hasten, for my strength fails apace.'

Walram seemed quieter that night when his messengers were gone, and Swangift got a little sleep from time to time while he was dozing; she wanted it, poor girl, for her eyes were heavy and her cheeks pale with long and anxious watching. In the morning he seemed weaker, but his head was quite clear; and when, about ten o'clock, a knock came at the door, and Cribba and Waltheof appeared with Denis, his eye brightened, and he signed faintly to the monk to come close to him. Then he looked to Swangift.

'Tell him,' he said.

'He wants baptism,' said Swangift. 'He deems the Lord Christ will deal more justly by him than Woden has done.

And I also wish to be Christ's woman. Will you baptize us both?'

Denis looked at the dying man's countenance, and saw death so plainly written upon it that he doubted whether he would live through the day.

'Will He have me?' he asked in a voice that was scarcely more than a whisper; 'dying a straw-death like this, not able to strike a blow for Him, and one that has refused His homage before?'

'He will,' said Denis. 'He needs not men's work for Him, only that they should let Him save them as He desires.'

'But it is taking advantage of His kindness,' said Walram, 'when there is no battle before me in which I could fight on His side!'

'There is a battle before you yet,' said Denis, solemnly. 'The last and sorest battle any of us have to fight. If it is given to you to know when the struggle of body and soul comes, and you hold closely to Him through it all, He will count that a battle for Him.'

Walram looked greatly relieved.

'That is well,' he said. 'I have never taken of any man without giving yet.'

Then Denis asked Swangift a few questions, so that he might judge how far she understood what she was doing. He found that her mind had been fixed, as she had said, 'to be Christ's woman' ever since the day of the Bale-fire. Her love for her baby had been her best teacher, and she was ready to promise to obey any Christian laws to which her baptism might bind her with the unquestioning simplicity of a little child.

So a pitcher of water was brought into the hall; Cribba and Waltheof stood at the end by the door, watching the proceedings with curiosity and disapproval combined, and Denis baptized first Walram and then Swangift in their presence. Then Walram's strength was exhausted, and Denis would have gone, but Swangift begged him to stay and help her husband through his death; and Denis stayed, Cribba and Waltheof guarding the door at his request, lest any of Woden's worshippers should force their way in and disturb his last hours with heathen rites.

The battle Denis had spoken of came on before long. It was a terribly hard death-struggle, and Walram did not lose consciousness through it for more than a few minutes at a time.

Swangift at last could only long and pray that it might end. Denis knelt by his side, holding his crucifix before his glazing eyes, and praying aloud for him. It went on all that day, and the greater part of the night. At last, in the chill of the small hours of the morning, the struggling breath grew fainter and slower, and then, with one last look at the fair face of his girl-wife, Walram breathed his last.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOLDING OUT.

WALRAM had been buried and a great cairn of stones raised over him, and immediately after the funeral, the Beddings met at the Tree of Meeting to settle what was to be done next. Swangift, overdone with her long nursing, had broken down as soon as the strain was over, and had not been able to follow her husband's body to his grave. She was too tired out even to make any effort to fulfil the one desire that remained to her —to make her way to the Addings' town and live again in Warmund's hall with her baby. Cribba, who was the foremost man in the tribe after Walram, determined that his friend's wife should suffer no dishonour; and it was well for Swangift that she had one defender.

Cribba and Waltheof had escorted Denis with all honour back to the outskirts of the Adding village, and then had returned to find that Wolfhild had already excited a strong party among the Beddings, to protest against the late proceedings. The notion that Walram on his death-bed had deserted Woden and taken baptism was most bitter to her, and she declared that it was not by his own will that the thing had been done, but that the Adding woman had contrived the matter when he was too near death to know what he was about.

'Boars of Bedd!' said Wolfhild, 'this is an outrage on us that we cannot put up with. It is true that Walram son of Hamond made us swear to protect his widow, and give her her rights, but we swore it subject to the belief that she would be loyal to us and do us no injury. Now that by her wiles she has brought over the shaven-crowned Christian, and has renounced Woden, and caused Walram to renounce him also, when he was not in a condition to judge for himself, our oath stands good no longer. She reckoned on the longsuffering of the Boars of

Bedd, and first wormed out of her man the oath for her protection, and then traded upon it to insult our honour in its tenderest point. I ask you, what shall be done to the Adding woman?'

'Send her back to her folk and have no more to do with her or her brat,' said a chorus of voices, led by Cribba, in various forms of expression; 'and that we may not break the oath that we swore to Walram, send with her such a store of garments and treasure as may show the Addings that we have treated her as Walram's wife.'

Wolfhild waited until all had said their say, and then spoke again.

'What the Boars of Bedd decide upon in full meeting must be done; yet it is not well to decide in a hurry. There are many things to be considered. First, it is certain that if we are to hold our own we must renounce our homage to Ethelbert of Kent, and take it to Wykhelm of Wessex. Next, if we do that, it is also likely that Ethelbert will try to force his homage upon us again by war, and Wykhelm of Wessex lives so far off that it would take him longer to send his men to our help than it would take Ethelbert to attack us. The first brunt of the battle we should have to bear alone. Now, Boars of Bedd, I put it to you, would it be well in such a case that Swangift Edmund's daughter should be living free among the Addings, knowing all about us, and who may be disaffected, and who may be worked upon to betray the rest? She is an enemy, and she has a fair face that may lead a man as it led Walram to go against the traditions of his tribe and the gods of his fathers; shall we let her go free to harm us more than she has harmed us already?'

Then it was evident that opinions were sharply divided. 'Burn the Adding witch!' cried Wolfhild's side, while the other, consisting of Walram's friends, cried out with equal strength, 'An oath is an oath, and we have sworn not to harm the woman. Send her away; what harm can she do us?'

Then Thunstan spoke. 'We cannot let her go, that is plain, to league herself with our enemies and bring them to fall on us at the moment we are unprepared. But the wizardry of the White Christ is strong, and who knows but she might work worse harm living among us. And she is Christ's woman.'

'There is one way,' said Wolfhild, 'by which we might take her wizardry from her. If we made her renounce Christ and taste of the horseflesh of Woden's sacrifice, she could work us no harm then.'

'And how are you to do that?' said a Bedding. 'You can bring a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink; and the mare would be worse than the horse. Do not I know how obstinate a woman can be?'

There was a general laugh, for the man was known to be henpecked; but Thunstan said—

'She is young and fair and tender, and a touch of pain or a harsh threat may bring that about with her which an older and tougher woman would refuse.'

'And how about our oath to Walram?' said Cribba, indignantly. 'I at least am not minded to bring the curse of Loki on me to wither my bones and dry up my marrow.'

Finally, after much debating for and against on what was the proper treatment for Swangift, a compromise was agreed upon. The Beddings settled to keep her a kind of prisoner in honourable captivity. She was to live in Walram's house, with the comforts and luxuries, such as they were, which were usual to women in her position. She was not to have her child with her unless she renounced her baptism; she was not to go outside the house except with a body-guard of four men, who were never to lose sight of her; and upon no pretext was she allowed to go into the forest. And, meanwhile, Wolfhild might try her arts of persuasion to induce her to return to her allegiance to Woden and renounce her baptism. This consummation every one, even Cribba and Waltheof, thought would be highly desirable. For if she would only leave off this Christian nonsense, and bring up her boy in the old ways, Eldred son of Walram might grow into a worthy scion of his father's stock, and, with his inherited wealth and position, might even lead on the vanguard of Wessex against the upstart and renegade men of Kent. And in any case she would no longer be able to work the Christian spells, which even Thunstan and Wolf now dreaded, since Denis had mastered them both single-handed in his righteous wrath and fervour of protecting passion.

When the meeting broke up, Wolfhild went straight to Swangift's dwelling. She was sitting in her bower, white and weary, and with the languor of extreme overstrain in figure and attitude; and Wolfhild remembered how quickly she had been mastered in the terror of her first captivity, and augured well for her power of mastering her now. But Swangift the widow was not the same person as Swangift the girl. When Wolfhild entered, Swangift rose to confront her, and remained standing,

though she had to support herself against the wall as she did so.

'Swangift Edmund's daughter,' said Wolfhild, coming near her and looking into her face with her keen eyes, 'I have a word to say to you.'

'Speak, Lady Wolfhild,' said Swangift; and Wolfhild saw that the grey eyes of the girl did not quail before her glance, but met it steadily and fearlessly.

'Swangift Edmund's daughter, you have woven your web wisely, but it has been broken through for all that. When the Boars of Bedd swore to protect Walram's wife and son, they did not swear to protect her who was traitress to Woden, and who sent for the shaven-crowned priest of the White Christ to do away with the honour of Walram when he no longer had sense to protect his own.'

'Walram knew well what he was doing,' said Swangift, steadily, still facing Wolfhild without flinching. 'And for the rest, you have only to let me go to my own folk, and I shall trouble the Boars of Bedd no more.'

'To act as a hidden serpent or lurking wolf, and to undo the Beddings by treachery?' said Wolfhild. 'I thought you a simple and honest girl, but you have shown the black blood of the Addings. First you get your babe made Christ's man; then you send him off to your own folk, to be bred up with the traitor Addings; then you cause Walram to make his people swear to protect you after his death; then you send for the shaven-crown to betray him into becoming Christ's man too. Do you expect us to keep the lying oath of protection you extorted from us by false pretences?'

'There were no false pretences,' said Swangift; 'and it was Walram's thought, not mine; and for the rest, what is done cannot be undone. If you are come to slay me, do it quickly. I am one, and you are many; but we among the Addings do not hold that an oath can be cast aside six days after it was made, like a picked bone.'

'There is one way,' said Wolfhild, 'by which you can escape death even yet. What is done can be undone sometimes. You are Christ's woman; but eat this morsel'—and she held out to her a piece of dried and salted horseflesh, preserved from the last sacrifice—'and your baptism is undone, and you are Woden's woman. And you shall be Lady of the Beddings, and foster your babe yourself, and all the folk will do you honour.

But if not—think: you are young and fair, and the flame bites sharply into tender flesh, most of all when kindled with green wood.'

Swangift turned whiter and shivered, but she had in her the spirit of a brave race, who were not to be driven by fear to take any course they had decided against, and her eyes met Wolfhild's undaunted.

'No,' she said, 'I am Christ's woman, and I will die Christ's woman. He has been kind to my babe, and set him free from your evil spells, Lady Wolfhild, and He is the Master for me. And the death even of a green-wood fire cannot last beyond a certain time, and He is King on the other side. I will not eat your horseflesh.'

It showed that there was a certain amount of good in Wolfhild that she always respected those who resisted her. This did not in the least prevent her from compassing their death if it came in her way; but at the same time it kept her from putting them to unnecessary dishonour. And as she had not intended actually to hurt Swangift, but only to frighten her into renouncing her baptism—for she did not think much of her magic, whatever she might of Denis's—she turned and went out, saying only—

'Four strong and faithful Beddings will watch you night and day, and see that you have no chance given you to escape. But if ever your brave Adding soul prefers being Lady of the Beddings to being a prisoner in your own house, you only have to send to me, and I will bring you the horseflesh to swallow, and so break your baptism.'

So Swangift remained a prisoner, guarded by Uda within the house, and by the guards without, but nothing worse than imprisonment happened to her. She was allowed to go out, if her guards went with her; but this she did not care often to do. The long days went on, and the late winter passed into spring. She longed to let the Addings know of her plight, and thought in vain how she could get her message taken to them, for Wolfhild had taken good care that she should have no chance of communication with any one who would act as a go-between.

At last a notion came into her head. She thought over the arrangement with Witgils about laying the pine-cone at the foot of the mistletoe tree, and one day she said to one of her guards—

'I wish I had some mistletoe twigs to hang in my bower. Could your children get me some? I will give them a brown-ware drinking-cup for the trouble, if they will pluck it according to my words. For it is good for luck if you pluck it one way, but bad if you pluck it another.'

'What way will you have it plucked, lady?' said the man.

'Thus,' said Swangift: 'they must take four pine-cones, and lay them north, south, east, and west of the elm-tree near the charcoal-burner's hut, and leave them there undisturbed. Then they must climb the tree, and pluck the mistletoe, one piece looking north, one piece looking south, one piece looking east, and one west. Then they must tie them together and bring them to me. The cones are to make up for the mistletoe they pluck. Do they know the tree—the elm where the mistletoe grows, not far from the charcoal-burner's hut?'

'I know,' said her jailor; 'and my lads shall do your bidding, and at the same time pluck a bunch for ourselves. In these bad times there is no harm in doing anything which will call down extra luck on a man and his house.'

And so Swangift sent the cones, and had a large bunch of mistletoe brought back by her messengers. After this she waited for some possible help to come, with a faint hope and expectation more suitable to her age and temperament than the dull resignation to her fate she had felt of late.

(*To be continued.*)

THE GIRLS' ROOM.

I HAVE been reading a disquisition upon manners by one admirably qualified to speak of such things, since her manners, like her whole personality, are most delicate and distinguished. She is especially exquisite to those who are fortunate enough to have her affection. A bystander might see no difference, but she makes the happy person quite conscious, in some subtle way, of the caress in her voice and the kindness in her starry eyes. For there are many grades in manners. 'Manners makyth man,' and in a more special way woman, she says; and how true this is, for there was never an age in which woman was so much the repository of manners as the present. How much of awkwardness, of haste, of unreadiness we would forgive in a man, which we could not overlook in a woman. For manners, the essence of them, belong to the softer virtues of which woman is more intimately the possessor. Few women can possess the fascination of manners, which is an indefinable thing and as much of a gift as beauty or genius; but any woman can attain to the sweetness of manners which comes from kindness and the sympathy to put ourselves in the place of others.

* * * * * *

I come from a country where the distinction between the classes that obtains here scarcely exists. In Ireland servants are more like retainers or clansmen, and there is an equality between them and their employers unknown in England. A self-respecting equality, be it understood, for one may be very intimate with an Irish servant without danger of lessening one's dignity, since the servant's special dignity is, as he or she will tell you, 'to know their place.' Now, the kitchen in England is to the mistress a foreign country, which she invades to the indignation of the rightful owner, or which, if she have other interests than housekeeping, she leaves untravelled. How much does an English lady, as a rule, know of her servants, their natures, dispositions, all the secret motions of the spirit that go

on behind the eyes of her servants as wonderfully as behind her own? Nothing at all, as a rule. So in time there has come a severance between English people and their servants, very difficult to bridge over. Yet between us and these social inferiors, so close to us and necessarily so intimate with us, there is room for the exercise of the finest manners, and the accomplishment of the most delicate *rapprochement.* One feels, when one thinks upon it, that their services are intolerable coming from one who either dislikes us or views us coldly. Service should be accompanied by love to make it bearable. But so long has there been this chasm in the English domesticities that the bridging of it is delicate and difficult, and to be approached with discretion. Yet it would be worth while to try to know our servants a little better, and to think of them as having the same feelings as ourselves. For recompense we might win such a faithful love as is not uncommon in Ireland. I know an Irish servant in a poor gentleman's family in Ireland who has shared in all the vicissitudes of the family fortunes or misfortunes, who has starved and feasted with them, sorrowed and joyed with them, and has nothing further from her thoughts than to ask for her wages. If there were not faithful friendship and affection the situation would be intolerable from any point of view, but, as it is, all parties concerned are quite happy.

* * * * * *

By-the-by, for the sweetest of manners commend me to a Donegal peasant. A chance inquiry as to your road at a wayside cabin brings out the *vanithee—i.e.* the good woman—all wreathed in smiles, to accompany you a little bit on your way. She dismisses you with as many blessings as if you had been indeed the bearer of good tidings, and as you go up the hilly road her assurance that you are welcome, and her injunctions to come again, ring in your ears. You have a hazy idea that you are perhaps mistaken for somebody else when a peasant girl dusts a chair for you, and sets it by the hearth, and then awaits your pleasure with a smile like a benediction. The very 'Ay, surely!' with which she receives your lightest request, and the animated way in which she translates your bald remarks to the Irish-speaking old man and woman who beam at you from a corner, gives you a feeling of being appreciated, which is something very pleasant. Why, one of the finest-mannered persons I ever met was a certain 'Wullie' who drove a Donegal mail-car. We admired 'Wullie's' fine and pretty way with the

women of high and low degree whom he drove through the silver edge of a cloud along the wild Atlantic coast; but 'Wullie's' greeting to us when we met him by chance after a fortnight's absence in the Donegal Highlands, was a masterpiece of the courtesy that is the sunshine of the heart. 'Wullie' had no more to expect from us—we were done with him and his mail-car—but his greeting was full of delight, and his handsome face, and head all ringed with golden curls, seemed to us more than ever to suggest Apollo, the sun-god.

* * * * * *

I have a poem this month from Miss Barlow, that finest exponent of Irish peasant courtesy. It is a little poem, snatched from the fire which consumed nearly all her young work, through which she served a noble apprenticeship to her art. This poem has appeared nowhere else, so I think the Girls' Room is privileged.

BARRED.

With lifted latch it stands ajar;
By April breaths 'tis shaken still;
Only a sunbeam slants to bar
Sweet Eileen's door against her will.
Yet shadows creep anear, afar,
And never a step has crossed the sill.

Athwart its gold gleam, bright in bright,
Some sudden, glinting, diamond slips
'Twixt hovering flakes that drift and light
Like breeze-blown sails for elfin ships,
Since through the cherry-boughs foam-white
A twinkle of beaded crystal drips.

O'er dim green wood-roofs trailing float
Wan shower-webs, dwindled as they fly;
A sheen-dropped clearness in his note
The merle has caught who sings fast by—
The softest step would hush his throat,
But ever his lilt rings loud and high.

Soon shall the earliest glimmering star
Prick down through ray-born airs and chill,
Where now no sunbeam bides to bar
Sweet Eileen's door against her will:
Then hope must flit afar, afar,
If never a step cross o'er the sill.

I have been reading the 'Poems,' in two volumes, of an American lady, Mrs. Piatt, and I would recommend them most earnestly to the Girls' Room. They are indeed the revelation of a woman's heart, and holy and sweet by the women's books, which nowadays are looked upon as human documents. Mrs. Piatt's 'Poems' are full of the great sweetness and the great solemnity of wifehood and motherhood, but she has also many poems for girlhood, wavering and tender as the thoughts of a girl.

* * * * * *

With autumn, the chestnut-tree outside my window is taking to itself a golden lining. The outside leaves are still dark and green, but stand beneath it and look up into what is a world to the birds, and you will see that the inner leaves are quite golden. When the sun shines through the leaves, a most golden radiance comes into my house and dyes the rooms golden. It is far more radiant than in spring, when it was clad in tender, pendulous fans, all of emerald sheen, and lit up by white lamps like clear upstanding flames. Is it not a lesson on growing old beautifully, and on the joy of the spirit that would make old age more beautiful than youth?

KATHARINE HINKSON.

Church History Society.

Rules.—I. This Society is open to all readers of the Magazine, by payment of an annual FEE of 1*s.* II. Questions are set each month. The answers to them must be sent (1) addressed to Bog-Oak, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co., (2) not later than the 1st of the month following, (3) written on foolscap paper, on one side of the sheet, and occupying not much more than six sheets; (4) each sheet to be signed with a *nom de plume.* III. Fees also are to be sent to Bog-Oak. IV. Answers will be criticised in the Magazine. No private correspondence is undertaken with regard to them. V. Information in getting up the answers may be drawn from any source. But during and after writing the answers, dictionaries only may be consulted.

Prizes of books are given. In value and number, these depend on the number of entries. They are given for the year's work, but Competitors who have only taken six months *may* have a prize awarded.

AGE OF ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

EARLY YEARS OF JAMES I.'S REIGN.

Questions for November.

37. What was the teaching of the age on Tyrannicide and on Kingly Power? and how were these exemplified in England in this reign?
38. A life of Bancroft.
39. Give a full account of the making of our 'Authorized Version' of the Bible.
40. Say what you know of the Millenary Petition; De Dominis; Bishop Overall; the Ex animo test (average of ten lines each).

For Juniors.

37. Give an account of the Gunpowder Plot.
38. A life of Bancroft.
39. An account of the 'Authorized Version.'
40. Answer *one* of the subjects in Question 40 above.

Books recommended:—Ward's *Counter-Reformation; Cameos from History* (Series VI.); Perry's *History of the English Church*, vol. ii.; Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops* (New Series, vol. v.; Old Series, vol. x.).

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, care of the Publishers, by December 1st.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 632.)

FIRST SHELF.

VARIETY SUBJECT.

SEPTEMBER.

THE SIX QUOTATIONS THAT BEST SHOW SHAKESPEARE'S IDEA OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

About thirty sets of quotations have been sent in, many very well chosen. Some have, however, failed to distinguish between general remarks on female character and descriptions of one particular woman, and some have put sayings merely characteristic of the speaker, or spoken so obviously in mockery or in anger as to put them out of count in any way as representing Shakespeare's own view.

The estimate, as a whole, does not fairly represent one of his splendid heroines. It seems as if Shakespeare, so far as he was aware, entertained the received view of his age, and of many other ages, as to women, thinking them soft, coaxing, and wily, lovable but unreliable creatures—toys or torments, as the case might be. But when he created an individual woman, looked through her eyes, felt her feelings, and thought her thoughts, his genius transcended the conventional estimate, and gave us Imogen, Portia, and Hermione, and all their strong and noble sisters. Whatever Shakespeare may have thought of the relation of women to men, or thought that he thought, the relation of his heroines to his heroes was certainly not an inferior one.

The best arranged list is by Miss A. C. Shipton, Grove Rectory, Retford, who is therefore the Prize Winner for September.

Chelsea China adds *Miss Kathleen Patch's* as containing some good and not very well known quotations, and mentions *May Blossom's* as a clever set on the unfavourable side.

SIX QUOTATIONS REPRESENTING SHAKESPEARE'S IDEA OF FEMALE CHARACTER.

1. (VOICE)—

Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low; an excellent thing in woman.

(*King Lear*, v. 3.)

2. (WIT)—

Make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the keyhole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

(*As You Like It*, iv. 1.)

3. (PROMPTNESS OF SPEECH)—

Do you not know I am a woman? when I think I must speak.
(*As You Like It*, iii. 2.)

4. (INFLUENCE)—

All the expected good we are like to hear,
For this play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good women;
For such a one we showed them: If they smile,
And say, 'twill do, I know, within a while
All the best men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their ladies bid them clap.
(Epilogue to *Henry VIII.*)

5. (LOVABLENESS)—

This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.
. . . . .
Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.
(*Winter's Tale*, v. 1.)

6. POWER OF LOVING)—

Duke. Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and won,
Than women's are.
. . . . .
Viola. I know
Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
(*Twelfth Night*, ii. 4.)

A. C. SHIPTON.

1.

A woman sometimes scans what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er:
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone,
For why, the fools are made, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For 'get you gone,' she doth not mean 'away:'
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.
Two Gentlemen of Verona.

2.

Is it even so? Nay, then, I see our wars
Will turn into a peaceful comic sport.
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with,
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle suit.
. . . . . .
Ne'er trust me then; for, when a world of men
Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.
Henry VI.

3.

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
But Heaven knows, thy share thereof is small.
'Tis virtue that doth make them most admired;
The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
'Tis government that makes them seem divine;
The want thereof makes thee abominable.
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, tough, remorseless.

Henry VI.

4.

Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard, and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear: for several virtues
Have I liked several women; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed
And put it to the foil; but you, O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best.

The Tempest.

5.

A woman mov'd, is like a fountain troubled:
Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;
And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty
Will deign to sip or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy sovereign, one that cares for thee.
. . . . .
Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
Even such, a woman oweth to her husband;
And when she's forward, peevish, sullen, sour,
And not obedient to his honest will:
What is she, but a foul contending rebel,
And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
I am ashamed that women are so simple
To often war, when they should kneel for peace;
Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Taming of the Shrew.

6.

Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

KATHLEEN PATCH.

SUBJECT FOR NOVEMBER.

The Ideal of a District Visitor's Duties. What should it be?

SECOND SHELF.

VERSE COMPETITION FOR SEPTEMBER.

Martial's epigram has proved altogether too much for the competitors. Only five have attempted it; and of these one gives a prose translation very, very wide of the mark, and another a verse rendering which appears to have no connection with the original. *Indiana* and *D. P.* have combined to produce what is at any rate recognisable as a translation; but even the fourth translation by Miss Ellen Thurtell, to which the prize is awarded, could hardly be presented to the readers of the Packet without various corrections. The fifth translator (*Exul*) would have won the prize, if his two concluding lines had not spoilt the point of the epigram, which is that Phasis was a mere vulgarian trying to pass himself off as an 'eques,' while he had no right to sit in the equestrian seats. We append, by permission of the author, another rendering, which has already been published elsewhere.

MARTIAI, v. 7.

'Our sov'rain lord's august command,
That bids the seats distinctive stand,
That bids the knightly rows be fixt,
Nor with the vulgar herd be mixt,
Hear Phasis mid the knights' attest;
Resplendent in his purple vest,
With swelling words he speaks: ''Tis fit,
At length we should in comfort sit.'
His dignity each knight regains,
The mob nor crushes him, nor stains.
While more of such superior stuff
Fond Phasis pours, supinely gruff;
The purple robes stern Lectius spies,
And bids the gorgeous wearer rise.'

THE SNOB.

Lo, in the stalls our Phasis lounged to see,
And praised our lord and master's new decree,
Reserving seats more strictly, so that knights
Find no mere snobs encroaching on their rights.
Phasis, resplendent in a scarlet cloak,
These swelling words with lofty accents spoke:

'At last a gentleman at ease may sit;'
Once more our knightly rank finds deference fit:
The Great Unwashed no longer jostle Us.'

E'en while at length outsprawled he mouthed it thus,
That flaunting scarlet Leitus espies,
And to those splendours, 'Come, turn out!' he cries.

P. P.

PRIZE WINNER FOR SEPTEMBER.

Miss Ellen Thurtell, Clarendon House, Unthanks Road, Norwich.

VERSE COMPETITION FOR OCTOBER.

FROM 'ATHALIE.' ACTE PREMIER.

Abner. Oui, je viens dans son temple adorer l'Eternel;
Je viens, selon l'usage antique et solennel,
Célébrer avec vous la fameuse journée
Où sur le mont Sina la loi nous fut donnée.
Que les temps sont changés! Sitôt que de ce jour
La trompette sacrée annonçait le retour,
Du temple, orné par-tout de festons magnifique,
Le peuple saint en foule inondait les portiques:
Et tous, devant l'autel avec ordre introduits,
De leurs champs dans leurs mains portant les nouveaux fruits,
Au Dieu de l'univers consacrnient ces prémices
Les prêtres ne pouvaient suffire aux sacrifices.
L'audace d'une femme, arrêtant ce concours,
En des jours ténébreux a changé ces beaux jours.
D'adorateurs zélés à peine un petit nombre
Ose des premiers temps nous retracer quelque ombre,
Le reste pour son Dieu montre un oubli fatal;
Ou même, s'empressant aux autels de Baal
Se fait initier à ses honteux mystères,
Et blasphème le nom qu'ont invoqué leurs pères.

RACINE.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

SEARCH QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER QUESTIONS.

1. Dick Swiveller snatched Miss Sally Brass's head-dress to dust the window. 'The Old Curiosity Shop' (CHARLES DICKENS).

2. THACKERAY. He wrote several of his earlier works under this name.

3. Pisistratus Caxton. He had broken a favourite flower-pot of his mother's, and Mr. Caxton showed him how, by selling his pet box of dominoes, he could buy her a new one. 'The Caxtons' (E. B. LYTTON).

4. Miss Matty Jenkins. The 'lion' was a pudding, made in the shape of that beast! 'Cranford' (MRS. GASKELL).

5. HEINRICH HEINE, because he was born on the 1st January, 1800.

6. 'Remuneration! Why, that's the Latin word for three farthings!' Costard—'Love's Labour's Lost' (SHAKESPEARE).

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Rule of Three, 36; *Babee Fox*, *Double-Dummy*, *Feu-Follet*, *Helen*, *Old Maid*, 30; *Aspley Guise*, *Clio*, *Euphrosyne*, *Helga*, *Isabel*, *Starling*, 24; *A. Thornely*, *Green Mantle*, *Iris*, *L. Halliday*, *Scott*, *Sundial*, *White Lion*, 18; *Madge Wildfire*, *Syndicate*, 12; *K. C. T.*, 8; *M. R. A.*, *Nemo*, *Sister Queen*, 6.

SEARCH QUESTIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

1. What were the contents of the bag and vial that the goddess gave to Umbriel?

2. Of whom is this a description? 'The head of —— —— was small and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew.'

3. What was the great secret that 'Little Ellie' meant to tell her lover some day?
4. Who were Adonais and Lycidas?
5. For what was the village of Entepfuhl noted?
6. Where are these lines?

'The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.'

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Wanted.—Rest of poem, or where to find it.

'What shall be done with all the days and hours
That shall be counted till I see thy face?
How shall I charm the interval that lowers
Between this time and that sweet time of grace?'

CONSTANCE E. WEBBER.

Author of lines—

'In Life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained; know'st thou when Fate
Thy measure takes? or when she'll say to thee
"I find thee worthy, do this thing for me?"'

TYRO.

Emily will be glad to know where she can find the following verses :—

'Had it been but a quiet sea
On which stars and moonbeams shone
Over the waters of Galilee
The bark had sped swiftly on.
Constrained by the Master to launch on the lake,
Why suffered He tempests and clouds to break?

'Had it been but a quiet sea—
Ah! so we shiver and fear—
But over the waters of Galilee
The Lord had never drawn near,
If waves that rippled and winds that sighed
Had wafted the boat to the other side.'

Also a poem called 'The Watered Lilies,' beginning

'The Master stood in His garden
Among the lilies fair.'

ANSWERS.

In answer to Mrs. Austen's inquiry in the May number, Mr. Benjamin Loman says he knows the song 'Nothing like Leather,' and will send it to her if she will send him her address to Gonsalvo Villa, Queen's Park Road, Brighton.

Chelsea China hopes *Apsley Guise* will like the present set of Search Questions better than the last. It is difficult to suit the views of all the solvers. She is sorry when she fails. *Gray Squirrel* would find Professor Dowden's book, 'The Mind of Shakespeare,' very interesting.

In an old volume of the 'Monthly Packet' (vol. 20, 2nd series, Aug., 1875), Theodora has been reading an article on 'The Incarnation: Its place in History.' She would be greatly obliged if any correspondent will inform her if the article, or any other by the same author, has been published separately. It is signed 'L. D.'

COMPETITION.

Letter of Practical Advice

To a Clergyman's Wife starting a Girls' Club, in a country town.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Chelsea China admits this letter as the case seems strong, though parochial appeals are too numerous to be often inserted. Any contributions must be sent direct to the address given.

Church House, Morris Road, South Bromley, E.
September 25.

MADAM,—Pray excuse me for troubling you with this.

I am hoping, perhaps, to interest you in a Lads' Club I have in a very poor parish near King's Cross. Some seven or eight years ago, when I first started it, Miss Yonge was kind enough to allow me a small corner for an appeal in the 'Monthly Packet,' which brought me in at the time some valuable help, both in money and books, etc.

But I often think people are readier to *start* new things than to support those already existing, and I have found it lately, for reasons I will mention later, somewhat hard to keep everything up.

I have a little house with rooms open every evening. We have always from fifty to sixty lads on the book.

Of course in eight years we have had disappointments and difficulties, and always a good deal of work and anxiety, but at the same time we have had much to be thankful for. There is a steady band of communicants now, and we began with none. The elder ones sing in the choir and help in the Mission Sunday School, and there is altogether a tone and standard amongst them undreamt of in past days.

Our vicar, speaking at our last meeting, said he felt 'our little club had been of inestimable service to the parish,' and I do know from what the lads themselves tell me that they feel it a great help.

It is, alas! the money to keep it all going that is the never-ending anxiety to me. Within the last two years, three of my best subscribers have gone to rest, and up to the present I have found it impossible to fill their places. Then, owing to supposed improvements in the neighbourhood building of 'models' in place of the old tenement houses, our Club rent has been *twice* raised lately. It is a very highly rented neighbourhood. I could not get another house as cheap.

The boys, of course, pay a penny and twopence a week, according to age, but you can understand that a boys' club can never in the nature of things be self-supporting. The elder ones move away, emigrate, enlist. There is a constant supply of new little ones. Their money is not very large; there are often sad cases of out of work and illness. But you can readily imagine all this, and I am afraid of wearying you.

If you could be so kind as to allow an appeal to your readers, or could interest any one in our difficulties, I should be most truly grateful to you.

With many apologies, and hoping to hear from you, I am, Madam, faithfully yours,—(MISS) E. BINDON, Hon. Sec., Holycross, in E. L. Pancras Young Men's Friendly Club.

I do not know whether you will care to continue the controversy with Gray Squirrel. I will grant that Audrey *may* be only a simple country girl, though she seems to me very stupid, and unable to comprehend Touchstone; but the Mrs. Quickly of *Henry IV.* (who is quite a different person from her of the *Merry Wives*) is surely anything but shrewd, when she stands shouting in the street, repeating Falstaff's abuse with exaggeration to the Prince, and then letting herself be cajoled into not only leaving the debt to stand over, but raising money for him. It is female nature, but it is not shrewdness. And may I be pardoned for suggesting that though Lorenzo's speech in the garden is memorably beautiful, Jessica says very little, and if we are to judge of her by modern rules, her conduct was even more reprehensible than that of Juliet, who did not rob her father nor barter her mother's betrothal ring for a monkey. But there is a land of poetry, where Mrs. Grundy's conscience is of as little consequence as in dealing with the deities of Olympus.—ARACHNE.

BOOK NOTICES.

Every one who read *A Perverse Genius* in last month's 'Packet,' and *A Village Heroine* in the August number, will be glad to hear of a little volume of similar sketches by Mr. Fergus Mackenzie. *The Humours of Glenbruar* (Wyllie: Aberdeen) is a delightful volume, full of laughter and tears. The author is a worthy rival of Mr. Crockett and Mr. Barrie—not an imitator, for many of his sketches were written before either of those authors had come before the public. The folk of Glenbruar and those of Thrums are indeed closely akin, since Mr. Barrie and Mr. Mackenzie found their types in the same county. Bob and Effie Riach, the hero and heroine of half the Glenbruar stories, are entirely charming; the sketch entitled *Beaten* is as intensely pathetic as anything in the 'Window in Thrums;' and others are little inferior. Fergus Mackenzie has long been a contributor to certain Scottish periodicals. The 'Monthly Packet' may fairly claim credit for having recognised his powers while his name was still wholly unknown south of the Cheviots.—PETER PIPER.

Let us heartily recommend to readers in search of something uncommon as Christmas cards, *A Portfolio of Raphael Pictures*—twelve photographs on strong paper in a case, from the most notable prints from Raphael—to be had from Miss Wood, 116, Bromley Road, Beckenham. Together or separately they will be charming Christmas memorials.

No Nerves, by Blanche Howard (Gay and Bird), is a delightful American story of a good boy, who devoted himself, for his father's sake, to nursing a cranky old patient, and never finds out his own heroism.

Children of the State, by Gertrude Tuckwell (Methuen), has a good account of the various institutions for the benefit of the destitute, criminal, or diseased children whom the country supports.

We have never spoken of *Ships that pass in the Night*, by Beatrice Harraden (Bullen), an exceedingly clever and original book, fascinating even, and, with tone and portraits, full of teaching and warning; but where is Christianity? where what relieves us from the shadow of death? Alas! for the poor dying man who is deprived of every hope beyond what Socrates might have had!

JOHN INGLESANT'S MESSAGE.

(Gladys *and* Mary *once more together.*)

Gladys. Mary! What means that frowning brow? Are you studying the Revolting Daughters or the last production of the 'New Woman?'

Mary. No. Though I begin to think I should like to talk about some of these 'Woman' books with you—some time.

Gladys. Most people began to talk about them some time ago. But what is it, then?

Mary. Well, I dare say you'll laugh and say it's an old puzzle. But I'm reading John Inglesant. It was a long time before I could get hold of him at all. But he interests me now. Only I am puzzled.

Gladys. What about?

Mary (*after a pause*). Well, I don't think I quite know!

Gladys (*laughing*). That shows you are really beginning to take him in. I'm not sure that I have. He recurs at intervals. Tell me now what *you* think is the outcome of the book.

Mary (*slowly*). Well, it shows that our Church is better than the Roman. At least, I think it does.

Gladys. Yes? What else?

Mary. The thing that puzzles me is that John Inglesant is always trying to be good, and one never quite knows whether he was good or not.

Gladys. I don't think 'good' quite expresses it. He tried to keep hold of things spiritual, and to keep in touch with the Unseen.

Mary. But I can't feel sure whether he did or not. That's what I don't like.

Gladys. He didn't feel sure himself. The chief reason, I think, why the book interests so many people is that it represents the struggle of a man who might, on the one hand, so easily have been a mere courtier given over to sensual pleasures, and on the other a half-crazy fanatic, to keep hold of spiritual things and his senses at the same time.

Mary. But did he?

Gladys. Well, yes, I think he did, and, as you say, he found the Church of England, with its combined spirituality and freedom, the best place on the whole to do it in.

Mary. But it was such a queer sort of religion that he did keep hold of.

Gladys. How do you mean?

Mary. Well, you never know what he did believe, whether he was orthodox or not.

Gladys. You see the point goes behind that. It is not between Rome and England, or even between orthodox and unorthodox, but between Materialism and Faith in any unseen and spiritual life *at all*, or, at any rate, in the possibility of influence emanating from it.

Mary. Yes. But when he does get hold of a spiritual influence, it is always through his senses. He thought so much of colour and lights—and the *weather*. Even in church, it seems as if that had a great deal to do with it. Now, I don't think one ought to be less religious on a dull day, than on some afternoon with queer sunshine.

Gladys. No; but don't externals influence you?

Mary. Well, a little. But I've always thought more of them as right in themselves, because of reverence, than as affecting me.

Gladys. Well, but you see Inglesant was the kind of person who is enormously affected by appeals through his finer senses. He had to get his religion *somehow*, and that was the only way such as *he* could.

Mary. But he never knew quite if it *was* a religious influence.

Gladys. No. Yet he didn't give it up in despair. That's the point.

Mary. Then there are such queer things about sounds and music—and one's ancestors. It seems as if one never knew *where* things come from.

Gladys. Isn't it rather that we don't know *through what* they come. At least, that was what he *hoped*.

Mary. Well, I don't know if the religion was much good after all. There's quite another sort which people know they have without any fancies, steady and quiet, and always there.

Gladys (*vehemently*). Yes—yes. But when people *can't* have that? This book shows the other sort a chance of not being pagan, and altogether sensuous.

Mary. Well, I shouldn't like it.

Gladys. Perhaps not. But I believe it does preach some people's gospel. That what you call 'queer' influences, may bring spiritual good.

Mary. And I think he was selfish.

Gladys. Ah, there I grant you. The human relations are very weak. There *is* very little enthusiasm of humanity, of love of his neighbour in the book. That's another story; but if it shows that a man may save his soul alive, even when his brain whirls and wavers, and every influence of sense and spirit touches him, and influences him, when he is open to *everything*, angel, devil, *elemental*, delusion through all his sensitive senses, then I think the book is worth while.

Mary. Well, I'll try to remember, but I'm glad I'm not made like that. It would be very uncomfortable.

Gladys (*laughing*). *Very!*

IMPRESSIONS OF THE EXETER CHURCH CONGRESS, 1894.

Reports of the Church Congress will be found in plenty elsewhere. *Impressions* vary, and are difficult to sum up. Lovely weather, soft and sunny as June, picturesque and narrow streets, gay with flags, banners, and mottoes, streams of people, all in a hurry, ladies of all ages in all varieties of clothes, parsons of all schools, shaven and bearded, old, middle-aged, and young; rectors, curates, and church dignitaries, all smiling and talking, walking fast and shaking hands, gathering in crowds for luncheon and tea, and producing an impression of a most magnificent school-treat, a quite supernormal parochial outing. The grand old cathedral, mystical and solemn with age, long reverence, and faith, opening its doors to the long, decorous procession of surpliced clergy, and to the vast crowds of modern pilgrims in search of instruction and of fuller mental life, and echoing to music full of cheerful energy and to words of wise counsel suited to the time. Meetings, too numerous to mention: women's meetings, of which women may well be proud; meetings practical, devotional, learned, all with their several interests and their special devotees. Social gatherings of modern people in mediæval halls. Side-meetings, at which the advocates of G.F.S. or other special objects meet in remote schools with a sense of virtue and self-sacrifice, and talk of their special subjects, drink tea, and hurry off to the next gathering—the Ecclesiastical Exhibition, with Sunday-school prizes, school furniture, Church needlework, and our own blue covers displayed as an object of certain interest to all good Church people. And last of all, tickets and trains, and all the motley crowd disperse again, with new ideas gained or old ones cleared and confirmed, and a cheering memory of good fellowship, good feeling, and mutual patience with distasteful views, and also, doubtless, of a 'good time,'—of the well-earned, much-enjoyed holiday of hardworking and earnest folk.

UNDINE.

'MONTHLY PACKET' NOTICES.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The readers of the 'Monthly Packet' are invited to address CHELSEA CHINA on any subject the discussion of which occurs to them as likely to interest others, especially in connection with articles appearing in the Magazine.

CHINA CUPBOARD COMPETITIONS—

Variety Specimens. Prize monthly, 5*s.*

Search Questions (*Who, When, and Where*). Prize, for six months taken together, £1 1*s.*

Verse Competition. Monthly Prize, 5*s.*, or 10*s.*, according to merit.

Rules for the above—

(1) Papers must be sent by the 25th of each month, addressed to CHELSEA CHINA, care of Messrs. A. D. Innes & Co.; they must NOT be addressed to 'the Editors.' (2) Each envelope must be marked *outside* with the subject to which it refers. Papers under separate competitions or discussions must be in separate envelopes. (3) The correspondent's name and address must be written on every paper: the use of a *nom de plume* for the lists is optional. (4) If competitors fail to comply with any rule, their papers will be disqualified. (5) The real name of the prize-winner is published in each case.

There are no fees for any China Cupboard competitions. Unless otherwise stated, all readers of the Magazine may enter. No China Cupboard contributions can be returned.

[*The Editors of the 'Monthly Packet' will feel obliged if All Contributors will write their names and addresses clearly on their MSS., and will enclose stamps for return. Unless these conditions are complied with, the Editors cannot undertake to preserve, return, or enter into correspondence about MSS. Much trouble is saved if accompanying letters are enclosed in the parcel instead of being sent separately.*

The utmost care is taken in returning MSS., but the Editors can only hold themselves absolutely responsible for such as are sent to them at their own request.]

THE MONTHLY PACKET.
NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1894.

MY LADY ROTHA.

A ROMANCE.

BY STANLEY WEYMAN, AUTHOR OF 'A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE,' 'THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF,' ETC.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

SUSPENSE.

FOR a little while after the Waldgrave had retired, Count Leuchtenstein stood turning my lady's letter over in his hands, his thoughts apparently busy. I had leisure during this time to compare the plainness of his dress with the greatness of his part, to which his conduct a moment before had called my attention, and the man with his reputation. No German had at this time so much influence with the King of Sweden as he; nor did the world ever doubt that it was at his instance that the Landgrave, first of all German princes, flung his sword into the Swedish scale. Yet no man could be more unlike the dark Wallenstein, the crafty Arnim, the imperious Oxenstierna, or the sleepless French cardinal, whose star has since risen—as I have heard these men described—for Leuchtenstein carried his credentials in his face. An honest, massive downrightness and a plain sagacity seemed to mark him, and commend him to all who loved the German blood.

My eyes presently wandered from him, and detected among the papers on the table the two stands I had seen in his town quarters—the one bearing his child's necklace, the other his wife's portrait. Doubtless they lay on the table wherever he

went—among assessments and imposts, regimental tallies and state papers. I confess that my heart warmed at the sight; that I found something pleasing in it; greatness had not choked the man. And then my thoughts were diverted: he broke open my lady's letter, and turning his back on me began to read.

I waited, somewhat impatiently. He seemed to be a long time over it, and still he read, his eyes glued to the page. I heard the paper rustle in his hands. At last he turned, and I saw with a kind of shock that his face was dark and flushed. There was a strange gleam in his eyes as he looked at me. He struck the paper twice with his hand.

'Why was this kept from me?' he exclaimed. 'Why? Why?'

'My lord!' I said in astonishment. 'It was delivered to me only an hour ago.'

'Tush!' he answered harshly, bending his bushy eyebrows. 'When did that girl get free?'

'That girl?'

'Yes, girl! Girl, I said. What is her name? Marie Wort?'

'This is Saturday. Wednesday night,' I said.

'Wednesday night? And she told you of the child then; of my child—that this villain has it yonder! And you—you kept it from me all Thursday and Friday—Thursday and Friday,' he repeated with a fierce gesture, 'when I might have done something, when I might have acted! Now you tell me of it. Now, when we march out to-morrow, and it is too late. Ah! It was ungenerous of her—it was not like her!'

'The Countess came yesterday in person,' I muttered.

'Ay, but the day before!' he retorted. 'You saw me in the morning! You said nothing. In the evening I called at the Countess's lodgings; she would not see me. A mistake? Yes. But, man, grant the mistake; was it kind, was it generous to withhold *this?* If I had been as remiss as she thought me, as slack a friend—was it just, was it womanly? In Heaven's name, no! No!' he cried fiercely.

'We were taken up with the Waldgrave's peril,' I muttered, conscience-stricken. 'And yesterday, my lady——'

'Ay, yesterday! Yesterday!' he retorted bitterly. 'She would have told me yesterday. But why not the day before? The truth is, you thought much of your own concerns and your lady's kin, but of mine and my child—nothing! Nothing!' he repeated sternly.

And I could not but feel that his anger was justified. For myself, I had clean forgotten the child, and hence my silence at my former interview with him. For my lady, I think that at first the Waldgrave's danger had prepossessed her mind, and that later, when she knew of his safety, remorse for the part she had played occupied her to the exclusion even of this. But, every allowance made, I felt that the thing had an evil appearance; and I did not know what to say.

He sighed, staring absently before him. At last, after a prolonged silence, 'Well, it is too late now,' he said with a groan. 'Too late. Too late. The King moves out to-morrow, and my hands are full, and God only knows the issue, or who of us will be living three days hence. So there is an end.'

'My lord!' I cried impulsively. 'God forgive me, I forgot.'

He shrugged his shoulders with a grand kind of patience. 'Just so,' he said. 'And now, go back to your mistress. If I live I will answer her letter. If not—it matters not.'

I was terribly afraid of him, but my love for Marie had taught me some things; and though he waved me to the door, I stood my ground a moment.

'To you, my lord, no,' I said. 'Nothing. But to her, if you fall without answering her letter——'

'What?' he said.

'You can best judge from the letter, my lord.'

'You think that she would suffer?' he answered harshly, his face growing red again. 'Well, what say you, man? Does she not deserve to suffer? Do you know what this delay may cost me? What it may mean for my child? Mein Gott,' he continued, raising his voice and striking his hand heavily on the table, 'you try me too far! Your mistress was angry. Have I no right to be angry? Have I no right to punish? Go, man, go! I have no more to say.'

And I had to go, then and there, very much disappointed with myself, and fearful that I had said too much in my lady's behalf. I had invited this last rebuff, and I did not see how I should dare to tell her of it, or that I had exposed her to it. I had made things worse instead of better, and perhaps, after all, the message he had framed might not have hurt her much, or fallen far short of her expectations.

I should have troubled myself longer about this, but for the increasing bustle and stir of preparation that had spread by this time from the camp to the city; and filling the way with a

throng of people whom the news affected in the most different ways, soon diverted my attention. While some, ready to welcome any change, shouted with joy, others wept and wrung their hands, crying out that the city was betrayed, and that the King was abandoning it. Others again anticipated an easy victory, looked on the frowning heights of the Alta Veste as already conquered, and divided Wallenstein's spoils. Everywhere I saw men laughing, wailing, or shaking hands; some eating of their private hoards, others buying and selling horses, others again whooping like lunatics.

In the city the shops, long shut, were being opened, orderlies were riding to and fro, crowds were hurrying to the churches to pray for the King's success; a general stir of relief and expectancy was abroad. The sunshine still fell hot on the streets, but under it life moved and throbbed. The apathy of suffering was gone, and with it the savage gloom that had darkened, for days, innumerable brows. From window and dormer, from low doorways, from carven eaves and gables, gaunt faces looked down on the stir, and pale lips prayed, and dull eyes glowed with hope.

While I was still a long way off I saw my lady at the oriel watching for me. I saw her face light up when she caught sight of me; and if after that I could have found any excuse for loitering in the street, or putting off my report, I can answer for it I should have been thankful. But there was no escape. In a moment the animation of the street was left behind, the silence of the house fell round me, and I stood before her. She was alone. I think that Marie had been with her; but if so, she had sent her away.

'Well?' she said, looking keenly at me, and doubtless drawing her conclusions from my face. 'The Count was away?'

'No, my lady.'

'Then—you saw him?' she said with surprise.

'Yes.'

'And gave him the letter?'

'Yes, my lady.'

'Well'—this with impatience, and her foot began to tap the floor—'did he give you no answer?'

'No, my lady.'

She looked astonished, offended, then troubled. 'Neither in writing nor by word of mouth?' she said rather faintly.

'Only—that the King was about to give battle,' I stammered; 'and that if he survived, he would answer your excellency.'

She started, and looked at me searchingly, her colour fading gradually. 'That was all!' she said at last, a quaver in her voice. 'Tell me all, Martin. Count Leuchtenstein was offended, was he not?'

'I think that he was hurt, your excellency,' I confessed. 'He thought that the news about his child—should have been sent to him sooner. That was all.'

'All!' she ejaculated; and for a moment she said no more, but with that one word, which thrilled me, she began to pace the floor. 'All!' she repeated presently. 'But I—I—yes, I am punished, justly punished. I cannot confess to him; I will confess to you. Your girl would have had me tell him this, or let her tell him this. She pressed me; she went on her knees to me that morning. But I hardened my heart, and now I am punished. I am justly punished.'

I was astonished. Not that she took it lightly, for there was that in her tone as well as in her face that forbade the thought, but that she took it with so little passion, without tears or anger, and having been schooled so seldom in this life, bore this schooling so patiently. She stood for a time after she had spoken, looking from the window with a wistful air, and her head drooping; and I fancied that she had forgotten my presence. But by-and-by she began to ask questions about the camp, and the preparations, and what men thought of the issue, and whether Wallenstein would come down from his heights or the King be driven to the desperate task of assaulting them. I told her all that I had heard. Then she said very quietly that she would go to church; and she sent me to call Fraulein Max to go with her.

I found the Dutch girl sitting in a corner with her back to the windows, through which Marie and the women were gazing at the bustle and uproar and growing excitement of the street. She was reading in a great dusty book, and did not look up when I entered. Seeing her so engrossed, I had the curiosity to ask her, before I gave her my lady's message, what the book was.

'"The Siege of Leyden,"' she said, lifting her pale face for an instant, and then returning to her reading. 'By Bor.'

I could not refrain from smiling. It seemed to me so whimsical that she could find interest in the printed page in

this second-hand account of a siege and none in the actual thing, though she had only to go to the window to see it passing before her eyes. Doubtless she read in Bor how men and women thronged the streets of Leyden to hear each new rumour; how at every crisis the bells summoned the unarmed to church; how through long days and nights the citizens waited for relief—and she found these things of interest. But here were the same portents passing before her eyes, and she read Bor!

'You are busy, I am afraid,' I said dryly.

'I am using my time,' she answered.

'Oh, I am sorry,' I rejoined; 'for my lady wants you to go to church with her.'

She shut up her book with peevish violence, and looked at me with her weak eyes. 'Why does not your Papist go with her?' she said spitefully. 'And then you could do without me. As you do without me when you have secrets to tell! But I suppose you have brought things to such a pass now that there is nothing for it but church. And so I am called in!'

'I have given my lady's message,' I said patiently.

'Oh, I know that you are a faithful messenger!' she replied mockingly. 'Who writes love letters grows thin; who carries them, fat. You are growing a big man, Master Martin.'

CHAPTER XXXV.

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S DAY.

THAT was a night that saw few in Nuremberg sleep soundly. Under the moon the great city lay waiting, watching and fasting through the short summer night. Hour by hour the solemn voices of sentinels, tramping the walls and towers, told the tale of time—to men, who, hearing it, muttered a prayer, and, turning on the other side, slept again; to women, who lay, trembling and sleepless, their every breath a prayer. For who would see the next night? Who that went out would come in? How many, parting at dawn, would meet again? The howling of the dogs that, in packs wild as wolves, roved round the camp and scratched in the shallow graveyards, made dreary answer.

Many there were, even then I remember, who thought the

King foolhardy, and preached patience; and would have had him still sit quiet and play the game of starvation against his enemy, even to the bitter end. But these were of the harder sort—men who, with brain, might have been Wallensteins. And besides, few of them knew the real state of things. I say nothing of the city. Who died there in these months, in holes and corners and dark places, the magistrates may have known, no others. But in the camp, for many days before the King marched out, a hundred men died of plague and want every day; so that in the sum, twenty thousand men entered his lines who never left them. Temperate men set the loss of the city at ten thousand more. Add to these items that the plague was increasing, that all stores of food were nearly exhausted, that if the issue were longer delayed the cavalry would have no horses on which to advance or retreat, and it will be clear, I think, that the King, whose judgment had never yet deceived him, was right in this also. Or, if he erred, it was on the side of mercy.

At dawn all the northern walls and battlements were covered with white-faced women, come together to see the army leave the camp, in which it had lain so many weeks. I went up with my lady to the Burg, when we could command, not only the city with its necklace of walls and towers, but the camp encircling it like another and greater city, encompassed in its turn by gates and ramparts and bastions. And, beyond this, we had an incomparable view of the country; of our own stream, the Pegnitz, gliding away through the level plain, to fall presently into the Rednitz; of the Rednitz, a low line of willows, running athwart the western meadows; and beyond this, a league and a half away, of the frowning heights of the Alte Veste, where Wallenstein hung, vulture-like, waiting to pounce on the city.

As the sun rose behind us, the shadow of the Burg on which we stood fell almost to the foot of the distant heights, and covered, as with a pall, the departing army, which was beginning to pass out of the camp by the northern and western gates. At the same time the level beams shone on the dark brow of the Alte Veste, and caught there the flash of lurking steel. I think that the hearts of some among us sank at the omen.

If so, it was not for long, for the sun rose swiftly in the summer sky and, as it overtopped our little eminence, showed us an innumerable host pressing out of the camp in long lines, like ants from a hill, through half a dozen gates. While we gazed, they began to swarm on the plain between the city and the

Rednitz. The colours of a thousand waving pennons, the sheen of a forest of lances, the duller gleam of cannon crawling slowly along the roads, caught the sun and the eye; but between them moved other and darker masses—the regiments of East and West Gothland, the Smoland horse, Stalhanske's Finns, the Yellow and Blue regiments, the sombre, steady veterans of the Swedish force, marching with a neatness and wheeling with a precision, noticeable even at that distance.

Doubtless it was a grand and splendid sight, this marching out of a hundred thousand men—for the army fell little short of that prodigious number—under the first captain of the age, to fight before the walls of the richest city in the world. And I have often taken blame to myself and regretted that I did not regard it with closer attention, and imprint it more carefully on my memory. But at the time I was anxious. Somewhere in that great host rode the Waldgrave and Count Leuchtenstein; and I looked for them, though I had no hope of finding them. Then little things continually diverted the mind. A single waggon, which broke down at the gate below us, and could not for a time be removed, swelled into a matter that obstructed my view of the whole army; an officer, whose horse ran away in an orchard at our feet, became, for a moment, more important than a hundred banners. When I had done with these trifles, the sun had climbed halfway up the sky, and the foremost troops were already crossing the Rednitz by Furth, gaily, with a sound of trumpets and the flashing of corslets.

A cannon shot, and then another, and then long rolling thunder from the heights, over which a pillar of smoke began to gather. My lady sighed. Below us, in the streets, on the walls, on the towers, women and men fell on their knees and prayed aloud. Across the plain horsemen galloped this way or that, hurrying the rearmost through the dust. The great battle was beginning.

And then on a sudden the firing ceased; the pillar of smoke on the heights melted away; the rear-guard and the cloud of dust in which it moved, rolled farther and farther towards the Rednitz and Furth—and still the guns remained silent. It was noon by this time; soon it was afternoon. But the suspense was so great that no one went away to eat; and still the silence prevailed.

Towards two o'clock I persuaded the Countess to go to her

lodgings to eat; but within the hour she was back again. An officer on the Burg, who had a perspective glass, reported that Wallenstein was moving; that cannon and troops could be seen passing through the trees on the Alte Veste, as if he were descending to meet the King; and for a time our excitement rose to the highest pitch. But before sunset, news came that he was quiet; that the King was forming a new camp beyond the Rednitz, and almost under the enemy's guns; and that the battle would take place on the morrow.

The morrow! It seemed to some of us, it was always the morrow. Yet I think that we slept better that night. Earliest dawn saw us again on the Burg, staring and straining our eyes westwards. But minutes passed, hours passed, the sun rose and declined, and still no sound of battle reached us. Women, with pinched faces, clutched babies to their breasts; men, pale and stern, gazed out into the distance. Those who had murmured that the King was too hasty, murmured now that he dallied; for every day the grip of famine grew tighter, its signs more marked. This evening all my lady's horses were requisitioned and carried off, to mount the King's staff, it was said, of whom some were going afoot.

A third day rose on the anxious city, and yet a fourth, and still the armies stood inactive. Communication with the new camp was easy, but as each day, and all day, a battle was expected, such news as we heard rather heightened than relieved our fears. On this fourth morning, however, I received a message from the Waldgrave, asking me to come to him in the camp; that he had something to say to me, and could not leave.

I was not unwilling to see for myself how things stood there; and I determined to go. I did not tell the Countess, however, nor Marie, thinking it useless to alarm them; but I left Steve in charge, and, bidding him be on his guard, promised to be back by noon at the latest. As I had no horse, I had to do the journey on foot, and soon was down in the plain myself, threading the orchards and plodding along the trampled roads, where so many thousands had preceded me. The ground in some spots was actually ploughed up; dust covered everything; the trees were bruised, the fences broken down. Old boots and shattered pike-staves marked the route, and here and there—saddest sight of all—dead horses, fast breeding the plague. The sky, for the first time for days, was clouded, and making

the most of the coolness I gained the river bank by nine o'clock, and crossing found myself close to the new camp.

The army had just marched out, yet the lines seemed full. The King had strictly forbidden all women and camp-followers to cross the Rednitz; but an army in these days needs so many drivers and sutlers that I found myself one among thousands. I asked for the Waldgrave, and got as many answers as there were men within hearing. One said that he was with his regiment of horse on the left flank; another, that he was with Duke Bernard's staff; a third, that he was not with the army at all. Despairing of hearing anything in the confusion, I was in two minds about turning back; but in the end I took heart of grace and determined to seek him in the field.

Fortunately, the last regiments had barely cleared the lines, and a few minutes' rapid walking set me abreast of the rearmost, which was hastening into position. At the first glance I saw nothing but confusion here also, but a second resolved the mass into two parts, and then I saw that the King's army lay in two long lines facing the heights. An interval of about three hundred paces divided the lines, but behind each was a small reserve. In the first were most of the German regiments, the second being composed of Finns, Swedes, and Northerners. The cavalry were grouped on the flanks, and seemed stronger on the left flank. In the rear of all, as well as in gaps left between the pikes and musketmen, were the King's ordnance —drakes, serpents, falcons, and cartows, with the light two- and four-pounders for which he was famous.

Such an array—so many thousand men, gay with steel, and a thousand pennons—seemed to the eye to be invincible; and I looked for the enemy. He was not to be seen, but fronting the lines at a distance of five or six hundred paces rose the Alte Veste—a steep, rugged hill, scarred and seamed, and planted thickly with pines and jagged stumps and undergrowth. Here and there among the trees great rocks peeped out, or dark holes yawned. The dry beds of two or three torrents furrowed this natural glacis; and opposite these I noticed that our strongest regiments were placed. But of the enemy I could see nothing, except here and there a sparkle of steel among the trees; I could hear nothing, except now and then the fall of a stone, that, slipping perhaps under an unseen foot, fell from ledge to ledge until it reached the plain; for in the presence of that great host silence seemed a thing supernatural.

Everywhere the hush of expectation stirred the heart. As the regiment I had joined, the last to arrive, wheeled into position in the middle of the right wing, I asked one of the officers, who stood near me, if the enemy had retired.

'Wait!' he said grimly—he spoke with a foreign accent—'and you will see. But to what regiment do you belong, comrade?'

'To none here,' I said.

He looked astonished, and asked me what I was doing there.

I had my lips apart to answer him, when a trumpet sounded, and in an instant, all along the line, the Swedish cannon began to fire, shaking the earth and filling the air round us with smoke, that in a twinkling hid everything. This lasted for two or three minutes with a deafening noise; but as far as I could hear, the enemy were still silent. I was wondering what would happen next, and hoping that they had given up the position, when my new friend touched my arm and pointed to the front. I peered through the smoke, and saw dimly that the regiment before us, a German brigade about eight hundred strong, was moving on at a run and making for the hill. A minute elapsed, the smoke rolled between. I listened, trembling. Afterwards I learned that at the same moment two other parties sprang forward and dashed to the assault.

Then, with an ear-splitting roar that seemed to silence our guns, the enemy spoke. The hill in front, hidden the second before by smoke, became in a moment visible, lit up by a thousand darting flames. Dark masses seemed to topple down almost upon us, rocks hung midway in air, and involuntarily I stepped back and uttered a cry of horror. Out of that hell of fire came an answering wail of shrieks and curses—the feeble voice of man!

'Ach Gott!' I said, trembling. My hair stood on end.

'Steady, comrade, steady!' muttered the man who had before spoken to me. 'Presently it will be our turn.'

Almost at the same moment a man came riding along the front with his hat in his hand, on a white horse, and without back or breast or, as far as I could see, any armour.

'Steady, Swedes, steady!' he cried in a loud voice—he was a big, stout man with a fine presence. 'Your time will come by-and-by. Then remember Breitenfeld!'

It was the King of Sweden. In a moment he was gone, passing along the lines; and I drew breath again, wondering what would happen next. I had not long to wait. Men came

straggling back across our front, some wounded, some helping their comrades along, all with faces ghastly under the powder-stains. And then like magic a new regiment stood before us, where the other had stood. Again the King's guns pealed along the line, again I heard the hoarse cry 'Vorwärts!' waited a minute, and once more the hill seemed to be rent by the explosion. From every cave and ledge guns flashed forth, lighting up the smoke. The roar died away again—slowly, from west to east—in cries and shrieks; and presently a few men, scores where there had been hundreds, came wandering back like ghosts through the reek.

'This looks ill!' I muttered. I was no longer scared. The gunpowder was getting into my head.

'Chut!' my friend answered. 'This is only the beginning. It will take men to fill that gap. Wait till our turn comes.'

By this time the Waldgrave and my errand were forgotten. I thought only of the battle. I watched two more assaults, saw two more regiments hurl themselves vainly against the fiery breast of the hill, and then came a diversion. As the scattered fragments of the last came reeling back, a sudden roar of many voices startled me. The ground seemed to shake, and right across our front came a charge of horse—out of the smoke and into the smoke! In an instant the stragglers were trodden down, cut up, and swept away, before our very eyes and within shot of us.

The men round me uttered shouts of rage. The line swayed, there was an instant's confusion. Then a harsh voice cried above the tumult, 'Steady, Gothlanders, steady! Pikes forward! Blow your matches! Steady! steady!' and in a twinkling, with a crash, such as the ninth wave makes when it falls on a pebbly beach, the horse were on us. I had a glimpse through the smoke of rearing breasts, and floating manes, and grinning teeth, and of men's faces grim and white, held low behind the steel; and I struck out blindly with my half-pike. Still they came on, and something hit me on the chest and I fell: but instantly a clash of long pikes met over my body, and I scrambled to my feet unhurt! Then a dozen spurts of flame leapt out round me, and the horsemen seemed to melt away.

Into the smoke; but before I had time to know that they were gone, they had wheeled and were back again like the wind, led by a man on a black horse, who came on so gallantly to the very pike-points, that I thought it must be Pappenheim himself.

He wore the black breastplate and helmet of Pappenheim's cuirassiers; and it was only when his horse reared up on end within a pike's length of me, and he fired his pistol among us, wounding two men, that I espied under the helmet the stern face and flashing eyes of Tzerclas. He recognised me at the same moment, and hurling his empty pistol in my face, tried to spur his horse over me. But the long pikes meeting before me kept him off, his men vanished, some falling, some flying, and in a moment he stood almost alone.

Even then his courage did not fail him. Scornfully eying our line from end to end, he hurled a bitter taunt at us, and wheeling his horse coolly, prepared to ride off. I think that we should have let him go. But a wounded man on whom he trod houghed the horse with his sword. In a moment he was down, and two men running out of the line, fixed him to the earth with their pikes.

I confess, for myself, I would have spared him for his courage, and I ran to him to see if he was dead. He was not quite gone. He recognised me, and tried to speak. Forgetting the dangers round me, the uproar and tumult, the dim figures of men and horses flying through the smoke, I knelt down by him.

'What is it?' I said. After all he was my lady's cousin.

'Tell him—tell him—the child! He will never get it!' he breathed. With each word the blood-stained froth rose to his lips, and he clutched my hand in a cold grip.

He strove to say something more, and raised himself with a last effort on his elbow. 'Tell her,' he gasped, his dark face distorted—'tell her—I—I——'

No more. His eyes turned, his head fell back. He was dead. What he would have said of my lady, whether he would have sent her a message or what, no man will know here. But I fancied it like the man, who might have been great had he ever given a thought to others, that his last word was—'I.'

His head was scarcely down before I had to run back within the pikes. A fresh charge of horse swept over him, we received them with a volley; they broke, and a Swedish regiment, the West Gothland horse some one said it was, rode them down. Our manœuvres had brought us insensibly into the first line. I found that we were close under the hill, and I was not surprised when a handful of horse whirled up to us out of the *mêlée*, and one, disengaging himself from the others, rode along

our front. It was the King. His face was stained with powder, his horse was bleeding, a ball had ripped up his foot; it was said that he had been placing and pointing cannon with his own hands. But as the regiment greeted him with a hoarse cheer, he smiled as if he had been in a ball-room.

He raised his hand for silence; such silence as could be obtained where every moment men shot off a cannon, and at no great distance a mortal combat was in progress.

'Men of Gothland!' he cried, in a clear, ringing voice, 'it is your turn now! You are my children. Take me this hill! Be steady, strike home, flinch not! Show these Germans what you can do! The word is, God with us. Now, for God, King, and country. Remember St. Bartholomew's, and Forward! Forward! Forward!'

My heart beat furiously; but there was no retreat. Rather than be left standing on the ground, I would have died there. In a moment we were moving on elbow to elbow, with a stern, heavy step. Some one struck up a Swedish psalm, and to the thunder of its rhythm we strode on—on to the very foot of the hill; on, until we reached the rough shale, and the rugged steep stood above us. With a gallant shout an officer flung his hat on to the slope, a score of Ritt-Meisters sprang forward together; and then for a moment we and all things seemed to stand still. The wood above us belched fire, the eyes were blinded, the ears stunned, rocks and stones rolled down, all creation seemed to be falling on us in fearful ruin. Men were hurled this way and that, or fell in their places, or, reeling to and fro, clutched one another. For an instant, I say, we stood still.

But for an instant only. Then with a shout of rage the Swedes sprang forward, and grasping boughs, stumps, rocks, swung themselves up, doing such things in their fury as no cool man could do. A row of jagged stakes barred the way; men set their naked breasts against them, and others climbed over on their shoulders. Bleeding, wounded, singed, torn by splinters, all who lived climbed. To get up—up—up—higher, in face of the storm of shot and iron; up, over the bursting mines and through the smoke; up, to where they stood and butchered us, was the only instinct left.

And we did get up—to a bastion, jutting from the hillside, where a company of picked men with pikes and three cannons waited for us behind a breastwork. They thought to stop us

and stood firm; but our men were mad. Flinging themselves against the very mouths of the cannon, they scaled the work in a moment, and left not one defender alive!

God with us!

Stern and high the shout rang out; but breath was everything, and the scarp still rose above us and the shot still tore our ranks! On! Up a torrent bed now, round one corner and another, to where we were a little out of the line of fire, and an overhanging shoulder covered us. Here we had room to take breath; and for the first time, some hope of life, of ultimate escape, entered my breast. The officer who led us—I learned afterwards that he was the great General Torstensohn—cried, 'Well done, Swedes!' and with the confidence of giants we were once more breasting the ascent, when a withering volley, poured in at short range, checked the head of the column. Before we could recover way, a body of pikes rushed to meet us, and in an instant, having the vantage of the ground, rolled us, still fighting desperately, down the steep. The general was swept away, most of the Ritt-Meisters were down. Once we rallied, but ineffectually. The enemy were reinforced, and in a moment the rout was complete.

At the moment the tide turned and our men fell back, I happened to be against the rock-wall and in something of a niche; and the stream passed me by. I had two slight wounds, and I stood an instant, giddy and confused, taking breath. That moment showed me my comrades slaughtered one by one below me, and a great horror seized me. I found no hope anywhere. Below were the gory pikes, in a moment their savage bearers would be reascending; above were the enemy. But above, if I climbed on, I might live a little while; and in that desperate hope I scrambled out of the torrent bed and up the sheer hill on the right. Two or three saw me from the torrent bed, and fired at me; and others shouted, and began to follow. But I only pressed on, right up the scarp, which was there like the side of a house.

A dozen times I all but fell back; but still in a fever of dread I kept on. The sweat poured down me; I had no hope or aim, I thought only of the pikes behind. Presently I came to a jutting shoulder that all but overhung me; to pass it seemed to be impossible. But in my frenzy I did the impossible. I swung myself from root to root; where one stone gave, I clutched another, and yet another; I hung on with tooth

and nail. I flattened myself against the rock. I heard the pursuers rail and curse, heard the bullets strike the earth round me, and then in a moment I was up.

Up; but only to come instantly on a wall crossing the steep and barring my way, and to find a dozen pikes levelled at my breast. Desperate, giving up hope at last—I had long dropped my weapon—I cried mechanically, 'God with us!' and threw up my arms.

I nearly fell backwards—for what did it matter? But the men were quick. In a moment one had me by the collar. And God! They were friends! They were friends, and I was saved.

One of the first faces that I saw, as I leaned breathless against the wall, unable for the time to answer the questions that poured upon me, was the Waldgrave's—the Waldgrave's, with the light of battle in his eyes, a laugh of triumph on his lips. He was wounded, bandaged, blackened, his fair hair singed; but he was happy. Presently I understood why; and why I was safe and among friends.

'A little earlier,' he said—he seemed in his exaltation not a whit surprised to see me—'and you would have had a different reception, Martin. We only turned them out of this an hour ago!'

All his superior officers had fallen, and his had been the voice that had cheered on the forlorn, to which he was attached—acting from the right flank—and heartened them, just when all seemed lost, to make one more effort, ending in the capture of this sconce. Joined to the mass of the hill only by a narrow neck, it commanded the enemy's position.

'We only want cannon!' he said, fretting up and down. 'Three guns, and the day is ours. When will they come? When will they come?'

'You have sent for them?'

'I have sent a dozen times.'

And he sent as many times more; while we, a mere handful, tired and worn, and famished, but every man with a hero's thoughts, leaned against the breastwork, and gazed down into the plain, where, half veiled by the smoke, pigmy troops rushed to and fro, and Nuremberg's fate hung in the balance. In an hour it would be night. And still no reinforcements came, no cannon.

Thrice the enemy tried to drive us out. But the neck was

narrow, and, pressed along their front by three assaults, they came on half-heartedly and fell back lightly; and we held it. In the mean time, it became more and more clear that elsewhere the day was going against us. Until night fell, ay, and through long hours of darkness, forlorn after forlorn was flung against the heights—in vain. Regiment after regiment, the core of the Swedish army, came on undaunted, only to be repulsed with awful loss; but with the single exception of the Waldgrave's little sconce not a foot of the hill was captured.

About nine o'clock reinforcements reached us, and some food, but no guns. An hour later the King drew sullenly back into his lines, and the attack ceased. Even then we looked to see the fight resumed with the dawn; we looked still for victory and revenge. But towards three o'clock in the morning rain fell, rendering the slopes slippery and impassable; and with the first flush of sunrise came an order from Prince Bernard directing us to withdraw.

Perhaps the defeat fell as lightly on the Waldgrave as on any man. For he alone of all had made his footing good. I thought that it was that that made him look so cheerful; but while the rank and file were falling in, he came to me.

'Well, Martin,' he said, smiling. 'We are both veterans now.'

I laughed. The rain had ceased. The sun was getting up, and the air was fresh. Far off in the plain the city sparkled with a thousand gems. I thought of Marie, I thought of life, and I thanked God that I was alive.

'I have an errand for you,' he continued, with a laugh in his eyes. 'Come and see what we took yesterday, besides this sconce.'

At the back of the work were two low huts, that had perhaps been guardrooms or officers' quarters. He led the way into one, bending his head as he passed under the low lintel.

'An odd place,' he said.

'Yes, my lord.'

'Yes, but I mean—an odd place for what I found here,' he rejoined. 'Look, man.'

There were two low bunks in the hut, and on these and on the floor lay a medley of soldiers' cloaks, pouches, weapons, and ammunition. There was blood on the one wall and the door was shattered, and in a corner, thrown one on another, were two corpses. The Waldgrave took no heed of these, however, but

stepped to the corner bunk and drew away a cloak that lay on it. Something—the sound in that place scared me as a cannon-shot would not have—began to wail. On the bed, staring at us between tears and wonder, lay a child.

'So!' I said, and stared at it.

'Do you know it?' the Waldgrave asked.

'Know it? No,' I answered.

'Are you sure?' he replied, smiling. 'Look again.'

'Not I!' I said. 'How did it come here? A child! A baby! It is horrible.'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'We found it in this hut; in that bed. A man to whom we gave quarter said it was——'

'No!' I shouted.

'Yes,' he answered, nodding.

'Tzerclas' child! Count Leuchtenstein's child! Do you mean that?' I cried.

He nodded. 'Tzerclas' child, the man said. The other's child, I guess. Nay, I am certain. It knows your girl's name.'

'Marie's?'

The Waldgrave nodded. 'Take it up,' he said. 'And take charge of it.'

But I only stared at it. The thing seemed too wonderful to be true. I told the Waldgrave of Tzerclas' death, and of what he had muttered about the child.

'Yes, he was a clever man,' the Waldgrave answered. 'But, you see, God has proved too clever for him. Come, take it, man.'

I took it. 'I had better carry it straight to the Count's quarters?' I said.

The Waldgrave paused, looked away, then looked at me. 'No,' he said at last, and slowly, 'take it to Lady Rotha. Let her give it to him.'

I understood him, I guessed all he meant; but I made no answer, and we went out together. The rain was still in the air, but the sky was blue, the distance clear. The spire of the distant city shone like my lady's amethysts. Below us the dead lay in thousands. But we were alive.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A WINGLESS CUPID.

THAT was a dreary procession that a little before noon on the 25th of August wound its way back into Nuremberg. The King, repulsed but not defeated, remained in his camp beyond the Rednitz, and with trumpets sounding and banners displayed, strove vainly to tempt his wily antagonist into the plain. Those who returned on this day, therefore, carrying with them the certain news of ill-fortune, were the wounded and the useless, a few prisoners, two or three envoys, half a dozen horse-dealers, and a train of waggons bearing crippled and dying men to the hospital.

Of this company I made one. I doubt if there were six others who bore in their breasts hearts as light, or could look on the sunny roofs and peaked gables of the city with eyes as cheerful. Prince Bernard had spoken kindly to me; the King had sent for me to inquire where I last saw General Torstensohn; I had stood up a man amongst men; and I deemed these things cheaply bought at the cost of a little blood. On the other hand, the horrors of the day were still so fresh in my mind that my heart overflowed with thankfulness and the love of life, feelings which welled up anew whenever I looked abroad and saw the Rednitz flowing gently between the willows, or looked within and pictured the Werra rippling swiftly down the shallows under cool shade of oak and birch and elder.

Add to all these things one more. I had just learned that Count Leuchtenstein lived and was unhurt, and on the saddle before me under a cloak I bore his son. More than one asked me what booty I had taken, where others had found only lead or steel, that I hugged my treasure so closely and smiled to myself. But I gave them no answer. I only held the child the tighter and pushed on more quickly, finally reaching the city a little after twelve.

I say nothing of the gloomy looks and sad faces that I encountered at the gate, of the sullen press that would hardly give way, or of the thousand questions I had to parry. I hardened my heart, and, disengaging myself as quickly as I could, I rode straight to my lady's lodgings; and it was fortunate that I did so. For I was only just in time. As I dismounted at the door—receiving such a welcome from Steve

and the other men as almost discovered my treasure, whether I would or no—I saw Count Leuchtenstein turn into the street by the other end and ride slowly towards me, a trooper behind him.

The men would have detained me. They wanted to hear the news and the details of the battle, and where I had been. But I thrust my way through them and darted in.

Quick as I was, one was still quicker, and as I went out of the light into the cool darkness of the entrance, flew down the stairs to meet me, and before I could see was in my arms, covering me with tears and laughter and little cries of thanksgiving. How the child fared between us I do not know, for for a minute I forgot it, my lady, the Count, everything, in the sweetness of that greeting, in the clinging of those slender arms round my neck, and the joy of the little face given up to my kisses.

But in a moment, the child, being, I suppose, half choked between us, uttered a feeble cry; and Marie sprang back, startled and scared, and perhaps something more.

'What is it?' she exclaimed, beginning to tremble. 'What have you got?'

I did not know how to tell her on the instant, and I had no time to prepare her, and I stood stammering.

Suddenly, 'Give it to me! Give it to me!' she cried in a strange voice.

But I thought that in the fulness of her joy and surprise she might swoon or something, and I held back. 'You won't drop it,' I said, 'when you know what it is?'

Her eyes flashed in the half light. 'Fool!' she cried—yes, though I could scarcely believe my ears. 'Give it to me.'

I was so taken aback that I gave it up meekly on the spot. She flew off with it into a corner, and jealously turned her back to me before she uncovered the child; then all in a moment she fell to crying, and laughing again, crooning over it and making strange noises. I heard the Count's horse at the door, and I stepped to her.

'You are sure that it *is* your child?' I said.

'*Sure?*' she cried; and she darted a glance at me that for scorn outdid all my lady's.

After that I had no doubt left. 'Then bring it to the Countess, my girl,' I said. 'He is here. And it is she who should give it to him.'

'Who is here?' she cried sharply.

'Count Leuchtenstein.'

She stared at me for a moment, and then suddenly quailed and broke down, as it were. She blushed crimson; her eyes looked at me piteously, like those of a beaten dog.

'Oh,' she said, 'I forgot that I was speaking to you!'

'Never mind that,' I said. 'Take the child to my lady.'

She nodded, in quick comprehension. As the Count crossed the threshold below, she sped up the stairs, and I after her. My lady was in the parlour, walking the length of it impatiently, with a set face; but whether the impatience was on my account, because I had delayed below so long, or on the Count's, whose arrival she had probably seen from the window, I will not say, for as I entered and before she could speak, Marie ran to her with the child and placed it in her arms.

My lady turned for a moment quite pale. 'What is it?' she said faintly, holding it from her awkwardly.

Marie cried out between laughing and crying, 'The child! The child, my lady.'

'And Count Leuchtenstein is on the stairs,' I added.

The colour swept back into the Countess's face in a flood and covered it from brow to neck. For a moment, taken by surprise, she forgot her pride and looked at us shyly, timidly. 'Where —where did you recover it?' she murmured.

'The Waldgrave recovered it,' I answered hurriedly, 'and sent it to your excellency, that you might give it to Count Leuchtenstein.'

'The Waldgrave!' she exclaimed.

'Yes, my lady, with that message,' I answered strenuously.

The Countess looked to Marie for help. I could hear steps on the stairs—at the door; and I suppose that the two women settled it with their eyes. For no words passed, but in a twinkling Marie snatched the child, which was just beginning to cry, from the Countess and ran away with it through an inner door. As that door fell to, the other opened, and Franz announced Count Leuchtenstein.

He came in, looking somewhat embarrassed, and a little stiff. His buff coat showed marks of the corslet—he had not changed it—and his boots were dusty. It seemed to me that he brought in a faint reek of powder with him, but I forgot this the next moment in the look of melancholy kindness I espied in his eyes —a look that enabled me for the first time to see him as my lady saw him.

She met him very quietly, with a heightened colour, but perfect self-possession. I marvelled to see how in a moment she was herself again.

'I rejoice to see you safe, Count Leuchtenstein,' she said. 'I heard early this morning that you were unhurt.'

'Yes,' he answered. 'I have not a scratch, where so many younger men have fallen.'

'Alas! there will be tears on many hearths,' my lady said.

'Yes. Poor Germany!' he answered gravely. 'Poor Germany! War is a fearful thing. God forgive us who have to do with the making of it. Yet we may hope, as long as our young men show such valour and courage as some showed yesterday, and none more conspicuously than the Waldgrave Rupert.'

'I am glad,' my lady said, colouring anew, 'that he justified your interference on his behalf, Count Leuchtenstein. It was right that he should; and right that I should do more—ask your pardon for the miserable ingratitude of which my passion made me guilty the other evening.'

'Countess!' he cried.

'No,' she said, stopping him with a gesture full of dignity. 'You must hear me out, for now that I have confessed, we are quits. I behaved ill—so ill that I deserved a heavy punishment. You thought so—and inflicted it!'

Her voice dropped with the last words. He turned very red, and looked at her wistfully; but I suppose that he dared not draw conclusions. For he remained silent, and she resumed, more lightly.

'So Rupert did well yesterday?' she said. 'I am glad, for he will be pleased.'

'He did more than well!' Count Leuchtenstein answered, with awkward warmth. 'He distinguished himself in the face of the whole army. His courage and coolness were above praise. As we have——' The Count paused, then blundered on hastily—'quarrelled, dare I say, Countess, over him, I am anxious to make him the ground of our reconciliation also. I have formed a very high opinion of him; and I hope to advance his interests in every way.'

My lady raised her eyebrows. 'With me?' she said quaintly.

The Count fidgeted, and looked very ill at ease. 'May I speak quite plainly?' he said at last.

'Surely,' the Countess answered.

'Then it can be no secret to you that he has—formed an attachment to you. It would be strange if he had not,' the Count added gallantly.

'And he has asked you to speak for him?' my lady exclaimed, in an odd tone.

'No, not exactly. But——'

'You think that it—it would be a good match for me,' she said, her voice trembling, but whether with tears or laughter, could not tell. 'You think that, being a woman, and for the present houseless, and almost friendless, I should do well to marry him?'

'He is a brave and honest man,' the Count muttered, looking all ways—and looking very miserable. 'And he loves you!' he added with an effort.

'And you think that I should marry him?' my lady persisted mercilessly. 'Answer me, if you please, Count Leuchtenstein, or you are a poor ambassador.'

'I am not an ambassador,' he replied, thus goaded. 'But I thought——'

'That I ought to marry him?'

'If you love him,' the Count muttered.

My lady took a turn to the window, looked out, and came back. When she spoke at last, I could not tell whether the harshness in her voice was real or assumed.

'I see how it is,' she said, 'very clearly, Count Leuchtenstein. I have confessed, and I have been punished, heavily punished; but I am not forgiven even now. I must do something more, it seems. Wait!'

He was going to protest, to remonstrate, to deny; but she was gone, out through the door, to return on the instant with something in her arms. She took it to Count Leuchtenstein, and held it out to him.

'See!' she cried, her voice broken by sobs; 'it is your child. God has given it back again. God has given it to you, because you trusted in Him. It is your child.'

He stood as if turned to stone. 'Is it?' he said at last, in a low, strained voice. 'Is it? Then thank God for His mercy to my house. But how—shall I know it?'

'The girl knows it. Marie knows it,' my lady cried tearfully; 'and the child knows her. And Martin—Martin will tell you how it was found—how the Waldgrave found it.'

'The Waldgrave?' the Count cried.

'Yes, the Waldgrave,' she answered; 'and he sent it to me to give to you.'

Then I went to him and told him all I knew, and Marie, who, like my lady, was laughing through her tears, took the child, and showed him how it knew her, and remembered my name and my lady's, and had this mark and that mark, and so forth, until he was convinced; and while all Nuremberg outside our house mourned and lamented, within, I think, there were as thankful hearts as anywhere in the world, so that even Steve, when he came peeping through the door to see what was the matter, went blubbering down again.

Presently Count Leuchtenstein said something handsome to Marie about her care of the child, and slipping off a gold chain that he was wearing, threw it round her neck, with a pleasant word to me. Marie, covered with blushes, took this as a signal to withdraw, and would have left the child with his father; but the boy objected strongly, and the Count, with a laugh, bade her take him.

'If he were a little older!' he said. 'But I have not much accommodation for a child in my quarters. Next week I am going to Cassel, and then——'

'You will take him with you?' my lady said.

The Count looked at the closing door, as it fell to behind Marie, and when the latch dropped, he spoke. 'Countess,' he said bluntly, 'have I misunderstood you?'

My lady's eyes fell. 'I do not know,' she said softly. 'I should think not. I have spoken very plainly.'

'I am almost an old man,' he said, looking at her kindly, 'and you are a young woman. Have you been amusing yourself at my expense?'

The Countess shook her head. 'No,' she said, with a gleam of laughter in her eyes; 'I have done with that. I began to amuse myself with General Tzerclas, and I found it so perilous a pleasure that I determined to forswear it. Though,' she added, looking down and playing with her bracelet, 'why I should tell you this, I do not know.'

'Because—henceforth I hope that you will tell me everything,' the Count said suddenly.

'Very well,' my lady said, colouring deeply.

'And will be my wife?'

'I will—if you desire it.'

The Count walked to the window and returned. 'That is

not enough,' he said, looking at her with a smile of infinite tenderness. 'It must not be "Unless you desire it;" for I have all to gain, you little or nothing. Consider, child,' he went on, laying his hand gently on her shoulder as she sat, but not now looking at her. 'Consider; I am a man past middle age. I have been married already, and the portrait of my child's mother stands always on my table. Even of the life left to me —a soldier's life—I can offer you only a part; the rest I owe to my country, to the poor and the peasant who cry for peace, to my master, than whom God has given no State a better ruler, to God Himself, who places power in my hands. All these I cannot and will not desert. Countess, I love you! I love you! and men can still love when youth is past. But I would far rather never feel the touch of your hand or one of your lips than I would give up these things. Do you understand?'

'Perfectly,' my lady said, looking steadfastly before her, though her heaving breast betrayed her emotion. 'And I desire to be your wife, and to help you in these things as the greatest happiness God can give me.'

The Count stooped gently and kissed her forehead. 'Thank you,' he said.

* * * * * * *

I have very little to add. All the world knows that the King of Sweden, unable to entice Wallenstein from his position, remained in his lines before Nuremberg for fifteen days longer, during which period the city and the army suffered all the extremities of famine and plague. After that, satisfied that he had so far reduced the Duke of Friedland's strength that it no longer menaced the city, he marched away with his army into Thuringia, and there, two months later, on the immortal field of Lützen, defeated his enemy, and fell, some say by a traitor's hand, in the moment of victory, leaving to all who ever looked upon his face the memory of a sovereign and soldier without a rival, modest in sunshine and undaunted in storm. I saw him seven times and I say this.

And all the world knows in what a welter of war and battles and sieges and famines we have since lain, so that no man foresees the end, and must suppose that happiness has quite fled from the earth, or at least from German soil. Yet this is not so. It is true in comparison with the old days. When my lady kept her maiden Court at Heritzburg, and our greatest

excitement was a visit from Count Tilly, we had a troubled life. My lady's eyes are often grave, and the days when she goes with her two brave boys to the summit of the Schloss and looks southward with a wilful face, are many, many, for the Count, though he verges on seventy, still keeps the field and is a tower in the councils of the north. But with all that, the life is a full one—full of worthy things and help given to others, and a great example greatly set, and peace honestly if vainly pursued. And for this and for other reasons, I believe that my lady, doing her duty, hoping and praying and training her children, is happy; perhaps as happy as in the old days when Fraulein Anna prosed of virtue and felicity and Voetius.

The Waldgrave Rupert, still the handsomest of men, but sobered by the stress of war, comes to see us in the intervals of battles and sieges. On these occasions the children flock round him, and he tells tales—of Nordlingen, and Leipzig, and the league of Breysach; and blue eyes grow stern, and chubby faces grim, and shell-white teeth are ground together, while Marie sits pale and quaking, devouring her boys with hungry mother's eyes. But they do not laugh at her; or rather have not since the day when the Waldgrave bade them guess who was the bravest person he had ever known.

'Father!' my lady's sons cried. And Marie, not to be outdone, cried the same.

But the Waldgrave shook his head. 'No,' he said, 'try again.'

My youngest guessed the King of Sweden.

'No,' the Waldgrave answered him. 'Your mother.'

(*The End.*)

DURING A STROLL.

BY PHIL ROBINSON.

STROLLING through the park the other day, I became aware of a cat that emerged from a shrubbery in a self-satisfied and comfortable way, as if it had just lunched well, and proceeded to cross the grass towards the railings. At the same moment two terriers became aware of it, and were at once in full pursuit. Puss, of course, made off, but not at such a pace as if she were frightened, and, being headed from the railings by the dogs, made for some trees. Before the terriers caught her up she had passed several trees, and when overtaken she was actually at the foot of a tree, but, instead of springing up it, she turned round to show fight, and if help had not been very close, would probably have been killed for folly. Now, why did not the cat go up the first tree she came to, or, at any rate, up the last one? Had she *forgotten* the value of trees to cats? Had the instinct of feline self-preservation by climbing been evolved out of her by domestication?

Here was a little animal made by nature for an arboreal life, specially equipped by her muscles and claws for climbing trees, who, when in direst peril, positively threw away all her natural advantages, her natural chances for escape, and, as if she were some creature adapted by singular speed and endurance for flight upon the flat ground, deliberately started for a race on the turf with a terrier. When caught, she made no attempt to get up the tree she was under, but, as if she had no other choice open to her, turned to fight two dogs. As a rule, cats when hard pressed seek and find immediate safety by skipping up out of reach, and in most cases will avail themselves of the security the superior eminence affords, even before their danger has become pressing. The cat up the tree and the dog on the ground below is the natural and familiar order of things. Yet, how often do we not see a cat, when chased, run stupidly along the whole length of a railing in

order to reach some hole she knows of, or down a street that offers her almost continuous asylum all the way, because she has some particular refuge in mind at the other end? And this is why cats get caught.

Has domestication blunted their appreciation of their proper means of escape? Or, that such a long experience of protection has destroyed their appropriate fear of dogs? Nine times out of ten, when these contradictory forces meet, it is the dog that retires with a scratched nose, while the cat remains on the field. But ninety-nine times out of a hundred the dog is called back by its master before collision actually occurs, so it is just possible that while domestication is breeding out the original hereditary instincts of fear of dogs and escape by springing and climbing, it is also 'breeding in' a false confidence and fatal misconception as to speed. When a dog starts off after a cat which runs away, and the dog is whistled back by its master, the cat, no doubt, thinks she has outstripped her pursuer by her own unaided speed, and knows nothing about the chase having been abandoned almost as soon as it was commenced. Let this go on happening every other day of the week for a year or two, and what wonder is it if the cat begins to imagine that she is a miracle of swiftness, and has only to run straight ahead to be safe?

Again, under the prevalent conditions of urban cat life, what climbing do these creatures do? It is very seldom that one sees a town cat up a tree—unless it is a kitten, and then the unhappy wretch has generally to be helped down to the ground again. In old pictures of one-storey or two-storeyed London caricatures, we are shown cats disporting on the house-roofs (and 'out on the tiles' is a phrase still), but what metropolitan cat that was not mad would think of going on to the roof of a modern house? Garden walls, on to which they can spring, are the loftiest eminences affected by the latter-day cat, and so, as a matter of fact, the animal is gradually approaching to the tiger, that looks for its food on the ground, never goes higher than it can spring at a bound, and relies upon its speed of foot for escape. So perhaps it would be really a proper and moral thing to do to encourage our dogs to chase cats. It would bring the cat back to its bearings, teach it what its wonderful climbing powers, that it now wastes, were given it for, and inculcate a becoming deference towards dogs, and a seemly appreciation of the different degrees of swiftness of leg possessed by themselves and their hereditary antipathies.

All of which reminds me that I have noticed in the Park again and again the curious perversions of mutton character that are resulting from the artificial life led by metropolitan flocks. Unless a dog actually charges them, they pay no attention to it. Now, in the country, a dog has only to come into the field for all the sheep to huddle together, their faces in the natural, but utterly forgotten order of defence, towards the intruder, 'watching the roaming mongrel here and there,' and, given the opportunity, they all rush off in a stampede. Moreover, when they are once started, not Apollyon himself, as he appeared in the Pilgrim's path, will stop them, even to the last sheep, from going one after the other in precisely the same line. Further, in the country, if a sheep gets separated by any accident from its woolly fellows, its woe is consuming until it is reunited to the flock.

In the parks, the sheep are very different. They scarcely condescend to notice dogs, unless they are directly aggressive. Newcomers will often start a panic, but it does not spread, for the older heads take in the situation at a glance, and, woolly though they are, behave with such indifference, that their composure stays the panic before it has run its course. Again, these urban sheep do not follow one another with slavish imitation, but on the contrary wander individually about with the absolute independence of goats. A score may go together, but at the twenty-first there comes a solution of continuity, for he elects to take a course of his own. A small following goes with him, and then comes another individual with ideas of his own, who leads off his own company of admirers in a third direction. And so they go on, scattering in the course of the day to all the points of the compass. While solitary muttons of a self-sufficient sort pay no sort of attention to the doings of the rest, but graze and go to sleep just as their own private inclinations conduce. That such revolutions should take place among sheep, whose character is pleasantly supposed to be stereotyped and fixed in the one word 'sheepish,' is notable.

Nobody expects sheep to be uncommonplace. With them it is only the expected that happens, and yet, in the Parks, with the constant passage of strangers among them, and the numbers of dogs that go by, it not infrequently happens that the muttons behave with an original vivacity that is supposed to be quite foreign to their character. I have myself often, for instance, seen a sheep, without apparently the least reason for its conduct, deliberately stalk a little dog that had stayed behind to

roll in the grass, and approach it with such purposeful and portentous solemnity, that the dog, happening to look up and find itself, as it thought, in the very act of being put to death, has fled precipitately. Had the sheep approached with a jaunty step and displayed any frivolity in its demeanour, the dog probably would have pulled itself together, and by a show of resistance, have routed the woolly one straight off. But the silence of the approach suggested an additional terror to the suddenly surprised dog, and then, catching sight of the grave and responsible aspect of the sheep, the whole affair took the colour of some awful judicial process, and without stopping to think whether it was innocent or not of the crime for which it was evidently about to be destroyed by its reverend assailant, confessed a guilty mind by taking incontinently to flight.

But, indeed, the existence of these large tree-planted and shrubberied expanses in the middle of a great city is the cause of many curious variations from the received order of things. In Regent's Park, for instance, a cock and a hen that had escaped from some fowl-yard started upon a monogamus jungle-life, and lived, no doubt, quite happily for a long time, until one day the hen was seen leading forth some chickens, when the whole family—the chickens being too small to get up into the trees where the parents roosted, and the parents refusing to leave them at night—was surprised and captured. Now, if they had been encouraged in their barbarism, the result might now have been a semi-arboreal breed of jungle-fowl peculiar to Regent's Park, which would in no way have detracted from the popularity of that greatly appreciated playground.

Only the other day, one of the men implicated in the Shaftesbury Avenue murder case said, when arrested, that he had eaten nothing for two days except some eggs that he found under a shrub in Regent's Park, where he had slept the night before. So perhaps the local jungle-fowl is still on the way.

A hare has been seen in Regent's Park more than once, and so has a badger. But the latter was due to the Zoo being next door, where the keepers were rung up one night by a policeman with the horrifying information that there was 'one of their white bears loose in the park.' It turned out to be a badger. But imagine even a policeman calling a badger 'a white bear?' or imagine the delight of it, if it really had been a Polar bear! One of the two in the Zoo is a very old inhabitant indeed, but, with all the ameliorating influences to which they have for years

been subjected, its manners are precisely what they would be if he were at large on Greenland's icy mountains. So that if he were at large in the park, and hungry, its recapture would have been an undertaking of considerably exciting interest, both for the bear and the captors. The number of wild birds that build in Regent's Park is surprising, and those with eyes and ears accustomed to country sights and sounds can, if they look about them and listen, see and hear much that used to be familiar to them outside the circumference of London town.

Most of the millions who pass through the park during the year are conscious, probably, only of grass with sheep on it and trees and human beings; but there is a rural population there all the same for those who can recognise it. You may hear the reed-sparrow singing down by the bridge, and that bird crowing from the shrubbery is a turtle-dove.

AMONG THE 'PENNSYLVANIA DUTCH.'

THE first of April in the county of Lancaster, in the state of Pennsylvania, is anything but All Fools' Day. On the contrary, it is looked upon in that and neighbouring counties as the most important business day of the entire year—the time for adjusting the accounts of the past twelve months and for making arrangements for the next twelve. For generations the farmers of that region have crowded as much as possible of the year's business into this one day, and that accounts might be settled oftener or at any other time has not occurred to them. Among these contented tillers of the soil, the progress of new ideas is extremely slow, and they resisted the introduction of the free-school system into Pennsylvania as long as they could do so. Whatever was good enough for the fathers is generally considered good enough for the sons. And so it is that each returning April, the first day finds the country roads noisy with the passing of farm waggons, headed for Lancaster, the county town. And what is true of this county is true of other shires, where the 'Dutch' element is strong, the county-seats and market towns in each case being similarly thronged on the first of April, no matter what the weather may be. Long before light, some of the farmers begin their journey, for much is to be accomplished before returning. Among the vehicles may be seen at intervals some of the strange-looking, yellow oil-cloth topped waggons of the Amish farmers. On reaching their destinations, the vehicles are ranged in long rows before the smaller inns, while their owners crowd the banks, drawing and depositing money, and elbow their way into the shops to make their annual payments.

It is not at all an unpicturesque throng that fills the streets of Lancaster, Reading, and other large towns on these anniversaries, and although it is not an assemblage that shows much brilliancy of colour, it offers a great variety of costume. The Mennonite women, with their large sun-bonnets of black silk, the placid faces deep within, outlined by a cap-border of white muslin, form no small part of it, while the men of the same persuasion, in

suits of sober grey, and with closely cropt hair and closely shaven faces, tramp sturdily along beside their wives. Or, quite as often, the men are observed gathered in groups on the pavement, completely blocking the passage, but regarding the efforts which others are making to pass them as unconcernedly as cows which stand across the footpaths chewing their cud, and with much the same bovine expression.

The stricter members of the Mennonite faith (New Menneestes, as they are sometimes termed) may be distinguished by an extra breadth of brim on their wide black hats, the absence of collars to their coats, and other peculiarities of costume known only to the initiated. Less frequently there may be seen the singular figure of an Amish man, clad in a long, reddish-brown overcoat, multiplex as to capes, and with skirts reaching to his heels. Or if the outer coat is lacking, the farmer appears in a kind of schoolboy's jacket fastened by hooks and eyes and wholly guiltless of skirts. Unlike their Mennonite neighbours, the men of the Amish faith wear beards, and their yellow hair, which falls to the shoulders at the back, is cut squarely across the forehead just above the eyes. A black hat with extravagant breadth of brim completes a costume that, to say the least of it, is likely to attract the attention of all beholders. Now and then one may encounter an entire family of Dunkards or German Baptists, the children of each sex being dressed precisely like their elders, and looking, in their quaint garb and with their serious faces, like dwarfs who have early accepted the inevitable.

As noon approaches, the dining-rooms of the inns fill up rapidly, but there are many disciples of thrift, who scorn to throw away good money in such fashion. These you may see seated on doorstep or on curbstones eating a lunch of sausage and cheese, which they have brought from home. And the most unpromising looking of these frugal ones may have half a million of dollars to his credit in the bank around the corner.

It is a very serious-minded crowd that pours itself into Lancaster, Reading, or Allentown, on April the first. Business of one kind or another is its sole aim, but when Pfingstmontag (or Whit-Monday) comes around, the same throng appears in the same places on pleasure bent, but, equally with the estimable Mrs. Gilpin, with a frugal mind. The townspeople discreetly retire into their houses, and the heavy-gaited mirth that the Pennsylvania Dutch mind takes note of, tramps stoutly through the streets. Merry-go-rounds appear in vacant fields, the fortune-

teller reaps a harvest, stolidly happy young men and maids walk up and down swinging clasped hands. Everywhere good-nature prevails: there is some drunkenness, not a great deal, however, and an endless amount of placid, bovine enjoyment.

'Is that you, a'ready?' Gottlieb asks of Jacob, when they meet on their joyous round.

'Ja,' replies Jacob, if he gives other answer than a broad smile.

'Come the street down with me, once,' says the lover to his lass.

'Gucke 'molly do!' exclaims a boy to his companion, as they gaze open-mouthed at the treasures in a shop window; and this strange perversion of the German tongue is perfectly comprehensible to his listener, who 'looks in the fenster, once,' as he is bidden.

'It is all,' says the vendor of popcorn, when his stock is exhausted and the demand continues; and the bulk of his hearers understand, if you and I do not, that his supply is all gone.

It is a country of innumerable religious sects, this land of the Pennsylvania Dutch. In the cities, the Roman Catholic Church numbers some of them within its fold, but the Lutheran and German Reformed Churches are numerically much stronger. Both these bodies in eastern Pennsylvania contain a cultured minority, who are by no means to be classed with the Pennsylvania Dutch at present, however their ancestors may have been, but the membership of these two Churches is largely made up of the 'Dutch' element. The Moravians, a much smaller body than either of the others, are still prominent, their principal settlements in Pennsylvania having been at Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Lititz. They differ from the other sects in many ways, one of the most noticeable being their greatly superior cultivation. At Lititz, some nine miles from Lancaster, some of the more primitive customs are retained, as, for instance, the trombone call from the church tower at sunrise on Easter morning, and the five-o'clock service in the church following it. In all the Moravian churches, the love-feast is retained as a periodical observance. It is held on stated Sunday afternoons, and as far as my observation goes is celebrated in the following manner. The service opens with remarks by the pastor, followed by congregational singing, and at a certain stage in the proceedings toothsome buns are passed to each person by servers bearing large trays. The singing still continues, even after mugs of hot coffee have likewise been passed, and it is no easy task, I

discovered, to hold a hymn-book open with one hand and retain a mug of coffee and a bun in the other. At an understood signal, the audience partakes of its feast, there is more singing followed by a benediction, and the service is ended. There is an atmosphere of kindly human feeling brooding over all the Moravian love-feasts that I have ever attended, which it would be hard to find equalled elsewhere.

In the cities and larger towns of this region, may often be seen the meeting-houses of a small sect calling itself 'The Church of God,' but commonly known as the Winebrennerians, from Jacob Winebrenner, its founder. It is a modern sect, dating only from 1830. Its members have no distinguishing costume, but in some respects resemble the early Methodists, and one of their distinctive practices is feet-washing. At a Winebrennerian service, which I once attended, the minister invited all persons to come forward who desired to present themselves for the feet-washing. Accordingly, some dozen women ranged themselves on seats at the right of the pulpit, and about as many men on seats at the left. Tubs of water, which I trust was *hot*, as the season was mid-winter, were then brought in, and while some chosen woman of the congregation washed the right feet of the women, the pastor performed the same service for the men. The two washers then sat down, and their own feet were then washed. The pastor next urged others present to come forward, and, so I fancied, looked rather meaningly at me, but as no one else went forward, the ceremony, which was by no means wanting in solemnity, ended with prayer and a benediction.

Occasionally, in cities like Lancaster and Reading, one finds the plain meeting-houses of the Mennonite sect; but the country is its stronghold, not the town, and fifty years ago the Mennonite was the prevailing denomination in the county of Lancaster. About 1706, a number of Swiss Mennonites fleeing from persecution in the Palatinate, to which they had been driven from Switzerland, went to England to arrange with William Penn for land in Pennsylvania, and in 1709 a number of them settled in Lancaster county. Others of this faith had settled near Germantown in 1701. This was the beginning of that immigration into Pennsylvania from the Palatinate and other parts of Germany, which was destined to stock this region of Pennsylvania with a body of honest, hardworking, conservative, and unprogressive citizens, wholly unlike the restless New Englanders and the

turbulent Virginians of the sixteenth century. In the days of persecution they were active enough in finding means to escape from it, but once translated to a peaceful, fertile region in the New World, they resigned themselves to an existence almost as uneventful as that in a convent. As time went on, the stricter observances of the sect became relaxed, and early in the present century the Rev. John Herr arose to protest against laxity of doctrine and belief, and founded the sect of Reformed Mennonites, commonly called 'New Menneestes.' These latter sectarians are particularly rigid as regards matters of costume, and will have nothing to do with other sects in a religious way. The Old Mennonites, on the other hand, sometimes attend the meetings of other sects, and do not limit the privileges of salvation to their own body. They do not altogether despise the frivolities of this world, but among the New Menneestes merry-makings are looked upon with suspicion, and a concert or a play as a device of the devil. One member of this grim body of believers having built a porch to his house, was obliged to remove it by the judgment of his co-religionists, and another to cut down his evergreens, on the principle that these things created unprofitable distinctions between man and man. That the disaffected might have evened matters by building porches and planting evergreens for themselves, does not seem to have occurred to these simple minds. But I am inclined to think these were exceptional cases of religious rigor. Both sects confess their faults to each other in their meetings, and members are disciplined by their church in various ways. If one member of a family has been suspended from the meeting, the other members are restrained from eating with him, or from conversing with him more than what is strictly necessary. Thus it may happen that the father of a family is not allowed to eat with his wife and children, and is obliged to remain silent in the midst of conversation in his own house. This last is perhaps less of a punishment to one of the Pennsylvania Dutch than to one of another nationality, for speech never at any time appears to be a necessity of his being.

The meeting-houses of both sects are plain to ugliness in their appearance; but the Amish sect, an offshoot from the Mennonites in the eighteenth century, almost invariably worship in private houses. At the meetings of all these sects the sexes are divided as in a Friends' meeting-house. Some years ago I was present at a wedding in a Mennonite meeting-house in

Lancaster. When I entered, the room was nearly full, but I found a seat on the men's side, next to the wall, which was adorned with a long row of the broad-brimmed hats of the brethren, the wall on the other side being lined with the black bonnets of the women. A stolid set the men appeared to be, one and all, with unintellectual, lustreless faces, but the women in their white book-muslin caps and little shoulder capes, pointed in front and at the back, and made of the same grey or brown stuff as their gowns, showed as serene, and now and then as beautiful, features as one would wish to see. At the end of the room facing the audience were some raised seats, where the preacher and a few of the elders sat.

When the hour for beginning had arrived a hymn was sung by all present, but no hymn-books were used, the preacher repeating two lines of the hymn at a time, which the audience sang, and then waited for him to repeat another couplet. Then followed a sermon seventy minutes long on the duty of the wife to submit to her husband, and the duty of the husband to love his wife, the sin of adultery and the harmfulness of divorce, and then, after reminding his hearers to follow the teachings of Christ, who died upon the cross 'eighteen hundred years ago and better,' he asked the persons proposing marriage to come forward.

Accordingly, from the opposite side of the house, a young man and a young woman came and stood before him, the bride in a new black alpaca and white cap, and the groom in a new suit of grey, with 'shadbellied' coat. But for the fact that both had 'joined the meeting' not many months before, they would probably have been clad in rustic finery after the fashion of the world's people, for the Mennonites permit much liberty of costume to their young people who have not 'joined the meeting.' The preacher then put the following questions, which were answered audibly by the two persons.

1. 'I ask of this brother as the bridegroom, do you believe that this sister in the faith is allotted to you by God as your helpmeet and spouse? And I ask of you as the bride, do you believe that this your brother is allotted to you by God as your husband and head?

2. 'Are you free in your affections from all others, and have you them centred alone upon this your brother or sister?

3. 'Do you receive this person as your lawfully wedded husband [wife]; do you promise to be faithful to him [her], to reverence him, [to love her], and that nothing but death shall

separate you; that, by the help of God, you will, to the best of your ability, fulfil all the duties which God has enjoined upon believing husbands and wives?'

The two then joining hands, the preacher declared them to be man and wife, blessed them, made a short prayer, which was followed by a few words to all present, and the service ended with another hymn. After it was over and the people had dispersed, I saw the wedded pair walking down the street together towards their home, the husband's arm around his wife and their heads very close together—it was a glimpse into Arcadia.

The Dunkers, who are found in many parts of the United States, are numerous in eastern Pennsylvania, and resemble the Mennonites in many respects, and, like the Amish, eschew buttons and braces, and fasten their clothes with hooks and eyes. It was not so long ago that this sect was convulsed by a most important topic of discussion, namely, whether the ceremony of feet-washing, which is one of their observances, should be practised according to the single or double mode. In other words, whether one or both feet of the candidate should be washed. To the outsider this may not seem a matter of vital importance, but those within the sect judged differently, and certain of those who believed in the double mode, did not hesitate to assert that those who practised the single method were thereby incurring the wrath of God, and putting themselves in a parlous state. One branch of the Dunker sect is known as the River Brethren, but the points of difference between River Brethren and the other Dunkers are not very striking. The former sect invite all persons to its love-feasts, although it excludes strangers from the communion. In summer their meetings are held in barns, and in winter in private houses. The sect is noted for its horror of lightning-rods. 'If God wishes to preserve a building,' a preacher of the River Brethren was heard to say, 'He can do so without the lightning-rod.'

Small as is this sect it was yet large enough for the introduction of 'heresy and schism,' which resulted some years ago in the departure of a number of its members, under the leadership of a preacher named Matthias Brinser, to form a new sect termed Brinser Brethren. These individuals being more radical in their views, build meeting-houses in preference to worshipping in private houses, and do not consider lightning-rods as either sinful or presumptuous inventions of man.

A small sect with some likeness to both Mennonites and

Friends is that of the Schwenkfelders, which has but five congregations in the United States, all of which are established not far distant from Reading in Pennsylvania. The sect was founded by one Caspar Schwenkfeld (1490–1562), a Silesian noble, and its first appearance in America was in 1734. Not until 1782 was the first American congregation of Schwenkfelders formed. Like the various sects of Mennonites and Dunkers, the Schwenkfelders have an unpaid ministry, resembling the Quakers in this respect also. Lawsuits are discouraged by the sect, and military service is forbidden. Indeed all the minor German sects in Pennsylvania are non-resistant. Their views on this matter, however, are not shared by the members of the more powerful Lutheran and German reformed faiths.

West of the Susquehanna River the only 'Dutch' county is that of York, and here as elsewhere in the 'Dutch' region there are many curious customs and superstitions. A physician of that county relates many that he has noticed in his practice. Bleeding at the nose or from a wound may be stopped, according to popular belief, by tying a red woollen string around each finger, or by laying an axe under the bed, edge upwards. Prayers for stopping the flow of blood are used, in which the names of 'de Vater, Sohn und Heilig Geist,' are several times repeated. Although the services of a physician are often sought, much reliance is placed on the skill of 'powwowers' or conjurers. Horses and cows are occasionally said to be bewitched.

A belief in 'spooks' is quite general, and on the banks of the Conestoga, near Lancaster, is the ruin of a building widely known as 'the Spook House.'

The last person that leaves the house at a funeral is supposed, in some localities, to be the next one to die, and when the number present begins to grow small, people may be seen flying swiftly out of back and side-doors to avoid being the last. A curious belief that flourishes in the country districts is that when the mother of a family is dying, the vinegar-barrel must be shaken at the same time to keep the 'mother' in it from dying. And it has sometimes happened that the husband has been so busy in the cellar shaking the vinegar-barrel that he has not been able to hear his wife's last words.

A very popular work with the Pennsylvania Dutch is Baer's Almanac, published at Lancaster. The signs of the zodiac ornament its pages, and are full of mysterious meaning to

those who consult this oracle. If you desire to plant your garden when it seems to you fit and proper, you may perhaps be told by some 'Dutch' friend that it will not do to plant just then, 'for *It* is in the Posy-woman, and you will have blossoms, but no fruit.' The Posy-woman is the vernacular for Virgo.

There is a not uncommon belief that persons born on Christmas night can see and hear many things which other people cannot, and a tale is related of a certain sceptic in these matters, who was told to go into the barn and listen. He did so, and while there one of the oxen remarked to his neighbour ox, '*Ueber morgen schieben wir unser Meschter auf den Kirch-hof.*' And the funeral of the sceptic took place on the day named by the ox! To sew on Ascension Day is thought by some persons to be a perilous proceeding, exposing the sewer to sudden death in some cases.

Halloween observances of one kind and another are common, and are not much in favour with housekeepers, who have their front door-bells wrenched off, their gates carried away, and their doors and windows bombarded with beets and cabbages. Prudent individuals have been known to take their wooden doorsteps into the house lest they should be carried off by the merrymakers.

The stranger in this region is likely to hear, about Christmas-time, many allusions made to a mysterious individual called a Bellschnickel, but will not derive much satisfaction from the answers received to his queries, although it will perhaps dawn upon his consciousness at last that a Bellschnickel may be 'Dutch' for Peltz Nickel, or St. Nicholas in furs. And this is the original signification; but not thus does St. Nicholas usually present himself in Pennsylvania. For days before Christmas housekeepers busy themselves in making an infinite number and variety of small cakes, and the stranger within the gates naturally wonders what is to become of such a mighty store of cakes. But on Christmas Eve the mystery is solved. The door-bell is rung violently, and the door being opened, a motley crew of mummers is discovered on the steps clad in the most fantastic of costumes, the devil being the personage oftenest represented on these occasions. A demand for Christmas cakes on the part of the maskers one and all is complied with, and on they go to the next house, ringing bells and blowing horns, and presently another troop appears, making the same demand, and meeting with the same compliance. So it goes on all the

evening, and on the next day what the Bellschnickels have left ungathered is harvested by troops of small boys, who make continual rounds from door to door throughout such cities as Lancaster and Reading. Straitlaced sects, as the Mennonites, the Amish, and some others, discourage such frivolities as Bellschnickeling and the like, but it is by no means unlikely that their youth are stirred now and then by the same impulses that animate the young people of the less rigid sects.

In spite of the many points of resemblance between these various Pennsylvanian sects, the members of each one are very jealous of their denominational individualities. An Old Mennonite would not be pleased at being mistaken for a New Mennonite, and neither one nor the other would listen silently to any one who should carelessly confound him with the Amish. Peculiar as the Mennonite customs may appear to us, the peculiarities of the Amish sect seem as striking to the Mennonites, who regard these humbler religionists with a kind of amused wonder. The plain garb of the Mennonites need move one to mirth no more than the severely simple attire of the Friend, but the Amish costume stirs even the humour of the Pennsylvania 'Dutch.' A stout, elderly farmer, whose brown trousers, worn without braces, are plaited into the waistband behind, and whose jacket is fastened with hooks and eyes, whose yellow hair descends to his shoulders, and whose attire is completed by a low black hat of fabulous breadth of brim, is a spectacle to move any but a Trappist monk to smile. The attire of the Amish women is not so noticeable for its oddity, but the children, whether boys or girls, are more than quaint. Indeed, it is their size only that gives one an excuse for calling them children at all. Even the tiny maid of two years wears a gown of silver grey or black, with close-fitting waist, a plain white muslin cap, and handkerchief folded across the breast. But a desire for colour shows itself in the purple apron or orange neckerchief which the mother puts upon her little maid, or it may be, wears herself. The Amish boy of two or three, with his baggy brown trousers gathered into the waistband, minute brown jacket (or in winter with a many-caped brown coat), and with as broad a brimmed hat as his father's, looks like nothing else so much as some very strange species of mushroom, and resembles his father in all particulars save size and the absence of beard.

There can be little question that the dialect of the Pennsylvania Dutch, debased German though it be, is a living

language with abundant vitality, and likely to endure for several generations at least. The Pennsylvania shires of York, Lancaster, Lebanon, Berks, Northampton, Montgomery, and Lehigh, are the strongholds of the 'Dutch' element, and Mr. E. H. Rauch, the author of a 'Pennsylvania Dutch Handbook,' avers that the language is spoken by one-third of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, as well as by thousands of their kin in other states. In Allentown, the county-seat of Lehigh, a town of twenty-five thousand people, 'Dutch' is the prevailing speech. It is estimated that one-quarter of its citizens do not speak English if they can help it, and a large number do not speak English at all. And of the shire of Lehigh it has been claimed that three-quarters of its people speak 'Dutch' more readily than English.

It is quite true that many of the Pennsylvania Dutch have a knowledge of pure German, and that among the Reformed and Lutheran ministers many preach in excellent German; but even these in the ordinary intercourse of life use the 'Dutch' dialect. From eighteen to twenty per cent. of the words in the Pennsylvania Dutch language are English, or a barbarous fusion of English and German. The modified German vowels suffer terribly in the fusing process, and are never given with accuracy. Interrogations form as large a part of the vocabulary of the Pennsylvania Dutchman as they are popularly supposed to form of the New Englander's. Such are the following:—

Denksht? Do you think? *Coomsht?* Are you coming? *Gaisht?* Are you going? *Shlofesht?* Are you asleep? *Mauchsht?* Are you making?

The extent of the difference between German and Pennsylvania Dutch may be partly seen by comparing the two versions of the Lord's Prayer.

German.

Unser Vater in dem Himmel. Dein Name werde geheliget. Dein Reich komme. Dein Wille geschehe auf Erden, wie im Himmel. Unser täglich Brod gib uns heute. Und vergib uns unsere Schulden wie wir unsern Schuldigern vergeben. Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung, sondern erlöse uns von dem Uebel. Denn dein ist das Reich, und die Kraft, und die Herrlichkeit in Ewigkeit. Amen.

Pennsylvania Dutch.

Unser Fodder, duos im Himmel bisht. G'aird is di nawma. Di kanichreich coom'd. Di willa sul gadu waerra uf der ard so we im Himmel. Geb uns heit unser daiglich brode. Fergeb uns unser shoolda, so we mer unser shooldner fergerva. Un luss uns net ferfeer'd waerra in shlechtes, awer heet uns geaga ungoot. For di is's kanichreich, un de gewatt, un all de air for immer. Awmen.

From Mr. Rauch's book I copy the following 'Dutch' version of St. Matthew's Gospel, vii. 13–20:—

Gae ni dorrich's enga doar, for gross is's doar, un braid is der waig os tzu ruination feerd, un feel huts os seller waig gane.

Weil de deer eng is un waig shmall os in's lava feerd sin wennich os's finna.

Heet eich fore falshy profaita wo in shofe's claidung cooma, un innerlich hoongeriche welf sin.

Eer mist sekenna by era frichta. Du'n leit trowwa somla fun dorna, odder fun dishtle shteck?

An yeader gooter bawm produced yoosht gooty froocht. Awer'n shlechter bawm produced shlechty froocht.

An gooter bawm con kae shlechty foocht produsa, un'n shlechter bawm con kae gooty froocht produsa.

An yeader bawm os kae gooty froocht produced waerd um g'hocke'd un insfire g'shmissa.

Dawrum, by era froocht mist erse kenna.

Shakesperean readers may like to see how Brutus's appeal to the Romans suffers in the course of its sea change from English to Pennsylvania Dutch.

Romans, mit-barga un freinda! Har mich now aw; seid shtil, so os eer oll hara kent; glaubt meer ut my air, un wam eer reshpect hen for my air don glawbt eer aw wass ich sawg; blamed mich in eirm goota fershtond, awer luss aw eier fershtond wocker bleira so os eer besser judga kent. Wann aner in dar fersommlung is os'n gooter freind tzu'm Cæsar war, tzueem sawg ich os ar ken besserer freind tzu'm war os ich selwer. Wann seller freind froked un wissa will ferwoss os der Brutus uf g'shtonna is geaga der Cæsar, don is des my ontwardt: Os ich der Cæsar net wennicher gaglicha hob, awer os ich Rome maner gaglicha hob. Waer's eich leever wann der Cæsar lara date un eer all shklawta, os der Cæsar dode un eer all freie menner? Weil der Cæsar my freind war du ich my traina fergessa for een; we ar glicklich war huts neer plesser gerva: ar war'n brawter mon, nu ich airn, awer weil ar ambitious war, hob ich'm si lara ganooma. Un now, wo is aner so mean os ar willens waer'n bondsman tzn si? Wann aner doh is, luss'n rons shwetza. Is aner doh os net'n Roman is? Is aner doh os so net seim lond der fore-tzoog gebt? Wann so aner doh is, luss'n rons shwetza-so aner, of course, du ich net suita. Ich wart for'n ontwardt!

In these extracts from Mr. Rauch's book the spelling is to

a great degree phonetic. The reader will have noticed in these excerpts several English words which have undergone no change. Those familiar with the dialect consider that fully a third of the words used in the speech of the Pennsylvania Dutch are English. A sentence like the following, addressed by a lawyer to his client, gives a fair notion of the jargon which a man of education is sometimes obliged to use in his intercourse with his 'Dutch' neighbours: 'Ich bin certain das die Opinion was ich den morge geexprees hob, correct war.'

It must be borne in mind that the Pennsylvania Dutch language is by no means everywhere the same. On the contrary, it exhibits a great variety of modifications. The dialect of one shire will differ from that of another, and parts of shires will show marked differences. Such counties as Lehigh and Berks, where the population is overwhelmingly 'Dutch,' have a more uniform speech than that of Lancaster county, for example, which was settled by persons from the north of Ireland, English, Welsh, and Swiss from the Palatinate also.

Taken as a whole, the Pennsylvania Dutch are an honest, thrifty people, strongly conservative by nature, simple in their habits, and loth to change them. In the larger towns, circumstances have brought them into more or less unwilling acquiescence with the spirit of the century; but in the country districts among the rich farming lands along the valleys of the Conestoga, the Schuylkill, and the Lehigh rivers, time has stood still, or as nearly still as it is possible for it to stand in America. For all that one can see in some districts, the hand on the century's dial in many respects points as near to 1800 as it does elsewhere to 1900. But when all is said, the fact must not be lost sight of that the people of whom we have been speaking in these pages are most excellent, law-abiding citizens, albeit very sober-minded unprogressive ones, and it does us no harm in busy America to have, as a part of our nation, a body of people whose unconscious motto has ever been—

'They stumble who run fast.'

NOTE.—Menneeste is a colloquial word which seldom appears in print. Mennonite is of course the proper name of the sect, whether the 'old' or 'new' branch of it is meant. Dunker, Tunker, and Dunkard are various spellings of one word, Dunker being heard perhaps the oftenest.

OSCAR FAY ADAMS.

TEDDY.

TEDDY was a small Australian boy.

His appearance was more interesting than beautiful. He had not reached the stage of sailor-suit or knickerbockers; he still wore petticoats, and very short and bunchy petticoats they were.

His knees seemed to come together, and then his sturdy little legs were spread well apart and planted very firmly. There was character and determination in those legs. His head was rather large, very long and narrow, and though his face was neither pretty nor handsome, it was attractive and very funny. The expression was very shrewd and knowing, and his quick little eyes seemed to be everywhere, and nothing escaped them.

In his own home Teddy was lord and master. His father and mother, his brothers Carl and Cuthbert, and all the servants obeyed every wish of his and every command. He had a way with him it was impossible to resist. He was clever, very clever —too clever, in fact. He was not childish enough, and had a wonderful knowledge of the world, picked up no one knew how or where. I always maintained that he was in reality a very old and knowing man, who somehow had crept into a small body.

I went on a visit to Teddy's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Seton, at their station in the bush.

This was a large estate in the country, where sheep were bred for their wool—known in Australia as a sheep-station. There were perhaps thirty thousand sheep, but as well some hundreds of cattle—bulls, cows, and calves—and a hundred horses.

The house was only one story high, but large and roomy, and surrounded by broad verandahs and a large conservatory, and the verandah posts were all clothed with creeping plants, such as roses, fuschias, clematis, jasmine, and many others. It stood on a hill, so that the gardens sloped away down on every side —gardens full of roses and palms, locust and orange trees, all

sorts of beautiful tropical, semi-tropical, and hardy plants. There was a long rose hedge, quite high and covered all the year round with a thick mass of pink roses. It was very beautiful, and Teddy loved this rose hedge, for spiders and flies, and bees and butterflies lived in the rose cups and had fairy palaces there. There were long walks covered with vines, where nice juicy bunches of grapes hung within reach, and where Teddy loved to wander before they were ripe, and pick hard green sour ones to eat and make himself ill—just out of pure mischief.

All sorts of fruit grew there, and it was a dear old garden in the summer.

Now, this place did not really belong to Mr. and Mrs. Seton, as it belonged to my father, but Mr. Seton paid him a large sum of money every year to rent it. So when I was going there on a visit, Mr. and Mrs. Seton used to talk of my coming to Teddy and his brothers, and tell them they must do no mischief to my house or gardens.

Teddy, however, was full of mischief, and liked to do whatever he pleased. When he did anything wrong, his mother would say—

'This is Hilarion's house; he will be so angry when he comes!'

Teddy used to say nothing, but would smile to himself as if he did not care; but Carl and Cuthbert became quite frightened about this dreadful Hilarion, who was always so angry. They did not want me to come, and were very much afraid of me. Of course I did not know this, and I had nothing really to do with the place, so would have said nothing.

There were long corridors in the house, up and down which Teddy used to run races with his brothers, mounted on a walking-stick. He always got a very long start and always won, so he was very proud of himself. However, he and his stick knocked holes in the plaster of the walls, and did much damage. Then he took to *making* holes in the plaster, and pulling bits out to see if he could get right through! He was punished for this, but it was no good. If Teddy were missed he was sure to be found hard at work with a stick or anything that came handy, breaking bits of plaster off.

'Hilarion will be so angry at you for destroying his walls, Teddy; it is very, very naughty!' But Teddy would only laugh.

The very day I arrived he was found—naughty as ever—hard

at work on the wall. There had been two holes, and he had pulled and knocked away all the plaster between them, joining them so that there was a hole as large as a plate.

'Oh! Teddy, you naughty, wicked boy!' his mother cried, when she saw it. 'What have you done?'

'Well,' said Teddy, quite coolly, 'isn't one hole better than two?'

His mother could only laugh at Teddy's good way of getting out of it.

I was having afternoon tea in the drawing-room with Mrs. Seton, when the three boys came in and were told to shake hands with me.

Carl and Cuthbert sat in chairs and stared at me. They were very shy, were afraid of me, and were quite prepared to dislike me; they thought I would be always cross with them.

Teddy, however, walked straight up and stood right in front of me, with his legs far apart and his hands behind his back. He looked at me very hard, just to see what I was like.

'How are you?' I said. 'Are you going to make friends with me?'

Teddy did not answer, but he began to smile and to—sneer!

I began to get uncomfortable; *I* was afraid of Teddy. It seemed to me that he could read my very soul and knew all I was thinking.

'Pooh!' said Teddy, at last, with great contempt, 'I'm not afraid of *you!*' And suddenly he jumped on my knee and pulled my nose.

After that we became great friends; but Teddy did not respect me at all, he only laughed when I told him not to do or say anything.

I soon became great friends with Carl and Cuthbert also, who were fine, gentlemanly boys. They saw that they need not be shy or afraid of me.

The three boys took me out to show me the garden, the stables, and all round the place. That is, Teddy took me, and the two others followed. Teddy called everything *his.*

'This is *my* horse "Sandy,"' he said.

Sandy was the largest horse I have ever seen—a great big brute, with a long head. Small Teddy stood in front of Sandy and called, 'Come here, Sandy.'

Big Sandy came up, and putting his head down sniffed at small Teddy, who sniffed up at him in return, and I began to

laugh, for they did look so comical. Why, Teddy was not as large—bunchy petticoats and all—as Sandy's head!

'I suppose you'll ride Sandy when you are a big man, Teddy,' I said.

'I won't be a big man. I'm going to be a horse—a horse much bigger than Sandy.'

'But little boys don't become horses when they grow up.'

'But *I* am going to become a horse,' said Teddy, with dignity. 'I'll win all the races, and jump, jump over houses!'

Then we went on to a stable where, in a loose box, was a beautiful chestnut horse, and I lifted Teddy up to stroke its nose.

'I'll give you a ride on this some day,' said Teddy, patronisingly, 'that is, if I like you.'

'Thank you, Teddy,' I replied humbly.

'Come and see my dogs now,' went on Teddy; and we saw the dogs, the poultry, the pigs, the peacocks—in fact, all sorts of things, and Teddy claimed them all as his.

'Are they *all* yours, Teddy?' I asked.

'It's all mine,' said Teddy, waving a stumpy arm round, indicating the house and gardens, the distant hills and forest.

'And have Carl and Cuthbert nothing?'

'I'm the best, and the wee-ist, so I get everything,' said Teddy, coolly.

Carl and Cuthbert only laughed.

'Let's see what's in your pockets,' said Teddy; and he emptied them all. 'Carl and Cuthbert can have these;' and he handed them my pencil and other things. 'I'll have the knife and the cigarette-case.'

But I objected to this cool distribution of my property, much to Teddy's surprise.

'I'll buck you off, when I'm a horse!' he said viciously.

'Then I'll never get on your back, Teddy, if you're going to buck me off.'

'Well, then, I'll kick you just like this;' and lifting his leg he tried to kick me; but just as he did it, I caught his foot, and lo! Teddy lay on his back on the grass!

He got up, turned round and looked at the grass, then rubbed the back of his head, and turned and stared at me with surprise.

'I think—I won't—kick you!' he said slowly. 'Let's go to the garden.'

Very soon I was just as much Teddy's slave as any one else in the house, and he ordered me about as if I belonged to him.

Sometimes I would be out riding, and I would meet the nurse with the three boys walking in the paddocks. I always had to take Teddy up on my saddle and give him a ride. He just loved horses, and couldn't keep away from them, and was often in danger of being kicked by them or trodden on, but somehow escaped.

There were plantations of firs, pines, and other trees near the house, but the boys were never allowed to enter these, as there were dangerous and poisonous snakes in them, whose bite was death. Teddy was really afraid of snakes, so did not dare go into any plantation, yet would have liked very much to, just because he was told not to. Sometimes he thought he *must* go in—but those snakes!

I was passing the nursery one night and looked in. Teddy in his nightgown was kneeling at the nurse's knee saying his prayers, and I listened. Now he was saying the prayer which is called 'The Lord's Prayer,' and there is part of it which goes like this: '*lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.*'

Teddy was very solemn, but when he came to this part he went on quickly, changing it to suit himself: '*lead me not into the plantation, and deliver me from evil. Amen. Please, God, make Carl and Cuthbert good!*'

This made me laugh very much, for Teddy was so solemn, and then his little prayer—his very own prayer—at the end, to make 'Carl and Cuthbert good,' was so funny. Teddy did not think that he himself needed to be any better.

'I *will* buck you off, when I'm a horse, because it is wicked to laugh when I say my prayers,' said Teddy seriously to me; so of course I said I was very sorry and would never do it again.

One Sunday night his mother was telling him stories from the Bible, and Teddy was sitting on a low stool staring solemnly into the fire. Suddenly he interrupted her.

'Mother, do people have dinner in heaven?'

Poor Mrs. Seton did not know what to say.

'I—I—suppose so, Teddy.'

'Do they have a *late* dinner?'

'Well, I—I—don't know. I don't think so.'

'Then they must have eggs for their tea!' cried Teddy, triumphantly. He could not conceive any other state of being different from his own.

He had a terrible way of finding out one's weak points and exposing them, and if you talked unguardedly, Teddy was down on you at once.

I had been out walking one wet day, and coming in found Mrs. Seton and the boys all grouped round the fire.

'I've had a dreadful walk,' I said; 'it was raining cats and dogs.'

Teddy turned and gave me an incredulous stare, but said nothing, and we went on chatting.

At last he interrupted us, rather shyly for him.

'Did you see any little puppies or kittens on the road?'

'No, Teddy; why should I see any there?'

'Well,' impatiently, 'you said it was raining cats and dogs, so I thought there might be some kittens and puppies!' Of course, Teddy was quite right; why should I use such a stupid expression?

The next day we all went to the races, and Teddy was in a great state of excitement. He loved nothing better than horses, and he sat like a small king in the grand-stand, talking away at the top of his voice to quite a large circle sitting round him. *He* would ride races. *He* would jump, oh! such big, big jumps. *He* would never, never fall off or be bucked off, and he would win every race. Every one was listening and laughing, for he was such a comical little fellow.

The colonel of the Mounted Infantry came up and spoke to Mrs. Seton. He was a very tall man, and as he stood there he looked down on small, impudent Teddy perched on the seat on which he, the colonel, stood.

'Well, my little man,' said the colonel, 'what are you going to be when you grow up?'

We all expected Teddy to say, as usual, 'a horse,' and were waiting to see how amused the colonel would be. Mrs. Seton had got quite used to the idea of seeing her hopeful Teddy developing four legs and a tail! Teddy, however, said nothing, merely looked up scornfully.

'Well, what are you going to be when you grow up—eh?' the colonel repeated.

Teddy surveyed him from head to foot, then looked up at his face with a deliberate sneer.

'*A man, of course!*' he said contemptuously, and turned his back. It made us laugh very much, which made Teddy very cross. He secretly pinched my leg, and shook his head at me.

'I *will* buck you off,' he muttered.

Then, to make my peace with him, I took him down to the paddock to see the jockeys weighed and to look at the horses.

'I can ride better than you,' said Teddy to the first jockey. 'I *never* fall off, and I can jump a house—now!' So I dragged him away to another place.

'If you ride me, you'll win,' he said to the second jockey. 'I'll be a bigger horse than Sandy when I grow up, and I'll have a long tail and be piebald. I'll go like this!' and before I could stop him, Teddy was prancing down the paddock as hard as he could go, in the most funny manner. 'See me buck!' he screamed; and he kicked up his funny legs, and fell on his nose. I laughed so much that I could not pretend to be angry, but I was glad to take him back to his mother. He was too great a responsibility for me. On the way we stopped at the refreshment bar, as it was a very hot day and I was very thirsty.

'Would you like a drink, Teddy—some lemonade?' I asked, ordering some for him.

'I'm a horse—I'd like a bucket of water,' replied Teddy. However, he took the lemonade. He was standing with his legs planted wide apart, the glass held in both hands raised to his lips, when he paused, and I saw he was looking past me with interest.

His eyes were fixed on a huge red-faced man who was talking very fast, one hand on his hip, and in the other a glass of whisky. He stopped talking for a second, and tossed his whisky off at one gulp.

I looked back at Teddy. He was solemnly arranging his glass of lemonade in one hand, the other he then placed on his hip, and he crossed his legs as the big red-faced man had done. He could scarcely hold the tumbler with one hand, but got it up to his mouth, which was wide open. He threw back his head as the man had done, and then tried to toss the whole glass of lemonade off at a gulp, the consequence being that he sent it all over his head and face, dropped the glass, and began coughing lemonade out of his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth.

The barmaid was quite frightened and rushed round to see to him.

'Go 'way, woman—I'm a horse—I'll kick you off!' screamed Teddy, and the poor barmaid looked dumfounded.

I led the restive young horse up into the stand again and left him with his mother.

I went away on other visits after this, but at last, after some weeks, returned to stay again with Teddy and his people.

I walked out to Mr. Seton's from the town, and in the avenue met the three boys.

Carl and Cuthbert flew to meet me, dancing and leaping with joy. Teddy walked past me, taking no notice whatever.

'We can ride now, we've got ponies! Father has bought us beautiful ponies,' they cried, hanging round me with delight, as I turned with them and overtook Teddy. 'We can ride now!'

Teddy stalked on with grim dignity, his funny little petticoats bobbing about behind him.

'Do you ride too, Teddy?' I asked respectfully.

'No, I ride *one!*' was Teddy's scornful rejoinder, which made me feel very small indeed.

'Mother's ill,' whispered Cuthbert to me, 'and we've not seen her for two days, and Teddy did not get a pony—that's why he's cross.'

And so it turned out. Every reference to the ponies was ignored by him. He would not look at them or speak their names. He pretended not even to see them. He was deeply offended. Then he could not understand why he should be kept out of his mother's room, and was very cross about it, for he loved his mother dearly, and two whole days without her seemed terrible to him.

The next day a new nurse came into the drawing-room, where I was trying to amuse the boys, with a funny little white bundle in her arms, and she sat down.

'Come, boys,' she said, 'and see your new little sister!' and lo! there was a funny little red and brown baby, with a wrinkled-up face and two little pink fists—such a tiny little thing!

The three boys crowded round in amazement, their eyes and mouths wide open. Carl and Cuthbert held each other's hands almost in fear.

'It's a little girl—a little sister for you,' the nurse said.

The small thing looked at them, crowed, and flourished its fists.

"It's very small. What a funny, wrinkled face it's got,' *I* said.

'Small! Funny, wrinkled face! She's just a lovely, sweet beauty!' cried the nurse indignantly, tossing her head.

Carl and Cuthbert looked at me as if I had talked treason; Teddy smiled sardonically.

'Give her your finger to hold, Teddy,' I said, willing to make peace.

Teddy put his hands behind his back.

'No, I won't,' he said decidedly.

Carl, however, gave her his finger, which she clutched tight in her little fist, and then she kicked her legs and crowed with delight, and Carl and Cuthbert fell in love with her on the spot. They had always wanted a little sister.

'She's a sweet, wootsy pootsy—deary!' the nurse said, in the funny way nurses do.

Teddy turned to me with a sneer.

'She's only a girl. They're no good!'

He looked at her a great deal, but would not touch her. It was evident he did not like her.

'Where did she come from?' he asked the nurse resentfully.

The nurse laughed.

'Oh, out of a big cabbage in the garden. The fairies left her there, and we found her.'

Teddy said nothing more.

Mrs. Seton was very ill, and no one but the doctor, her husband, and the nurses could see her.

Teddy could not understand it, nor why every one made such a work about the new baby, kissing it, and running after it all day long. No one thought of anything but it. Carl and Cuthbert trotted after it all day long, and would gaze at it for hours. Teddy never went near. Where was his mother? Why did she not come to him, or why could he not go to her? He had no one to play with, no one to speak to. He crept to his mother's door, and listened. The nurse came out and drove him away. He had nowhere to go to but the nursery—and the horrid baby was there!

Teddy began to connect his mother's illness and absence with the baby's coming, and hated it. He, who had once been *the* person in the house, the pet, the lord and master, was now no one. No one thought of him or troubled about him; they all worshipped the baby. His heart grew sore within him. He was so lonely, so hurt, he could not understand it.

One day Teddy was in the nursery with the nurse and baby. Somebody called the nurse, and she rushed out, leaving the baby in its cradle.

When she came back she screamed, and rushed at Teddy, for he had dragged his small sister out of the cradle and was shaking her.

'I'll kill her! I hate her!' he screamed.

The nurse snatched the child from him, and pushed him away. There was no damage done. The baby was crowing happily.

'You bad, bad, wicked, cruel little boy!' cried the angry nurse, 'to try and harm your poor little baby sister!'

'I don't care,' said Teddy, sulkily. 'She's only a girl. I hate her.'

Teddy was punished, and every one spoke angrily to him and was cross with him. Carl and Cuthbert regarded him with horror, and would not speak to him. He had tried to harm their dear little sister. Oh, how could he?

Teddy was sorry and ashamed that he had done it, but he would not say so. He crept away into dark corners and cried and cried. Oh, where, *where* was his dear, gentle, kind mother? *She* loved, *she* understood her naughty Teddy! They told him his mother would hate him for harming her little baby! No, Teddy thought, if he only could get his arms round her neck, and his head cuddled into her shoulder, he would tell her how sorry he was, and she would forgive him and love him again. Would she never, never, never come back to him again? He was so lonely, so unhappy, poor little heart! He could not understand it at all.

I was very sorry for him, but he would take no comfort from me. I tried to explain; he would not listen. His eyes would open wide and glisten with tears, but none would fall; he would shut his lips tight and clench his little hands. Poor Teddy!

He thought no one loved him or cared for him any more; that his mother was angry with him, and he would never see her again. His heart nearly broke.

One day I was walking in the garden, and afar off I saw Teddy—a forlorn little figure—coming along the path, a stick bigger than himself in his hand. He was crying out aloud at the top of his voice, sobbing as if his heart were broken. His face was dirty and tear-stained, his nose and eyes red with weeping. I hastened towards him.

'Why, Teddie—poor little chappie—Teddy! What is it?'

'Oh! oh! oh!' howled Teddy, striking at me viciously with the stick. 'Oh! oh! oh!'

I let him go on and watched him. He made for the cabbages, and I saw him looking into one after the other. Then he commenced to beat and break the plants.

'You must not do that; it is naughty,' I said, taking the stick from him. 'What are you doing it for?'

'I want to kill all the little babies and fairies,' he screamed, struggling with me.

He evidently thought by smashing them all he would squash a baby in one at least.

I carried him away, kicking, struggling, and screaming, and then, when I got to a garden seat, I sat down and tried to calm him. It was no use, and at last he trotted towards the house, sobbing bitterly.

This was about half-past one o'clock. I went in to lunch, and Mr. Seton told me his wife was much better, and he hoped that next day she would be well enough to see the children.

'Teddy's heart is nearly broken,' I said.

His father laughed. He had no idea of what Teddy's real feelings were. He was so troubled about his wife's illness that he had scarcely thought of his children.

'A little neglect will do him good,' he said; 'he is petted too much. It will spoil him.'

About six o'clock one of the servants came into the room where Mr. Seton and I were sitting.

'Have you seen Master Teddy, sir?' she asked. 'We can't find him for his tea. We have hunted and looked everywhere.'

Mr. Seton rose, surprised.

'No, I haven't seen him;' and he looked at me.

'I haven't seen him since lunch time,' I said; and I related what I had seen in the garden.

The woman looked alarmed.

'No one has seen him since then, sir,' she said. 'We've been looking and calling for an hour.'

'Oh, he has crept into some corner, and is weeping, or sulking, or has fallen asleep,' I said; but at the same time I rose, and Mr. Seton and I went out to look for him.

We called and shouted to him, but there was no response. We searched the house through from end to end, looked under every bed, into every cupboard, every place a child could creep into—but no Teddy. I ran to the stables, called out the grooms, and we went through stalls, poultry-house—everywhere. No Teddy.

Every one in the house was now alarmed, and searching for him. The gardens were large and the shrubberies thick. We searched it all over and over again, but with no success. Poor Mr. Seton was in terrible distress. He bade the sick nurse carefully conceal it from Mrs. Seton, to let no one go into her room, and to keep the bad news from her, because she was too ill to be told it.

All the men were sent for, and joined in the search. Then we gathered round the only small water-hole near the house, sent the dogs in, then dragged it with irons fastened to ropes, all in terror lest Teddy had fallen in, but nothing whatever appeared, and being summer it was very shallow. Besides, there were no tracks in the soft mud at the edges. It began to grow dark, and we were getting desperate with fear. Lanterns were lighted, and men and maidservants—every one—searched the plantations, the paddocks, everywhere, calling loudly his name. The dogs were let loose, and were running with us; but, not knowing what we were searching for, they presumed it must be possums, and would stop barking at every tree where they scented one.

Mounted messengers were despatched for help, and soon a dozen or so men and women joined us, all eager to assist in the search. We spread out in different directions, and hour after hour we walked and called. Some would turn back to the house and again search about it. It seemed so strange that the child should wander so far away.

The night passed, and it grew into dim morning. Then the summer sun rose in its splendour, with the promise of a blazing hot day. We were fatigued and worn out, but no one thought of rest. Every one returned to the house, had hot coffee and food, and started afresh, and more help was sent for. Mounted riders scoured the country near and far, and a long line of people lined the banks of the shallow, almost dry creek, searching each water-hole. I returned at last to the house and commenced another search. I felt somehow that Teddy must be concealed about it somewhere, and so I looked into every likely and unlikely place, and I really think I examined every shrub in the garden.

The day grew on, and it was intensely hot. The sun seemed like a furnace. It was terrible. Then Mrs. Seton was so much better that she kept begging to see her children. The nurse, however, told her that the doctor had forbidden her to allow the

children to visit her that day. The next morning she could see them. Mrs. Seton submitted under protest.

When night came on we looked at each other with faces of blank horror. From one o'clock the previous day the lost child had—so far as we knew—had no food, had been out all night, and then all day under the blazing sun. Mr. Seton was as one mad. He calmed himself once, and went in to see his wife, smiling and talking, so that she should suspect nothing, but when he came out he broke down and wept like a child.

The search was never stopped, and all that night it went on. The writer had a little cousin—a tiny child—who strayed away and was lost in the bush. The whole district searched for it for days. It had wandered on, on, quite a distance, and was found dead at the edge of a small shallow pool of water. Perhaps it had tried to drink, and, being exhausted, had fallen into the water and been drowned; perhaps it had died there of exhaustion—I do not know. It was very sad. A child has a wonderful power of endurance, and can go a long distance.

Poor Carl and Cuthbert sat in the nursery shivering with fear. They were worn out with weeping.

The morning came again, and calling some of the dogs, I rode out, determined to find some trace of the lost child.

I rode into the forest calling aloud, looking into hollow trees, under logs, riding through tall ferns. Mobs of white cockatoos flitted through the trees. Green parrots screamed and darted about. Magpies and minas followed me, and afar off I saw a lot of great carrion crows sitting on the branches of a tree, calling to each other with their horrible 'awk! awk!'

The dogs, Judy and Rainy, galloped about, sniffing round logs for native cats or rabbits.

I met the poor, white-faced father. He only looked at me and wrung his hands; he did not speak.

The horrible crows rose in a body, calling aloud, as I rode underneath them. Rainy ran forward, stopped short, then with quick, agitated barks rushed into a hollow tree. I gave one look—I screamed aloud. I don't know what happened, what I did, but I was off my horse—I was on my knees—a poor little bundle of limp limbs and petticoats was in my arms!

A man with haggard, drawn face staggered towards me with outstretched arms. I placed the child in them; there was a cry —Teddy, living, knew his father—and then I don't remember much more till I found myself sitting on the ground, with Rainy

leaping round me and licking my face. I rose and mounted my horse. Seton, with Teddy in his arms, was already on his. Teddy saw me, and stretched out a little white hand, and then he fell asleep or fainted, I know not which.

'Go on, and have food and things prepared,' Mr. Seton said to me; and I galloped on as hard as I could. I cooeed time after time, and answering cooees of joyful tone told me they understood.

I reached the house, and soon food and everything necessary —warm bath, bed, everything—awaited Teddy.

Then the sick nurse came to me crying. It seemed Carl and Cuthbert had found their way in to their mother. At first they did not tell her.

'Where is my little Teddy? Why does not my boy come to me?' she kept asking.

And then the two boys, crying, told her the truth.

Her state of mind was terrible. She wanted to rise, and could not. The nurse did her best to calm her, but with no effect. Her boy lost for two days and nights, and she not know it! It is impossible to describe her anxiety and pain. The nurse despatched a groom to the town for the doctor, and even as she was telling me he was coming up the avenue.

I went right into Mrs. Seton's room. She sat up in bed when she saw me, white and trembling.

'My boy! my boy!' she gasped.

'He is found, safe and well. Mr. Seton is bringing him home. He had strayed into the forest.'

'Bring him to me!' was all she said.

'A hot bath awaits him, and food, which he must get at once, then he will be brought to you. Lie down and rest, Mrs. Seton, for you know you must nurse Teddy now.'

She saw the necessity of rest, and lay down again. The doctor paid her an immediate visit, but came back relieved and cheerful.

'There is no harm done,' he said. 'An effort on her part was necessary, and this has caused her to make it. Once she has the boy she will be all right.'

The doctor then superintended the preparations for Teddy's treatment, and presently Mr. Seton, with the wan little figure sound asleep in his arms, hurried in.

The doctor looked grave, and there was some difficulty in awakening the child. He was fed and bathed, then clothed in

a flannel night-gown, wrapped in shawls, and carried to his mother.

'He is a tough little chap,' the doctor said. 'A few days of care and attention will quite restore him. He must be kept warm, and allowed to sleep as much as he wishes—he is naturally exhausted.'

There was no sound when Teddy was carried by his father into Mrs. Seton's room, and laid in her outstretched arms, save of a woman weeping.

Some one shut the door, and left the three together.

Teddy's story, as it came out afterwards, was this: he thought no one loved or cared for him, or wanted him any more. Every one was angry with him for his wickedness. His little heart seemed broken. He would go away, away into the big forest where all the wild animals were, and the snakes and bushrangers, and all sorts of dreadful things. He would be a bushranger, he did not care what, but he would go away to the forests, anyhow. Perhaps they would be sorry when he was gone.

So he ran and walked, on, on, over the paddocks, crying all the time, and at last he came to the forest. There was a creek, and he drank water, for it was hot and he was thirsty. Then he knew little more. He was very tired and very hungry. The trees were so big and all sorts of things frightened him, and he lay down on the grass and slept.

Then night came, and he awoke, and was frightened and cold and so unhappy. He heard the possums in the trees, the native cats playing about the dead logs. He imagined and feared all sorts of horrors. He cried and screamed for his mother, for his father, for Carl and Cuthbert, but no one came.

'And a big, big, wild black horse, with a jockey on his back—bigger than Sandy—came galloping along and jumped over the trees and right over me, and stamped on me hard; and I said I wanted to go home to mamma and Carl and Cuthbert, and I would never touch the baby any more; but he galloped away, a long way.'

Then it was cold, so cold! and again it was morning, and the sun came and warmed him, and he was not afraid. He would be a bushranger and live in the forest. He found sweet bits of white manna, and there were little bits of green grass which he ate, which were sweet and good, and then he found pretty feathers and flowers, and collected them all into a hollow tree and again he slept. It was a long time.

That was all Teddy could tell, and he was very confused, but still I must admit that then and afterwards his story grew and grew, and according to him he had done all sorts of wonderful and brave things. Teddy eventually discovered he was a hero, and made the most of things.

It was two days after. Mr. Seton told me to go to his wife's room and see Teddy.

I went in quietly and stood looking at the picture before me.

The day was warm, the window wide open. Nevertheless a bright fire was burning. Mrs. Seton's wide, low couch was drawn close to it, and a tall screen stood at the back shutting off any draught.

Mrs. Seton in her dressing-gown reclined amidst a pile of soft cushions. In her arms lay the new baby, crowing and kicking its little legs and arms about, and there on the other side, tucked in between his mother and the back of the couch, amongst the cushions, lay Teddy, cosy and warm, as happy as a lark.

'And he was afraid his mother did not love him any more. Foolish little Teddy! And poor mother was so sick and ill that she could not go to Teddy or have him brought to her, and she wanted her boy, her own wee Teddy, so very, very much. Mother is so fond of her dear little baby, her new daughter, and Teddy must love and cherish her too, but no one could ever be like her own boy Teddy, whom she loved so dearly, so dearly—her very own Teddy.'

And Teddy's hand went forth to the little baby, was promptly grasped by that merry young person and conveyed to her mouth; and Teddy's face flushed with a new pleasure, and he crept nearer, leaning on his mother, and then his arm stole round his little sister, and his head lay by hers, and he was very happy.

'I will, mother—I *will* be a good boy! When I'm a big, big horse I'll let little sister ride on my back all day. I will love her too, and I'll be mother's own Teddy yet, and I'll have a pony—a real pony, mother.'

'Yes, my Teddy, I promise it, as beautiful a little pony as mother can buy. She loves her Teddy so dearly, so dearly!'

What a happy, happy, proud mother was there with her children in her arms! And then she saw me standing there watching them, and she smiled.

'I am so happy—so happy. My own Teddy, whom no one understands as I do—my own boy—safe and well!'

Then Teddy looked up and stretched out his hands to me.

'I'll never kill the little babies in the cabbages any more. I'll be good. And I won't make holes in your house. Was you sorry when I wented away, Hilarion?'

'Oh, Teddy—Teddy!'

And I lifted the little flannel-robed figure up into my arms, and he nestled his head into my neck and put his arms round me, stroking my ear and hair.

'Was you very, very sorry?'

'More than I can tell—our own Teddy gone from us.'

Then when he could not see my face, he took hold of my chin and drew it round.

'What makes you cry? you're not a little boy.'

But I did not answer.

Then his warm little cheek was pressed to mine, and he hugged me.

'Look here—I—won't—buck you off—*there!*' And after another hug, he laughed out merrily, and the baby crowed as loud as *she* could; so Mrs. Seton and I had to laugh too, and Teddy was himself again.

LIFELONG FRIENDS.

WHEN did I begin story weaving? I can hardly tell. I know that in almost baby days, for want of companions, I imagined ten boys and eleven girls living in an arbour in the garden, but I can remember nothing about them except that two were Caroline and Lucy. Dolls were my delight, to be treated as children of a family. I did not like them to be in costumes or in baby fashion, but as children to be naughty, or to be set up in rows to do their lessons; and, in the same way, all attempts at drawing and all interest in 'pictures' were of the dramatic kind. A scene of a wood, or a lane with a child going along it, would be the theme of a mental story.

Not being taught to write nor allowed to scribble very early, prevented any writing out of these attempts, but I was an omnivorous story reader, from the time when, at four years old, I first discovered that I could read the letterpress in a great quarto edition of *Robinson Crusoe*, close to the point where the print shewed him clinging to a rock among the breakers. Miss Edgeworth's tales were a real delight; also *Children as They Are*, *Anna Ross*, *Ornaments Discovered;* and Miss Strickland's *Rival Crusoes*, the *Perambulations of a Mouse*, and the *Village School*—all old-fashioned books. Mrs. Hofland's tales, which were then much admired, never pleased me; her children grew up and fell in love far too soon for the childish mind.

Fairy tales were discouraged. It was a treat to pick one up from time to time, and a book with selections from Grimm, by Edgar Taylor, illustrated by Cruikshank, belonging to my cousins, was a special favourite. I strongly hold to such moderation being wiser and better for the imagination than continual feeding on them.

The first volume of the *Fairchild Family* was delightful for the outrageous naughtiness, though neither in this nor anything else were the improving portions read, except, perhaps, those in

Maria Hack's charming books, *Winter Evenings*, *Harry Beaufoy*, *Stories from Ancient and Modern History.*

How soon it began, I cannot tell, but there were perpetual dreams of romance going on, in which somebody was always being wounded in the Peninsular War, and coming home with his arm in a sling; and one generation after another had to be moved back for the reigning hero to be eligible and youthful enough, for thirty was then old age.

Writing began when my old French master wanted me to write original letters. These ran into a story. As Scott's yearning for Border chivalry led to his poems, so did my solitude and longing for young companions develop into tales of large families. We were then anxious about the building of a school, and trying to raise money by a bazaar. Sundry translations into French, corrected by old M. de Normanville, were wrought into the story that had grown up by the title of the 'Chateau de Melville,' and sold at what I fear was an extortionate price. This was when I was about fifteen. The curious thing is that the *dramatis personæ* have been more or less my companions through life. I took them up again, much modified, with some names changed, six or eight years after in *Scenes and Characters*, and again in the *Two Sides of the Shield.* The indolent sister was always Emily, but the lively and the inquisitive sisters remain with me still. History never failed to have great power over my imagination. This, and the desire to supply good tales to my school children, and the pleasure of living, as it were, with large families, were three separate fields of delight in which my mind could expatiate.

Alison's *History of Europe*, giving an account of the retreat from Moscow, with the episode of the mother forsaking a young child, and likewise the story of Marshal Ney, made a strong impression. I romanced about it to my mother. She told my father. He said it might be a fine story, and tried to bring it into shape, looking over a page of foolscap a night. But it was like trying to mould a piece of wax too slight to bear manipulation from strong fingers. He could criticise, but not compose, and by the time a sentence of the unformed capacity of eighteen was tortured into good English, all the life was gone out of it, and the attempt on 'Shiverydown,' our pet name for it, was given up.

Translating Manzoni's *I Promessi Sposi* for him to read did more good to power of language than anything else. Meantime school-child literature was being begun by my dear friends Mrs.

and Miss Dyson, and Miss Anne Mozley. Several short stories, beginning with *Midsummer Day*, were the consequence; also *Langley School*, in the *Magazine for the Young*.

Mrs. Mozley's *Fairy Bower* was the starting-point of a certain style of writing for the young. There was something—together with the wonderful cleverness of portraiture—in the reticence of Grace to her mother, that certainly set me to demonstrate the contrary habit, and, I suspect, had a like effect on Miss Sewell. *Amy Herbert* was her work, *Abbey Church* mine. My mother told the story of the latter to Mrs. Keble, and this led to the manuscript being most kindly considered and recommended to Mozley.

My grandmother, who was nearly ninety, was an old-fashioned person, who thought the publication of the *Château de Melville* rather shocking, but she had since died. I cannot forget, however, my father, before taking any steps about *Abbey Church*, gravely putting it before me that there were three reasons for which one might desire to publish—love of vanity, or of gain, or the wish to do good. I answered, with tears, that I really hoped I had written with the purpose of being useful to young girls like myself. The matter of gain we were old-fashioned enough to hold as quite out of the question; and for a long time it seemed a point of honour, and perhaps of duty, with me to spend none of it on myself. As to vanity, for many years all was anonymous, and one or two funny encounters about *Abbey Church* were the consequence. There was a good deal of unnecessary allusion in it, but my head was overflowing with ideas. Nor must it be forgotten that Mr. and Mrs. Keble looked over it, and Mr. Keble suggested that the way in which perfect candour on the girl's part could be combined with a sudden discovery would be to let her confess to her gentle stepmother, who will not worry the father at an inopportune time. That the clerical family should discourage the Mechanics' Institute, instead of taking the lead in the mental cultivation, is a curious memorial of the tone of mind at that period.

Scenes and Characters was the next work, and *Shivery-down* was re-written in a manner that could endure the criticising ordeal, and came out by the title of *Kenneth; or, the Rear Guard of the Grand Army*. Being asked to help in the revivification of the *Churchman's Companion*, *Henrietta's Wish* and the *Two Guardians* were the result.

From very early times, Scott had become a delight; the poems first, and afterwards the novels, beginning with the

Talisman, and they produced all the enthusiasm and delight belonging to the teens and more advanced years. One chapter a day was the allowance, though it was allowable to read back. No doubt these moulded the plan of *The Little Duke*, and they also made history become a series of character studies, and of material for romance. To begin a historical tale seems to me like taking a microscope to look into the times withal. I cannot write what I do not believe to be possible. Of course there are mistakes and anachronisms, but I did not know them to be such at the time. The worst are, perhaps, in the *Prince and Page*, the supposing all the Knights of St. John to have been priests, and likewise the omitting that the Order of Redemptorists was the chief means in the ransoming of *The Modern Telemachus;* but that was the fault of my authority, an old history of shipwrecks, which evidently thought it right to omit all mention of a Roman Catholic Order.

I do not go farther. I have told the history elsewhere of my dear friend Miss Dyson, suggesting the main character of Guy; and with the *Heir of Redclyffe*, when I was about thirty years old, authorship ceased, in a manner, to be a simple amusement, and became a vocation, though never less of a delight, and I hope I may say of a conscience.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

THE CHILDHOOD OF AUTHORSHIP.

WHEN one's childhood in authorship corresponds with one's childhood in years, it must be comparatively easy to write about it. I wish that my childhoods had corresponded so. A child-author is a subject that can be treated with satisfaction, especially as autobiography—an interesting little creature, eccentric of course, slightly pathetic, but generally amusing. I think I could have constructed a very pleasing child-author.

But stern facts are demanded of us, I believe, by the uncompromising editors; and one inconvenient fact is that I wrote nothing until I was grown up. I did not want to do it then. Writing was proposed to me as a congenial occupation by encouraging friends; but their remarks were not attended to, until one, more penetrating than the rest, observed that writing was a lucrative profession. I at once wrote something, and, finding that it was paid for in guineas, I went on writing things.

It is better, I suppose, to mention this deplorable want of elevation in character at the very outset of one's confessions, and then the soaring souls who despise any motive for 'art' except for 'art's sake,' can save themselves the pain of reading any further.

The study of motives is a treacherous one at the best. I have heard the motto of 'art for art's sake' from the lips of persons who were totally unaware that they had engaged in the pursuit of art for vanity's sake. I envied them very much. What can smooth the path of protracted exertion like continual gratification of one's vanity? But it is not given to us all to feel that the writing of our own particular book is a work of such difficulty, or glory, or importance, that its accomplishment can gratify our vanity at all. Nearly every one can do as much, and nearly every one does it. But I have noticed that those who are most honestly convinced of the importance of their work are most contented in doing it; they even point

out their own faults at times, with a certain happy, desperate exaggeration. They are much to be envied.

It is this genuine belief in the dignity and worth of writing, belonging properly to the childhood of authorship, I believe, which I have missed, perhaps by beginning late.

I have missed a good many other things too, not all to be regretted. The traditional period of rejected manuscripts and the traditional discouragement by cold-hearted editors and publishers, have not fallen to my lot. Speaking from personal experience only, I should call editors the most optimistic of mankind; but I do not care to put forward an opinion very prominently which would have to be defended against fearful odds. Besides, I may encounter the traditional publisher before long, and quail before him as my betters have done. Only I trust I may refrain from telling him that he is jealous, rude, or hopelessly ignorant. It will be better if I can insinuate a polite regret at my perception of his blindness to his own best interests, and so withdraw from the unequal contest.

How long does the childhood of authorship last? I have written for four years only, so I suppose I have not outlived it yet; certainly not its insignificance. In four years one learns to write a little better, and learns to think the writing a little less worth while. What difference—except to the writer's private conscience—does a little better or a little worse make in the dead waste of unnecessary writings? Do we not all know that in the flood of superfluous written matter, to which we are so anxious to contribute, literature is slowly being swamped? If our real interest were in literature instead of in our own success in the profession of literature, we should be anxious that only the best qualified among us should write at all, and that only the best of what they write should be read. Instead of which, we all hasten to the publishers, and rejoice when we have added one more to the countless sum of books that only help 'to dull the world with mediocrity.'

It must be supposed that we all have our reasons for this course. I have given my own. Like Sir Andrew—

> 'I have no exquisite reason, but I have reason good enough.'

Now, what are the pleasures of the childhood of authorship? Many people find pleasure in the writing 'for its own sake,' as they say. But I have never yet found pleasure in anything that gave trouble, and writing gives me more trouble than anything else. I have sometimes felt great satisfaction in finishing

a piece of work, because I knew then it would so soon be done with ; but one can hardly count the pleasure of leaving off as a pleasure of execution. There is only one thing that makes writing such as my own seem to me in any wise profitable 'for its own sake,' and that is for the power of appreciating the works of others, which, undoubtedly, is increased by the habit of writing. To have written a story one's self means having a much more intelligent admiration for the work of a genuine story-writer—say, Mr. R. L. Stevenson. To have written a song one's self means to prize a real song more than jewels—a song like 'Silent, O Moyle,' or 'The Lowlands o' Holland.' To have written a fairy tale means to read Hans Andersen with all the worship of one's earliest years, and more yet. For the sake of this increased capacity of appreciation, I think it is certainly worth while to support the trouble of writing. For one can hardly pay too much to gain a real possession of genuine literature.

But the gain is purely personal, and, of course, is no excuse for publication. I am not concerned to offer excuses. I have made candid confession that the childhood of authorship is to me an unpleasing period of existence.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

VENICE AND HER WOMEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MADEMOISELLE MORI,' 'HESTER'S VENTURE,' ETC.

PART II.

ALL through the best days of Venice we get only tantalising glimpses of her women. There is a doubtful legend now and then, such as the one so like Romeo and Juliet's story, telling how fair Elena Candiano loved and married unknown to her family, and, threatened with a husband by them, fell into so deep a swoon that she was held as dead, and borne to the family vault, where her young bridegroom, returned that very day from a mission to the East, broke open her coffin in wild despair, and felt her revive under his kisses. The story has a happier ending than that of the Veronese lovers, for both families forgave the culprits, who, we may hope, lived happily ever after. Or perhaps we obtain a hint of some piteous story like that of Soranza Soranzo, daughter of the Doge of that name, elected in A.D. 1312, head of a very ancient and noble family, which still exists in Venice. Soranza was given in marriage to Nicolo Tiepolo, whose family were the soul of a great plot to shake off the heavy yoke of the Oligarchy, and restore at least some share in the government to the people. The plot failed miserably, and all concerned in it were crushed. Soranza went into exile with her husband, but, after a time, home-sickness overwhelmed her, and she implored leave to return. Doge's daughter though she was, she pleaded in vain. Like many another Italian exile, she ventured back to breathe her native air, hoping that her father would protect her. It was a vain hope; she was arrested and sentenced to perpetual imprisonment in a convent, never to leave her cell, and to see no living soul but her maid, who was however, sometimes allowed to go out 'to buy necessaries, and to wash clothes.' After many years the poor prisoner became a widow, and then was occasionally allowed to visit her aged father, walk in the convent garden, and be sometimes present at a religious service. Her pitiful appeals to be allowed to end

her days among her family may yet be read in the archives; they were unheeded. She died in her cell after twenty-five years' imprisonment.

Something we know of that gifted artist and musician, Marietta Robusti, daughter of Tintoretto; and we read of the learned Cassandra Fedele; and how Catarina Cornaro, the discrowned Queen of Cyprus, 'discoursed on love' with Pietro Bembo and her maidens, Lisa, Sabinetta, and Berenice, in her Castle of Asolo—an example later followed by another Catarina Cornaro, or Cattina, as her contemporaries called her, a type of Venetian women of the decadence—artificial, corrupt, witty, and frivolous. Her letters, still existing among private papers, are the witness to her character. There is Elisabetta Quirina too, who, as her huge monument tells us, was distinguished by Roman virtue, Venetian piety, and the ducal crown, and who evidently was a Mrs. Proudie among Dogaresse. With her we come to the eighteenth century, and now details of female life abound, unfortunately at a time when society, conversation, the theatre, all grew offensively coarse. Splendid still, Venice had reached the point when a city or nation unconsciously invites the blow before which she must fall. Some good men and women she had still, and many brilliant ones, as, for example, Giustina, Renier Michiel and Catarina Tron; but virtue and patriotism had almost died out. We have seen what kind of woman was the wife of Doge Marco Cornaro; let us now study the story of one of his descendants, Fioranza Vendramin, born A.D. 1773, and that of her daughter, Cornelia Sale, who left papers whence the history of both can be gathered.

We have the likeness of Fioranza in a charming miniature, which shows her as a dark-eyed girl with red lips, milk-white skin, upright as a dart; a blue ribbon in her curling black hair. She was an artist and musician, danced remarkably well, was passionately fond of amusement, and averse to all restraint. A lively word portrait exists of her, as she seemed to those about her, in the description entitled 'A Portrait of Miss F. W., by her sister M. W.' Anglo-mania prevailed at the end of the last century in Venice as well as France, and, while they copy Labruyère in sketching 'characters,' they masquerade as English girls, and turn their V into a W, though writing in French. Fioranza, according to her sister, had a sweet face, a slender figure, 'à la Kauffmann,' a touch of indolence, keen observation, the gift of amusing conversation, and of a silence 'which was eloquent.'

The fate of the two sisters was very different. Maria, married by proxy to the Marchese Ricci, whom she had never seen, became an excellent wife, mother, and grandmother, and died in old age, esteemed as one of the best and noblest women in Bologna, but recollected by the younger generation as severe and stately, and at times even harsh; while Fioranza, after a love affair at fourteen with the son of the engraver Bartolozzi, and another later one, more serious, with a young Spaniard, became the reluctant wife of the Marchese Sale, who proposed to her without ever having seen her, and carried her off to Vicenza.

Tradition handed down the enthusiasm aroused in Vicenza by the appearance of this 'lovely nymph from her lagunes,' and we hear of her princely palace, her rooms hung with satin, her lacqueys and her coaches, one of which pleased Napoleon so much that he made his triumphal entry into the city in it. In her marriage contract a *cavalier servente* is stipulated for, a post usually held by some family friend of mature age, who escorted a young wife to entertainments, and watched over her. Of her husband we only know that he was a student, had a library of nine thousand volumes, and loved mathematics. His wife was utterly indifferent to him, and cared little for her baby girl, Cornelia, who ought to have been a boy, and instead was only a vast disappointment. The grandmother would not see her for nearly two months; as for the grandfather, no one dared name her in his presence for several years, and the servants resented getting only a miserable silver ducat when they went to announce the news to family friends, instead of the gold piece given when a son and heir was born. A little later the Spaniard, Campos, came to Vicenza, and found his lost love fairer than ever. There was much scandal, partly mere calumny, but fed by the reckless conduct of the young marchesa, who delighted in defying public opinion and took a cynical pleasure in shocking the grave and rigid society of Vicenza, where Venetian laxity was unknown. No one seems to have been surprised by her neglect of her baby, who lived in an attic, with a crazy nurse, who once wandered away and was found asleep with the child in a low part of the city, and another time pushed her downstairs in a fight with the cook; but the family were furious at the scandal which stained their name, and threatened to put a forcible stop to it. Perhaps Fioranza was weary of life; perhaps she was desperate; all that is known is that she borrowed a volume of the Encyclopædia with the article

'Opium,' sent for her baby and kissed it repeatedly, to the surprise of her attendants, and died the next day of a strong dose of laudanum. It was a brief, restless, unhappy life, leaving behind little but the recollection of a fair face, some poems, pastorals, a drama set to music by her brother-in-law, and a name never spoken for long years in her family. Her room remained untouched, unopened, with jewels, laces, dresses, easel and harpsichord, and her manuscripts just as they were on the day of her death. The French *Moniteur*, with its usual disregard of truth, announced that 'thus die heroines to escape the dishonour of their country,' an assertion on which the careless indifference shown in her letters to the conquest of Italy by the invading armies of Napoleon is a curious comment.

One thing she left belonging to her which could not be quite ignored, though, as far as possible, put out of sight—her little daughter, who, until nearly grown up, continued to live secluded at the top of the palace. The crazy nurse had been replaced by a certain Eleanora, religious and old. Child and nurse lived as if in a cell—there was no play, no exercise. Eleanora taught her nursling to say endless prayers and 'rosaries,' and talked of nothing but the 'Lives of the Saints'—her only book. The child's head was full of fancies; sometimes a maid would come and talk in mysterious tones about some one—something; the little Cornelia divined that it concerned her mother, to whom some dreadful thing had happened. She had a panic fear of dead people, and if ever taken past the closed room, fell into an agony of terror. Now and then her maternal grandmother came, petted her, and gave her precious Dresden china figures to play with; but her eccentricities made her unwelcome. She never hesitated to do anything which came into her head, and dressed so oddly that when her son-in-law had to escort her anywhere 'he knew not where to hide himself.'

Once the child left her palace—or prison, rather—when her grandfather, the Marchese Ottaviano, died; the horror of death in Italy drives all relations from a death-bed. Young as she was, Cornelia was painfully struck with her father's indifference to his loss. After this he married again, the Marchesa Vittoria Trissino—a good-humoured, odd, clever woman, who laughed heartily at the caricatures drawn of her by her little step-daughter, who, probably prejudiced by her nurse, made it a point of honour to dislike her, though the new mother honestly did her best for her, as she owned in later years.

Meanwhile the fortunes of the family fell into great disorder. 'Economy,' said the marchese, 'is a hideous old hag,' and twenty idle servants were kept; there were banquets, visits to the country seat, reckless extravagance, and equal indifference to the miseries of Italy, though it was brought sharply home by so heavy a demand for money from Massena that all the family plate had to be sold to meet it.

Now and then the marchese listened to 'the hideous old hag' in fitful ways, as when he would order no poultry to be used except from his farm, enraging the cook. Every noble house bought its poultry 'in piazza,' and its cook marched through the city followed by a scullion, with a basket full of provisions. The marchese was as eccentric as his mother-in-law. If a dish did not please him, no one must touch or praise it, and he would look suspiciously round to see if any one dared show annoyance at having to pass it. 'Athelstan in "Ivanhoe" is furious at having too much salt in his food. He is the type of decayed nobility,' says Signora Codemo, grand-daughter of the marchese, in those 'Pagine Famigliari,' whence these recollections are gathered. There were family quarrels; the marchese was furious at having no son; his mother was a high-tempered woman; both scolded the wife. Cornelia, sitting silent at table, trembled and shrank, and took refuge in the few recollections which she could summon up of some kindness from her poor mother. Once, when her forehead had been badly cut by the fault of the crazy nurse, Fiorenza hearing of it, sent for her, ordered her to be put beside her on her bed, kissed her, surely with some self-reproach, and bathed the cut. 'I shall never forget, if I live a hundred years,' Cornelia wrote in after-years, 'how she sat there, with her raven hair loose on her shoulders, as was then the fashion, with those looks of fire which she could make so sweet, and which now expressed motherly love. I remember, too, that often, a roguish little child, I would run after her, and seize her dress, light as air, and she would laugh and pretend to scold me. Sometimes, too, I recollect a caress or a friendly handshake between her and papa. Ah, how differently I felt later, when I passed the room where probably she died, and fancied she would come out and seize me, and drag me away.' The Marchesa Alba appears to have had charge of the child's toilette, and dressed her in frocks made out of the mother's gowns. The child, suspecting whence they came, would demand, 'Where was this bought?' 'Do you not

think it pretty, marchesina?' a maid would reply, casting a look at another. 'And that—where did it come from?' the child persisted, casting angry, frightened looks at a shawl or frock. 'From November market.' 'There are only wooden shoes and things for peasants in November market. I dreamed last night my mamma came and said you would make me wear her clothes. They know everything where she is.'

Then would come tears, cries, and a struggle which left the dress much the worse, and final submission. Now and then the child was sent for to see some old family friend, and once or twice a year she went to visit the nuns at the convent of Ogni Santi. She would hear the order given that the carriage should come to take the marchesina out, and descend the great staircase with nurse or grandmother to the quadrangle, where stood the coach, with lacqueys, coachman, and two huge horses, which pawed the round pebbles that paved the court. This was usually the only time she left the palace in a twelvemonth. In the convent were several old nuns of the Sale family, who had retired there to do penance for a disreputable past, and yearly sent a gift of 'ciambelle'—a kind of cake shaped like a ring—made by themselves, to their kinsfolk. The ciambelle were received and eaten with a certain mystery, and formal thanks were returned for them.

There was a country seat at Camiglia, where occasionally Cornelia spent some time when she grew older, but year after year invading regiments occupied it, broke and burned the furniture, soiled the frescoed scenes from the Æneid and Tasso, and laid the estate waste. The marchese took it very coolly; went there in summer, whether French or German soldiers were there or not; and if some drunken fellow met him and shouted, 'Where is the rascally owner?' would reply, 'He is dead,' and turn his back on him. Camiglia was so remote from the beaten track that it might have escaped the invaders, had they not pervaded every place. 'Don Vincenzo,' the marchese would say ironically to the parish priest, 'do you want any letter-paper?' —none could be had nearer than Vicenza—and each year the grateful reply came, 'Thanks, thanks, Signor Marchese; I still have what you sent me; I keep it very carefully.' This priest either could not or would not understand that he had now to pray for Napoleon. 'Pro famulo tuo *Napoli*,' was as near as he would consent to get.

Such early instruction as Cornelia ever had came through

another priest; she would not be taught by her stepmother, and her tutor presently announced to her father that his conscience would not allow him to educate a female child of ten—she was really only nine—especially as her dress sleeves in summer, even pulled down as far as they would go, did not reach the elbow, nor did her dress come quite up to the chin, as that of a Christian maiden should do. A wiser priest took his place, and under him she learned fast and well, reading Rollin and Millot for history, and Soave's tales for literature, which her stepmother thought dangerously romantic! She was allowed no girl friends; in fact, Venetian girls rarely had any, and dependants were not desirable companions; but she was trained to scrupulous politeness. One of the duties of a well-born lady was to salute every one she met; and when growing up, she used to be taken to Casa Trissino to practise this courtesy, closely watched to make sure that she bowed to every one, down to the stable-boys.

Having no other diversion, the young marchesina gazed from her balcony, and fancied herself in love with a certain Battistini, not poor, but so far below her that 'sooner than give her to him, the Marchesi Sale would have drowned her with their own hands.' A maid brought her a love-letter; the young lady grew pensive, lost appetite, and trembled at table lest her stepmother should remark it, or servants call attention to her untouched plate by whisking it off as their perquisite. Fortunately, the letter was discovered, and the youth was sent away by his prudent relatives. Another love affair, equally silly, followed, and then she was asked in marriage by Comte Alvise (Ludovic) Mocenigo, a splendid patrician, with whom she was happy, though stormily jealous, until early widowhood shattered her life. She would not go home, nor live with her husband's family, and spent some unhappy years, making verses and studying a little, plagued by disordered affairs and insolent servants, until her boy's schoolmaster, Signor Codemo, a man of no birth, but kind and sensible, married her, to the lasting displeasure of her father. We can imagine how such a *mésalliance* looked to the patrician marchese, but it made the happiness of her life, and she was well loved by her husband's children, though she must have been a trying person to live with, for she had her mother's hasty temper and irritable nerves; to lose her eye-glasses or stumble over a chair was enough to make her furious and abuse all her relations, but a little joke, a trifling change of thought

restored her to her usual gay and agreeable mood, and she instantly forgot, if others did not, all that she had said and done in a passion. Such is the story of a daughter of Venice in the days of her decadance. Would that we could know as much of some fair Mocenigo, or Gusitiniani, or Vendramin in the earlier time when their city was Queen of the Adriatic!

THE FAIRY LOUGH.

LOUGHAREEMA, Loughareema lies so high among the heather—
A little lough, a dark lough, the wather's black an' deep.
Ould herons go a-fishin' there, an' say-gulls all together
Float roun' the one green island on the fairy lough asleep.

Loughareema, Loughareema, when the sun goes down at seven,
When the hills are dark an' *ayrie*, 'tis a curlew whistles sweet!
There comes a rustle in the reeds that grow so thick an' even;
A little wave runs up the shore an' flees, as if on feet.

Loughareema, Loughareema, stars come out an' stars are hidin';
The wather whispers on the stones, the night-moths flitther free.
Onest before the mornin' light the horsemen will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the fairy lough,—an' no one there to see.

MOIRA O'NEILL.

CASSANDRA JUDITH.

'TOM, listen. You *must* listen. The most provoking thing in all the world has happened.'

The most provoking thing in all the world happened every time Helen's dressmaker sent her home a dress that didn't quite fit, or the rain spoilt her tennis party; and as she had had a good many new dresses since we were married, and it was a very wet summer, I had begun to get accustomed to outcries. So I went on with my paper.

'Tom, put that stupid thing away and attend to me. This is dreadful, I tell you.'

When Helen talks in that tone I know there is no help for it, so I threw the paper away, though I was in the very middle of the debate, and she began:

'You know I told you Violet Gray was coming to stay here while those theatricals are going on at the Manor. She is coming to-day, and I especially wanted everything to be very nice, because Lady Tremayne, her aunt, you know, has the best-managed house in the county, and now here is that new parlour-maid writing to say that she can't come to-day because she has got influenza, and I promised cook that she should go to her mother till the evening, and what am I to do?'

'Put off Miss Gray,' I said feebly.

'That's impossible. The theatricals can't get on without her, and I know that they haven't a corner left at the Manor to put her in. Besides, she is my very nicest cousin, and I want you to know her. Think of something else.'

'Can't the cook stay at home?'

'Oh no! not on any account. I shouldn't dare to propose it.'

Helen leant her head on her hands till her fringe was all crumpled out of the way. At last she looked up again.

'I've made up my mind what to do. *You* must stay at home in case of burglars or—or anything, because we can't leave the

house empty. Oh! by-the-by, I forgot—you won't have anything to eat.'

After a little more cogitation she went on—

'You must go to lunch at the Vicarage. They are always delighted when you can come. Mind you don't say I am in a mess, for I can't have Mrs. Evans laughing at me. And mind you lock up the house when you go out, and don't lose the key, and don't forget to come back with it, or I shan't be able to get in.'

'But where are you going?' I asked.

'I am going to do what is obviously the only thing to be done,' answered Helen with dignity—'I am going down to Headstone to look for a parlour-maid. I shall telegraph to Violet to wait till an evening train, and I shall call at the Orphanage, and bring back one of the girls with me for a stop-gap.'

Herewith my wife rose and rang the bell in a decided manner. 'Not that there's much use in it,' she observed when the jingle was over, 'as there's no one to answer it. Those breakfast things will just have to stay where they are till I come home again. What did you say, Tom? *You* wash them up? Oh, please don't think of doing such a thing. We shouldn't have a whole tea-cup left, and you know they were Aunt Abigail's wedding present.'

(I should have been much happier, I thought, if the whole of that hideous breakfast set had been lying about the floor in little bits, but I felt, considering the rapid way our servants went and came, 'each worse than the other,' Helen said, that to try and hurry the work of destruction among our crockery was superfluous.) So I followed her out into the hall in silence, and then it occurred to me that a man who could let his wife take all that long walk to the station, and then half an hour's railway journey, on a hot August morning without trying to help was a useless sort of brute; so I began to offer my services.

Helen turned round and laughed in my face.

'*You* engage a parlour-maid!' she said. 'My dear boy, I should like to see you try. Why, you'd forget even to ask her name. No, no, you stick to your picture, and I'll keep your house for you;' and therewith she ran down the steps, and left me standing in the door, realising what a poor forlorn creature a man is when he is left to himself.

However, I was not going to let everything go to destruction

because the mistress of the house happened to be out, so I proceeded to open all the dining and drawing-room windows top and bottom, which is a thing I constantly hear Helen impressing on her maids.

The wind was up, and I spent a good quarter of an hour running round and round our back garden after the letters and things which blew off Helen's davenport in a little cloud. One of them was marked outside, 'Questions on engaging servants,' so I tucked it into my waistcoat pocket, for it was very silly of Helen to leave such a thing lying about, so that any girl who chanced to come along might look at it and get up the answers. After that I shut up everything tight. Then I went and watered her geraniums, as she always does the first thing after breakfast. The spout of the watering thing got in the way, and three of her plants snapped off at the roots, so I left the other box alone. You cannot order dinner with no cook to listen to you, and I did not see my way to dusting the drawing-room with its own chair-backs, so I went to my easel with an easy conscience and forgot all about luncheon.

It might have been about four o'clock in the afternoon that there came a ring at the front-door bell, and after it had been repeated four or five times it dawned on me that I should have to be the girl and answer it.

I went to the door—and there stood another girl.

I wish I were a novelist that I might make you see how that girl looked! She was tall, she had one of those pale faces that are like living marble, her eyebrows made a soft black line across her forehead, and as for the eyes underneath them, why, they were Athene's own eyes, as clear and steady and unfathomable as the sky itself. She was Joan of Arc, she was Judith, she was Cassandra, she would do at need for Cleopatra too; she was a whole 'Dream of Fair Women' in one, and oh! *would* Helen let me have the parlour-maid to paint? Parlour-maids have not got much to do.

Moreover, she had no fringe (I should think not, over that perfect forehead), and I hadn't been chairman at Helen's G. F. S. meeting without learning that a maid without a fringe is a rare bird, and should be housed at once.

But I was not going to imperil my character as a housekeeper by engaging any one without asking questions, so I held open the dining-room door for her, and she walked in.

Helen always engages her servants in the dining-room,

because she thinks our two family portraits are impressive. So they are—impressively, ponderously bad.

When we were inside the door I had an uneasy conviction that Helen used to sit while her victim stood, and that I as her representative ought to do the same; but I couldn't bring myself to try, so the beauty and her would-be master planted themselves one on each side of the dining-room table and stared at each other, just as Thomson and I do at the School Board when we are going to quarrel. After a while I felt that some one *must* make a beginning.

'What can you *do?*' I said.

And she replied, 'I understand the duties of a parlour-maid, sir.'

This was all very well, but what in the world was to come next?

All at once I remembered Helen's bit of paper. I took it out and ran my eye down it. 'Sober, steady, respectable.' Well, *she* might have side enough to ask St. Elizabeth of Hungary whether she was respectable, but I hadn't. 'Truthful, good-tempered.' How in the world was I to ask Semiramis about her temper? I looked up; and that girl had got a smile on her face. She hid it away directly, but I had seen it, and it nerved me to ask a question which I thought could not possibly embarrass anybody.

'What was your last situation?'

'I have lived with Lady Tremayne, sir, at Cressley Court.'

'Lady Tremayne,' I thought, 'the best-managed house in the county? Ah! you can't improve on that, Mrs. Helen.—Then you'll do,' I went on aloud.

And then I perceived, to my horror, that the Queen of Sheba was going to take her turn in the game.

'Might I ask, sir, what wages you give?'

'I don't know,' I faltered. 'The usual thing.'

'And what holidays, if you please, sir?'

'Oh, a good many,' was my cautious answer.

'And what rooms should I have in charge, sir?'

How was I to know that? I felt as I used to do when I couldn't say my 'duty to my neighbour.'

'And, if you please, sir, how many in family?'

Then I felt myself on firm ground. 'Two,' I said decidedly, forgetting all about my son and heir, who was just beginning to toddle about on his grandmother's lawn.

Then said my new parlour-maid, 'I think I can undertake the situation, sir; and as I hear you are—you have—you haven't—perhaps you'd like me to get you a cup of tea at once?'

'Oh, thank you,' I replied, beginning to realise that I had subsisted since breakfast on sucking my paint-brushes. 'I should be most awfully grateful if you would. You'll find it all in the kitchen.'

And it was not till she was well out of the room that I recollected that Helen was in the habit of asking personal questions about age and name. 'No matter,' I reflected, 'I shall call her Jane if I can remember, and as for her age it shall be five and twenty.'

About an hour later I was still dawdling over the very nicest cup of tea I ever had in my life, and deliberating what sort of background to put behind Helen of Troy, when the door opened, and there stood *my* Helen, looking as fresh and smiling as if she had just simply walked down the garden to get a rose.

'Well, where's Violet?' she said.

'Violet!' I repeated. 'I don't know what you're talking about.'

'Why, I met Violet at Headstone, and she said she would come straight on here and look after you. I suppose she changed her mind. Why, how clever of you, Tom, to get tea all by yourself. Oh! and I've got a parlour-maid.'

'And so have I!' I shouted.

'*You!* What do you mean?'

Then I began to tell my story, but just as I had got to the point of my treasure's beautiful long hands, Helen jumped up.

'You don't mean to say that you've let a total stranger into the house! Why, we shan't have a spoon left. Come along; we must go and see what's to be done.'

Away went the mistress of the house, and away went her crestfallen husband after her. We went upstairs and downstairs, into the dining-room, the drawing-room, the scullery, the pantry, all manner of queer places, and still not a trace of my Judith, Joan-Cassandra.

Then we descended mournfully, to count the spoons. Well, they were all there, so I breathed again, and then, for no reason I could see, we went round the garden to see if my new handmaiden had concealed herself in the tool shed.

In doing so we chanced to pass the drawing-room; the long

French windows were open, and we could look in. And there I saw a picture. There in the darkest corner sat a girl in white, leaning back in a low cane chair, with a palm leaning down to touch her shoulder, just where a ray of sunshine crossed the shadow, a blue bowl on the shelf just above, and a pale yellow cushion under her curly black head. And just as the window swung she turned round the least bit in the world. Oh dear me! if my getting into the Salon had depended on it, Helen would never keep a parlour-maid who sat about in her mistress's drawing-room after this unseemly fashion.

And then, before I had time to think of hiding my diminished head, Helen had dashed across the room, and was hugging the intruder as if she never meant to let her go.

I stood and stared at them.

'You darling, how in the world did you get in?'

'Oh, Helen darling, how nice you look! and where *did* you get that pink frock?'

'And have you got your luggage all right?'

'And where's the baby, my dearest?'

And so on. You know the ridiculous sort of stuff two women talk when they get together. Then all at once Helen turned round.

'Oh, Violet, I quite forgot—you've never met Tom, have you?'

The parlour-maid held out her hand. 'Yes,' she said gravely, 'I think I have.'

Well, I have painted my cousin in various characters and all manner of dresses, and Helen says she is prettier in every one of them than she was in the one before. Of course I can't judge of that; you may see for yourself in the Academy.

C. M. WHIDBORNE.

THE STRUGGLES OF THE UNTRAINED LADY.

VERY real, very grim, often very sordid, are the struggles of the untrained lady, when, from force of circumstances, she is driven to enter the field of work and to fight for her own living.

To a great extent—to an extent hitherto by no means fully realised—the cause of the difficulty she encounters lies in want of imagination.

A very distinguished woman of our own times emphasises strongly, in her incisive speeches, the evils that result from a want of this quality, and lays great stress on its unrecognised value as a spring of action and as a source of helpfulness and power.

So, strengthened by her opinion, I would again repeat that the chief cause of the difficulties of an untrained lady rises from want of imagination.

We hear that the Cloverdills have lost all their money at one fell swoop, we say, '*What* will become of those unfortunate girls!' we may even write and condole, or give a general invitation which is hardly meant to be accepted. Here our imagination should step in but does not. We are content to be vaguely sorry, but the subject is distressing; we do not care to follow out the train of thought it suggests; it has never occurred to us that it is our duty to try and realise, in some measure at least, ways of life other than the ordinary, comfortable, well-to-do lives we ourselves lead.

So 'those poor girls' drift out of sight and out of mind; and at times when we might do the most god-like kindness by dint of tactful realisation of another's life, the opportunity is lost, and the double benefit is unbestowed for want of that divine faculty—imagination.

If the Cloverdills, father and mother, had not lacked that faculty, would they not have foreseen the faint, ever-existing possibility that has now become a dread reality? would they

not in their wealthier days have striven to fit their daughters, by training and by cultivating any natural qualifications, to make at least a living were it never so humbly earned?

They surely saw other people's daughters stranded; they had had governesses—their equals in everything but wealth—but they never realised, they never imagined, they scarcely even dreaded such things as touching their own children. Hence the situation.

Again, had you asked Jessie Cloverdill last year what she would do, if she, like Mary Bracy, were left to fend for herself, what would she have said?

'Oh, *I* don't know, I'm sure; what odd things you do talk about! Poor Mary! I suppose she'll manage to get along somehow, you know.'

Jessie realised no life beyond the sphere of her own; she knew some quite poor people, but she did not enter into the 'inner house' of their lives. How should she? and she could not exercise her imagination to foresee and prepare.

But now she has no longer any home; there is no money for months, till wills are proved, or till all sorts of law expenses are settled, and even then there is very little.

She is young and strong and what is called well-educated, but what can she *do?* How can she face the world? What has she to offer that unsparing critical taskmaster, what that has a market value in these difficult days? What can she *do?*

'Oh, anything!' she answers airily; and it is hard indeed to fix her to the subject, so convinced is she of her own value, so persuaded that work need not begin just yet, or so unable to understand that untrained work only commands proportionate pay.

Such a girl I have known to be offered a post in a factory, which in about six months led to a responsible position with a good salary in one or other of the chief European capitals. No, she would not have it; she would make some more visits first, and so on.

The berth was filled up, and the girl who rejected it so lightly took work with a milliner for a tiny salary and tremendous hours. She would now, I feel sure, join me in my earnest advice to untrained lady-workers: 'Take what comes, and do not dare to pick and choose.'

Had she contrasted in her mind the regular hours, good pay, interest, and responsibility of the one position with what else

she might have reason to expect—had she used her imagination, what might she not have been spared!

'Well, but,' girls say, 'I am a lady, of course I ought to be treated as one and well paid.'

My dear! my dear! when you are a worker, it is your work that decides your value, not your social status. If you are a lady, your cultivated mind and your refinement, your natural good breeding will all, I trust, improve the quality of your work.

'Bon chien chasse de race,' say the French; but, except possibly as a governess, there is no position you can hope to fill in which *you* will not be worth more than your original position, your social 'setting,' so to speak, in which it will not be by your work, and by its quality, that you will be measured and meeded.

Of course there are wise girls who foresee uncertainties and endeavour to provide against them, but there is a great difficulty in the way, namely, that to take up a profession takes a woman's whole life, and takes her from the home which often really needs her; and also that for a well-to-do and eventually well-provided-for girl to force her way into the ranks of a profession, is hard on those whose most immediate needs drive them to work; and it is but few girls whose brains, taking the place of money, can unaided gain them a footing in the professional world, whilst for the poorer ones the money for training is rarely forthcoming. When an untrained lady has to set to work, she feels *helpless*—there is no word limp enough to describe what she feels.

All her friends wish her well, but none give any practical help, and sometimes, years afterwards, she has a good laugh over their fatuous but kindly meant suggestions.

As a rule the untrained lady does not like regular work, and does not—alas! alas! alas! how constantly we meet them!—does not know any one single thing perfectly.

If not very young she shrinks from anything like publicity, and suffers tortures when she interviews people; she is crushed to the ground each time she is unsuccessful, and fails to give any confidence in her capacity to possible employers.

She knows nothing of business; is led to accept the most absurdly inadequate pay and the most tyrannous hours of work through ignorance; she does not work very quickly or very well; is so nervous that she appears prevaricating; and while

she suffers tortures no other soul ever knows of, she is underselling other women, and adding to the sum of incompetence that still, though with daily diminishing justice, lies on women's work.

If she is younger she is bolder, not braver; for the older woman struggles on where the younger throws up this engagement and that, for the merest trifles, or expects with all her ignorance the pay of skilled work after patient years.

I know many brave women, however, young, and not quite so young, who through no fault of their own have encountered such difficulties and gone through such struggles as I would fain hope may never be the lot of any of my readers.

And I say again that much of the hardness they endured might have been smoothed away, had the ordinary kindly folk they lived amongst made it their business to know something of other lives than their own—something of the new demands for work, something of the state of the market as regards established forms of work—so that to them might have been given that joy to which all other joys go less—the joy of doing kindnesses. *Doing*, please note, not wishing, not sighing, not sympathising; but by keeping in touch with both the world of leisure and of toil, being able to give a helpful hand to those who perforce must pass from one to the other.

Do we not most of us know of some one all-knowing kindly soul, who hears of all wants and wanters, and whose tact in selecting and bringing the right people and the right things together is almost magic?

Would there were more of her. And there might be. Years ago Miss Thackeray published a volume of short articles, collected, I suppose, from the magazines to which she contributed. The first in the book was called 'Toilers and Spinsters,' and if you have not read it, I would advise you to do so at the earliest opportunity.

What she so touchingly tells of is still too often the case; but when young women are concerned, they ought to be strong, and to manage, as can be done, by quiet, purposeful work, to fit themselves for the evil days that none can dare to say shall not be hers.

Knowing nothing very well, but having far wider general knowledge than most young women of their age, two girls I know came to town some years ago. They had a little money, enough to *exist* on, not to live and move and have their being; and they sought work.

One went out dressmaking in a private house, where she met one of the helpful fairies I have spoken of above, who has always remained her friend.

Thence she went on to another house to dress-make, and here she worked all day, from early morning till very late—it was unavoidable. The people were not unkind; they were, on the contrary, very kind, so that it was hard to leave off at the right time, yet they lacked the power of seeing into another's life, and they let her work too hard for her strength.

Then followed long months of odd work—little orders for embroidery, and so on—so unsatisfactory, so inadequate to either of the desired ends, occupations or earnings; and at last, almost by accident, she heard of work in a manufactory as clerk.

In a very hurried way it was settled, and her toils began. Her ignorance of commerce, of accounts, of nearly all that was wanted was well-nigh fatal. Her intense distaste for the class of work was also greatly against her. She has told me how she has shrunk from the sight of the gates, and felt almost unable to go in. Yet after a while she grew keenly to enjoy her business life, and nothing gave her greater grief than to leave it, when circumstances so constrained her.

Here let me interject, for the benefit of such untrained ladies as may dislike their present avocations—'Stay in whatever post you may have obtained, until you can go at once to a better; *never* leave unless you have secured a new post;' and these be the words of one who knows and writes not idly.

The other girl went to a business, nominally for ladies only, and presumably worked on co-operative principles.

The objects of the business were excellent, the working was admirably supervised, but the hours were no less and the pay no better than in many a business which did not aim so high.

The only things these two had mastered at all were these: to write a concise letter in a good and distinct handwriting, and to make everything they wore, that could be made by women at home.

These two things, and the training in exactness and order which they had received, were their stock-in-trade; with them they faced the world, and with them they bought their fighting ground in the great arena. But let no lady dream of literature as a field by which at a given time to begin to support herself. If she has the golden gift it will out; but perhaps nothing takes more of the water of waiting to rear the plant of success than literature.

Have I not shared the anxieties of friends, one of whom was waiting till her accepted story should appear and be paid for, to go to a doctor about the failing sight and painful cramp that were devouring her with anxiety?

There is so much average work in the market to be had without the asking, that it is high good fortune that leads to a successful literary life, coupled with great industry and an infinite capacity for patience—unless, of course, in the rare cases where genius will out, and all must see its gleam.

Others I have known who painted more or less—usually less. When it came to finding purchasers beyond their immediate circle of friends, there was so much better work in the market than theirs, that the prices they had hoped for were quite unattainable; they had not the time to take lessons, the money to pay for them, nor the pluck to make the best terms for themselves. So they went on daily, not improving—hardly keeping up their standard, and always depreciating the value of such work in its own field. A list of the different things tried at different times by different women may be interesting, as showing how hardly shall they that be untrained find footing and favour.

M. was first a dressmaker and fairly successful, going to people's own houses. Amongst other things she covered parasols, and helped to make boys' clothes for a boy of fourteen. Next she became an embroideress; next a secretary, or clerk; next she was in an agency; next on a newspaper.

N. was first a milliner; then an ornamental worker; a stock-keeper; a matcher, etc. Then for months out of work, and eventually a semi-public official—in spite of her youth, and in virtue of a good manner and much tact.

E. first learnt law-copying, being paid almost nothing at first; then she became dispenser at a hospital, and secretary to a doctor, but her hours grew, and her pay did not; so she left, became a lady-clerk, and is greatly valued in a great business.

A. was for a while a governess to very young children; then a searcher in the Museum Library; then chief secretary in an agency; then shorthand writer in a bureau. Her French helped her, and the time she devoted to shorthand is now its own reward—on the staff of an influential evening paper.

P. tried teaching, but failed; so she became a child's nurse in a gentleman's house, and found it by no means an intolerable position, nor is she alone in this avocation.

B. borrowed some money and bought a typewriter; eventually, by dint of heroic patience and the most cheery pluck, she got together a staff of girls, and up to the time of her marriage she had a flourishing business.

'There is nothing very dreadful in that,' you say, 'all those are things anybody could do.' True, my reader, anybody could, but very few bodies do carry out any such works to successful endings. It must be remembered how long they all had to wait; how wearily they answered advertisements, and were not answered in return; how timorously they presented themselves for interviews; how crushed they were at the constant decision, 'you will not do for us.'

It must be remembered, too, how many never really succeed at all; but if they get any little sum, however uncertain, must contrive to exist upon it. The picture of such struggles drawn by Mr. Walter Besant, in 'Katherine Regina,' is not exaggerated or overstated. I have known cases of equal suffering and of sadness in my own experience.

In any case the untrained lady has to work for small wage, to live in a very limited manner, to endure constant anxiety as to ways and means; to be patience embodied and perseverance impersonated; she may not even always have the certainty of a roof over her head.

Naturally follows on the question, 'What is the remedy for all this?' To which, alas! the answer must be, 'There is no panacea;' but in times to come it is to be hoped that greater simplicity of living will enable parents to make better provision for their daughters, and that the daughter, realizing the possibilities which underlie the lives of each of us, will set themselves, whilst taking a larger share of the work of their homes, to learn at least one thing thoroughly, so as to have it to offer when they needs must work.

It may be, indeed it often happens, that the one thing thoroughly mastered is not that made use of to get a living, but the fact of having attained thoroughness and system and accuracy in any one line, and of possessing definite, serviceable, impartable knowledge, if only on one subject, implies a mental training and a power of apprehension and application that are in themselves valuable credentials.

M. H. JAMES.

SHAVEN CROWN.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WITGILS TO THE RESCUE.

SWANGIFT was standing by her unshuttered window, taking the air there one afternoon in spring. She had recovered now from her overstrain at the time of Walram's death, and, as was only natural, she was beginning to feel her prolonged imprisonment very irksome. She knew that she could terminate it at once by sending word to Wolfhild that she was ready to return to Woden-worship by eating horseflesh; and sometimes it did seem to her a great temptation to do so. After all, she was almost entirely ignorant of the tenets of the faith she confessed; what belief she had was principally the old paganism in which she had been brought up, and its only Christian element was that the White Christ was a better God than the old ones, because He was kind to little children, and took care of people's souls after their death, and did not care whether men died on the battle-field or by a 'straw-death.' Still she had a close tie to the new religion in the fact that her baby had been made 'Christ's man.' She could not separate herself from him, or do anything to forfeit the protection for him in which she so devoutly trusted; and therefore she made up her mind to endure her imprisonment and not to yield to Wolfhild, lest it should be bad for the child. But the hope she had once had that the Addings would deliver her grew fainter every day.

A short, thick-set girl, wearing a hooded cloak which came over her face, and carrying a basket of wood on her head, came past Swangift's window. In her hand she carried a bunch of primroses and anemones, and as she passed Swangift she cried out in a rather croaking voice—

'Flowers, flowers for a fair lady to deck herself withal, who does not care to go and pick them in the wood! And wood for the kitchen, and pine cones for a bright blaze!'

Then Swangift started, and the colour came into her cheeks and died away, for the voice of the girl was the voice of Witgils.

'You are no Bedding,' said the guard who was stationed outside. 'What is your name and whence come you?'

'Elgiva Gubbin's daughter, the Warling,' said the girl.

'I will have the flowers,' cried Swangift from her window. 'Let the maiden bring them in.'

If Stubba's wits had not been somewhat muddled with his heavy dinner and the many draughts of ale that accompanied it, he might have thought that it might be dangerous to let a stranger in. But Uda was usually keeping watch within, and he did not remember that he had just seen her pass out with a basket full of newly washed linen to dry on the gorse-bushes behind the home-field. So Witgils came in, and Swangift, when she saw him, burst out crying, though so softly that no one could hear.

'I thought,' she said, 'my own folk had forgotten me and would take no steps to set me free.'

'Forgotten you!' said Witgils. 'Why, the very day Father Denis came from shriving Walram on his death-bed, Warmund sent six noble Addings to bring you back to your own people; and they were told that you were sick of your husband's fever, and that if any one came to you you could not answer them. And then a week after that we sent again, and they told us that you had gone back from your baptism, and eaten of the Woden sacrifice, and meant to live and die with Walram's folk. And so they came back with the tale, and Elfrida wept all day, and Warmund refused his food. Father Denis fasted and prayed for you for three days, but we could do no more. It was only when I saw the cones against the elm that I said Swangift needs some one; and be she Woden's or be she Christ's I will see what ails her.'

'It is a lie, a wicked lie of Wolfhild's the Witchwife!' said Swangift. 'I am Christ's woman, for I could not forsake Him who loved and saved my babe. They threatened me with a green fire, but I stood firm. How is it with my babe? Has he cut his teeth safely, do you know?'

'Nay, a babe's teeth are not in my way,' said Witgils. 'Now don't waste time. The babe is well, and Warmund makes as much of him as though he were his own firstborn. How goes it with you?'

Swangift told all that had happened: Wolfhild's threats and her own imprisonment; but both were wary, and when Uda came in with her empty basket she found them apparently bargaining about the price to be paid for the flowers. Uda joined in quite unsuspectingly to beat the Warling girl down; and presently the matter was settled by Swangift bidding Uda get the stranger a piece of barley-bread and a drink of milk. Then the Warling girl departed, singing out as she went—

'I shall come this way soon again, lady, if I can find any more flowers in the forest of the sort you want. But pine cones have done their work now, and are over. Spring is coming fast.'

Witgils left the village as if he was going to Warlingham, but as soon as he was well out of the Bedding settlement he doubled towards the forest, fording the Wandel, and made his way homeward. Arrived at his grandfather's, Warmund sent to summon Ermenric and Denis, both of whom happened to be at home, and a private council of the four was held, before settling on any public proposition to be put before the tribe.

Ermenric had been to Canterbury since his baptism, and had only returned the day before Witgils's expedition, to find his rival dead. It could not be said that he grieved for Walram; but he had generosity enough to pity him for his 'straw-death.' No sooner had Witgils brought the tidings of Swangift's imprisonment, than he was wild with desire to start off that moment to the Beddings' town, deliver the captive lady, and make her his wife at once. This procedure might strike us as rather rapid for a two-months' widow; but in those rough days it was so needful for a woman to have a protector that no widows, however sorrowful at their loss, were allowed by their friends more than a very little time to mourn their old love before a new marriage was arranged for them. And though a middle-aged woman of position would sometimes assert her right not to marry until she chose to do so, a young girl-widow like Swangift would have no choice given her.

'Stay,' said Denis. 'Lord Warmund, would it not be better to send round to the settlements of the Hundred to join together to march to the Beddings' town and release the Lady Swangift?'

'Do you mean that we Addings could not deal with the Beddings single-handed?' said Ermenric, indignantly.

'I mean nothing of the sort, Ermenric Wilfrid's son,' said

Denis. 'The Addings, I doubt not, are fully equal to any emergency that the Beddings may bring upon them. But the Addings are Christ's men now, and are bound to avoid all needless bloodshed; and whereas the Beddings are sure to resist if the Addings alone come against them—and who knows but what the Lady Swangift herself might suffer in the fray—they will not resist if they are so completely overmastered, as would be the case if all the Hundred join in the matter.'

'For me,' said his convert Ermenric, 'I like a hand-to-hand fight with my equal; then I gain glory if I slay him, and no loss of renown if he slays me, so long as I have made a good fight.'

'But,' said Witgils, 'if it is Swangift you are fighting for, Wolfhild the Witchwife will probably slay her to keep her from you, if there is an even fight between us, and you would rather win a living than a dead woman for your wife, Ermenric.'

Ermenric could not deny this fact, and Warmund said, 'Father Denis, your counsel is good. For the sake of Swangift, and for the sake of the vow we vowed to Christ to shed no needless blood, we will seek to do this business as you say, and leave the thought of the honour and glory we might have got by it single-handed. The next thing is to send round to the various towns of the Hundred to see who will join us.'

Witgils, Ermenric, and Denis undertook to go the next day to the different settlements and see who would join with the Addings in making the matter one of peaceful enforcement of law rather than of battle; and Denis, whose work in the various settlements had brought him in touch with the views of the principal men, was sanguine that most of them would welcome an opportunity to put a stop to the lawlessness of the Beddings by superior force. With the new light of Christianity had come a new impulse towards civilisation, of the same kind which made Ethelbert, three years after his conversion, promulgate a new set of laws for his kingdom. And when a new social ideal of peace and quietness had entered, however slightly, into the minds of the converts, all the women, and all the men past the prime of their strength, were found ready to adopt it, though the change was apt to go to the heart of such fighting Christians as Ermenric.

Denis came back from his errand in high spirits at his success. All the tribes he had consulted with were ready to join in the expedition. Witgils had also had good success; Ermenric

had been less fortunate, but, as Witgils remarked to Denis, this was probably because he was in his heart still hankering after the old form of settlement, or rather unsettlement, of any dispute between Addings and Beddings. On the second day they were all to assemble on Duppa's Hill, and march together to deliver Swangift and coerce the Beddings into good behaviour.

But at a time when, necessarily, plans were discussed before the freemen of the whole Hundred, some of whom had friendly relations with the Beddings, it was only natural that some of the partisans of Woden, who had refused as yet to take baptism, should rally to the side of the old gods, so prominently represented by Wolfhild and the Beddings. And thus it became known to the Beddings that Denis the priest was stirring up the Hundred to come down upon the Bedding settlement and demand Swangift.

'And I always said she should have been sent back at once,' grumbled Cribba, 'and then all this would have been avoided. What harm could she have done to us? Nay, why not send her back now?'

'And own ourselves defeated? Nay, I would rather slay the woman with my own hands,' said Wolfhild, with an expression not unlike that of the beast which formed the first part of her name.

'I will not have the woman slain,' said Cribba, 'nor will any of those who swore to Walram by the Egg of the World, the Serpent of the Sea, and the Holy Ash-tree of Heaven. My men are guarding her now. Come! it is of no use to bandy words when the foe is at the door.'

'Cribba son of Ingram, you are a false-hearted Bedding. Your eyes have seen the fair face of the Adding woman, and for her you have forsaken Woden and the gods of our fathers.'

'Who speaks that word lies. I have a wife of my own. And I will prove to you that I have not forsaken Woden or the gods of my fathers. The Shaven-crown is at the Sandrings to-day, to use the magic of the White Christ on a woman who is near death there. Young Witgils son of Roswald is with him. If you choose to waylay and slay the priest as he returns, I shall not interfere; but for Swangift Walram's widow I shall interfere, to keep the oath I have sworn.'

Wolfhild drew off, like a furious dog, that has been quieted with a bone, but a fierce light shot up in her eyes. All at once her

desire to have Denis in her power, and to take away his power of magic from him by forcing him to do homage to Woden, leapt into furious flame. True, Wykhelm had not yet determined actually to declare war against Ethelbert; but he probably would do so very shortly, before Ethelbert had time to revenge Denis's death upon the Beddings. Besides, she could do it secretly. Thunstan and Wolf were burning to revenge on the priest the disgrace they had suffered when, in their attack on Ermenric, they had both been overthrown by one unarmed man. They would do the deed if she committed it to them; and if they carried their victim to the little temple of Woden in the forest, which was scarcely ever frequented except by her, such Beddings as might not approve of the deed would be kept in ignorance of it. And—who could tell?—perhaps, the magician once dead, her spells would again work as they had done before.

There is no more certain fact than that those who begin by deliberately working upon the superstition of others often come to be infected by the very superstitions they have fostered. Wolfhild had begun by playing upon the fears of the Beddings to enhance her own power in the tribe, for the honour of Woden and her own power were synonymous. Now all her fears had centred themselves upon the magic of this man, which had counteracted all her machinations and her own ambition, and hatred drove her on to endeavour to triumph over him by making him betray his own cause, and, by falseness to his Master, divest himself of what she thought his supernatural power.

'Torments,' she said to herself, as she pondered over her plans, 'will conquer most men if they go on long enough.' All this took far less time to think than to write, and it was only after a minute's silence that she looked up and said, in a voice suspiciously mild and amiable, to those who knew her best—

'No, it will not do to anger the Hundred just now. We will have no waylaying till this coil is unwound. What we must do now is to let the Hundred have their way, I suppose, and bide our time.'

Cribba was sharp enough to see that Wolfhild was brewing mischief. He thought that Swangift was the object of her vindictiveness, and set his own men to guard her bower, and warned her to beware of any food that did not come direct from

himself. He thought Wolfhild quite capable of poisoning her. Poor Swangift began to wonder whether life was worth having at such a price, and cried herself to sleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

STEADFAST TO DEATH.

WITGILS and Denis were walking back through the forest from the stead of the Sandrings. Witgils did not grow much as he increased in years; he was strong, hearty, and hardy, and capable of more endurance than many much bigger lads; but he would always remain Witgils the Little. Now his shoulders were broadening, but he would never be much over five foot in height. To make up for this, however, he had far the cleverest head in the whole of that part of the country, Wolfhild only excepted; and Denis often found that, boy as he was, his advice was not only given with modesty, but proved extremely valuable when given. He on his part was very fond of Denis, and talked over his affairs with him far more freely than he was now inclined to do with Ermenric.

As they walked together on this occasion, he was talking to Denis about his own position.

'I am nowhere now for the headship of the Addings when Warmund is gone,' he said. 'Warmund thinks nothing of a man who is not six foot high, and that babe of Swangift's is already dearer to him than I shall ever be, because of my small stature. I foresee plainly enough that when Swangift is back in Warmund's house with Ermenric for her husband, I shall be in the way. And yet if I had not had the wit to find out Swangift's condition, Ermenric would never have got her back for his wife; and it is all to my own loss that I have done it.'

'Yet you do not repent?' said Denis.

'No,' said Witgils. 'I could not leave my kinswoman alone among her enemies without seeking in some way to save her. I suppose I should do it again. Yet I am the loser.'

'Yet perhaps not loser in the long run,' said Denis. 'Methinks I have always seen what the Lord means your ready wit and your power of counsel for. It is for such a life as mine. But I have not your head. Where I crawl, you would run.'

'Sometimes,' said Witgils, 'I have thought myself that I should like to be a priest, and to know how to write and read. There are things I see which would be good for the folk if I had

the authority to make them see it; but they would scoff if it were only put to them by Witgils the Little. But, then, I should have to renounce so much—all the free forest life, and the hunting, and my own folk.'

'He that loses his life,' said Denis, 'the same shall keep it.'

As he spoke a rustling was heard in the low oak scrub through which they were passing, and almost at the same moment Witgils felt a heavy blow on his shoulder. It was meant for his head, and would certainly have felled him senseless if it had taken effect there; but his assailant missed him, and only struck him to the ground. He was but little hurt, and as he struggled to his feet he perceived that Denis was holding two men tightly by the collar, while more were hastening up from behind. 'Fly, boy, fly, and bring help!' he panted; and Witgils saw that this was the only thing to do. His right arm was lamed for the moment by the blow on his shoulder, but his legs were all right. He could not fight, but he could run for help. He flew faster than any of his enemies could follow him, and in an incredibly short time had covered the three miles which lay between the scene of the attack and his home.

With a strong escort, including Ermenric, he started out again, feeling to his great relief that the powerlessness had passed from his arm, and that, though the place of the blow was black and painful, he was still able to pull his bow almost as well as usual. The searching party went to the place which Witgils pointed out, but neither Denis nor his enemies were there; and trodden blades of grass and broken twigs showed these experienced foresters that a party of at least six or eight men had passed by that way. They followed the track towards the Beddings' town till it got so dark that it was impossible to find the trail, and then, unwillingly enough, they agreed that there was nothing to be done until the morning. At nine o'clock the warriors of the whole Hundred would meet on Duppa's Hill, and then would march at once upon the Beddings. The only hope for Denis was that the Beddings might have thought it desirable to seize him as a hostage. True, they already had Swangift in their hands; but she was only useful as a hostage to the Addings, while Denis was an important official of Ethelbert's among the whole of the tribes of the Hundred.

Our forefathers were perhaps not quite so independent of comfort as the Highlander who rated his son for luxury because

he used a snowball for a pillow; but they managed to sleep in the open air without taking cold in weather that would certainly cripple us with rheumatism if we tried it. The greater part of the spring night was dark and starless; but about three o'clock it cleared, and a late moon arose, yellow and sickly, as is her wont when on the wane. Witgils saw that there was a certain amount of light, and thought he could distinguish the trail. He crept to Ermenric, who was sleeping soundly, and shook him. Ermenric awoke, but declared that it was of no use whatever to try to pursue their prey for a couple of hours or more, and that if the trail took them straight to the Beddings they must wait to attack the settlement till the rest of the force joined them.

But Witgils was not satisfied. Bow in hand, he crept along the moonlit grass, and when his eyes grew more practised in the darkness, he found that he could see the trail almost as well as before. Fearless by nature, and more especially now that his whole mind was taken up by anxiety for his friend, he resolved to follow it alone. With infinite care and patience he crawled along it till the moonlight began to fail before the grey misty light of the raw spring dawn. Just then he reached a place where the trail separated into two. The greater part of the men seemed to have gone on to their home; but in the smaller trail, which lay through swampy ground, the marks of three distinct sets of men's footsteps were seen, and one set of woman's footsteps. Beside the woman's footsteps Witgils picked up a feather, which must either have come from a rook or a raven. His memory recalled the raven which usually sat on Wolfhild's shoulder. Could this be the Witchwife, and was Denis now in her power? He shred a morsel off his tunic with his hunting-knife, and left it at the beginning of the fork to show which way he had gone, knowing it would be observed.

A shudder of fear passed through the lad as he pursued his way in the darkness. He had very little notion what Wolfhild's powers were, and was by no means sure that she could not change him into a wild goose or a hare. It was therefore all the more honour to him that he swallowed down his fears, made the sign of the cross to counteract any of the Witchwife's spells, and followed the track steadily. It led him to a part of the wood where he had never been before. Here the pines grew thick into a sort of natural grove, and the wind whistled and sighed through their needles. A great heap of stones stood in the very centre of the grove, and behind it a circular, thatched,

wood-built temple. No one was there. Yes! what was that upon the ground, like a white pillar, straight and stiff? Almost sick with suspense, Witgils rushed to it, and saw the tortured and dishonoured body of his friend before his eyes; saw also that the breast was still heaving with the labouring breath, and that the closed eyes and tightly compressed mouth were twitching as with agony too acute to bear. Glancing round, his eye caught sight of various weapons which seemed to have been used in the hideous work of torture. The body itself was tightly chained to a thick board, and bore tokens of such usage as, even in those untender days, blinded Witgil's eyes with such tears that he could not see for a moment. He knelt down by Denis's side and called him, touching him softly as he did so.

The glazing eyes unclosed, but there was no recognition in them. 'I will not yield, so help me Christ my King!' the lips murmured faintly. 'My body is yours, but my soul is His!'

There was a sound as of a man's footsteps coming nearer. Witgils hid himself behind the great heap of stones on the further side, and watched. Swiftly he strung his bow and lifted his arrow to the string; but he waited to see what the new-comer was about to do before he shot. It was just possible this might be a friend, not an enemy.

Thunstan son of Grim took out a leather flask from his belt, drank from it himself, and then unfastening the chains which strapped down the upper part of the victim's body, he lifted him up against his knee and made him drink. This looked like the act of a friend, and Witgils still delayed his shot. Very little could have gone down Denis's throat, in spite of the force with which Thunstan forced open his mouth; there was, however, a choking struggle, and his consciousness returned.

'There. I thought that would bring you to, dog of an outlander! Now for the horse-flesh'—and he drew forth a strip of the black, dried, repulsive-looking substance. 'Swallow this, or all you have had yet shall be nothing to what you shall have now!'

These were his last words. The arrow sped true from Witgils's bow, and struck Thunstan on the temple. He fell dead beside his victim. Then Witgils sprang out, and with a tremendous exertion of strength he contrived to get the board against his back, and to drag both it and its burden out of the pine grove down the hill in the shelter of a clump of dwarf oak bushes, which grew thick and close and hid them from sight of the

grove, while they would be visible from the path by which he expected Ermenric and his party to arrive. Then he unfastened the chains which were wound tightly round the lower part of the poor mutilated body and limbs, and leaving him for a moment, rushed back to the grove to find some garment to lay over him. He had at first thought of disrobing Thunstan's corpse, but as he looked round he saw Denis's own serge gown lying close by. As he took it up, the crucifix dropped from its folds. He lifted it up, and also the spears and knives that were lying about, and hastened back to the oak covert. There he threw down the weapons in the wood, covered Denis with his own gown as he lay, and then, drawing out his own hunting bottle put it to his friend's lips, speaking gently and soothingly as he did so. Denis opened his eyes again, recognized Witgils and said—

'Fly! Who knows but what they may do to you what they have done to me?'

'Not I,' said Witgils. 'I have slain the Bedding, and saved you for the time. Ermenric and his men will be here soon. But what will be the use? They have slain you!'

'Yes,' said Denis, 'they have slain me. But that matters little. I have not denied my King! Praise be to Him!!'

The sound of triumph and joy in his voice nearly overcame Witgils's composure, but he kept back the tears with a strong effort.

'How—how long has it gone on?' he asked.

'It seems like years. The sun was not set when it began. They stood by me all night—Thunstan the Bedding and the Witchwife. Wolf the Bedding was there at the beginning, but he went away when it had gone on a little while. At last I could speak no more, and they tried to force the horseflesh into my mouth, but they could not. Then I think my sense nearly went. I could not see nor hear, but I could pray, and my King stood by me and saved me. Who is this?'

It was Ermenric who stooped over him, sobbing like a child, and with the tears running down his cheeks in streams. Witgils silently lifted the covering, and showed the work of the tormentors.

'They shall die for this!' said he, lifting up his hand to heaven. 'No Bedding man shall be left alive by this evening, I swear by——' But Denis with a supreme effort stopped him with an upward gesture of head and arm.

'Ermenric son of Wilfrid, and Addings all! A dying man's prayer is sacred. Lay your hands in mine and swear by Christ the King to do my last bidding.'

They crowded round him, and each touched his cold hand in turn, saying, 'I swear by Christ the King!' and then stood round waiting for his command.

'I will have no Bedding slaughtered for my death,' he said. 'Thunstan son of Grim is slain by the hand of Witgils already—the Lord lay not his sins to his charge! Wolfhild the Witch-wife lives still, and should be bound and carried to Ethelbert to give judgment upon; yet, tell Ethelbert, should he find her worthy of death for her witchcraft, I would have her slain mercifully and not tortured. As for the rest of the Beddings, he that lays a hand upon one of them, save in fair fight, breaks his vow!'

There was a chorus of sobbing as he spake, partly of grief for him, partly of the impotence of baffled revenge. As Witgils held him, he felt the momentary strength die out, and an attack of gasping faintness followed, which showed that the end was not far off.

'Were it not well to guard the grove?' whispered Witgils to Ermenric. 'Wolfhild may come at any moment, and be easier seized there than in the midst of her people.'

Ermenric nodded and withdrew. Witgils remained alone with the dying man, except for two of Ermenric's slaves posted at a little distance. Speech was difficult to Denis now; but he looked anxiously for something, and Witgils, divining his thoughts, picked up the crucifix and held it before his eyes. There was no sound heard but the hard breathing of the dying, who lay waiting for the end, with an expression of still and joyful peace upon his face such as Witgils had never seen before.

'Do you suffer?' said Witgils, as the struggle for breath seemed to grow harder and more painful.

'Not more than I would have,' said Denis. Then, after a gasping effort, the breathing seemed to grow slower and easier again, and once more he was able to speak. 'Witgils, I have prayed for all the folk God gave to my charge and I have done so little for. But now that He has given me to offer up my life, I hope that may atone to my people for what is poor and faulty in my work, even as that'—and he glanced at the crucifix—'makes up what is wanting in the work and in the suffering of

all the world! God will raise up others to carry on my work. Will you be one, Witgils?'

'I will, in the name of Christ,' said Witgils, solemnly.

'You will never repent taking service with Him, lad. He is not forgetful of His men,' said Denis, looking up with a smile of ineffable content, as though he already caught a glimpse of the vision of the Master. That smile remained upon his face while his eyes glazed and the chill of death crept over him. Witgils thought he had already passed away, when a flash of consciousness returned once more. 'Karlmund too!' he said, with a tone of glad recognition, and died.

CHAPTER XX.

THE WITCHWIFE'S END.

WHEN Ermenric and his men went to guard the grove, Wolfhild had already slipped from their grasp. While they were grouped around Denis, receiving his last commands about the Beddings, she had come to renew her attack. Towards morning she had felt the need of food—for in the excitement of getting hold of her enemy she had not eaten anything since the morning before—and had left Thunstan in charge. Thunstan, left alone with his victim, had become aware that the insensibility of exhaustion might snatch from him the last chance of getting Denis to deny his faith, and had gone off to get some cordial to revive him for fresh attempts upon his constancy. Thence it came that Witgils had found Denis alone. When Wolfhild arrived on the spot, horror and bewilderment seized her. For Denis was gone, and so were his serge gown and the implements of his torture, and in their stead Thunstan lay dead, with an arrow in his temple. She stood for a moment, feeling as if her eyes were bewitched; but there was no mistake. For once Wolfhild's strong mind succumbed to her own superstitious terrors. She thought that the dying man, by some unknown exertion of magic, had risen, broken his chains, clad himself in his own garment, had slain Thunstan, and walked away with board, chains, and weapons. Such woodcraft as that which had enabled Witgils to follow his trail was not known among the Men of the Mead.

A weight of crushing despair came down upon Wolfhild, not less in its way than that which is said to have called forth from

the dying Julian the cry, 'Thou hast conquered, Galilean!' She turned round and left the place where she had worshipped the gods who had proved themselves powerless. Yes, the magic of the White Christ was the strongest. Woden was overpowered, and the whole Hundred was coming that day against her people; and she had done her utmost and all in vain. And though Wolfhild despaired from mistaken premises, her conclusion was true. Woden had been conquered, and Christ had won—not by magic arts, as she fancied, but by the brave steadfastness of the man who had endured all the torments that her malice and ingenuity could suggest, rather than deny his Lord.

She was well aware that if Denis had escaped, even if by his magic he had healed himself, as she suspected, the Hundred would exact vengeance of her for his torture. 'I will not fall alive into their hands,' she said, as for the last time she entered her own house. How should she escape? Wolfhild knew something about poisons, and indeed had a store of them in a secret place; but they were not sufficiently quick in their action to ensure her not being taken alive by the Hundred She took her resolution. She went out to the straw rick, and carried into the house armfuls of the dry straw from the inside, arranging it in heaps against the walls. She made up the fire, which was burning low on the hearth in the middle of the room. Then she closed the shutters and barred the door, and sat down to wait for her fate. One human emotion, even at this moment, showed that she was still a woman. The tame raven had perched upon her shoulder. She unbarred the shutter and put it outside, and then again barred it up. Then she sat and waited. The only light in the room came from the wood fire on the hearth. She had shut out with her own hand the light of the sun and of day, to die in her own dimly lit darkness. What could she do against magic such as this that the priest of the White Christ had at his command?

'Woden may be conquered,' she said proudly and contemptuously, 'but none shall ever say that they have conquered Wolfhild the daughter of Worm.'

At last there came a tramp of many feet outside, and a loud knock against the door. She made no answer, but took a brand from the fire and thrust it into the straw, which lighted at once. She heard a dispute going on inside whether she could be there, since the raven was on the roof. She let her assailants wrangle, while she took other brands and lighted the

straw all round the room. When the door was broken up by Ermenric and his men, they beheld a mass of fire in the room and Wolfhild in the midst. The draught made what had before smouldered flare up into a strong and clear flame, which quickly caught roof and walls and destroyed them; and no man ever saw anything more of Wolfhild the Witchwife.

Wolf the son of Grim was seized and brought before a council of the principal men of the Hundred. He expected nothing but death, and stood mute before his judges, too proud to say anything in his own defence, as in any case he was known to have been one of the party who had taken Denis prisoner. But his wife Aldgith came to Swangift and begged her to explain how he had refused to share in the torturing of such a man as Denis, and how all night he had not slept, but had kept waking her up to say, 'What man of Woden's would stand so steadfast through that torment?' Swangift saw Ermenric for a moment, and told him the pleading of Wolf's wife; but Ermenric said that that would not move the judges. The only thing that might do was the remembrance of Denis's last prayer that no Bedding should be slaughtered for his sake. And finally Wolf came out, restored to liberty—more surprised and bewildered than he could imagine, and understanding now for the first time that there was not so much yielding weakness as strong compelling force in the Christian doctrine of forgiveness of injuries.

In a lesser degree this feeling was experienced by the Beddings in general, when the visit of the fighting men of the Hundred had passed over without any more disastrous result than the departure of Walram's widow to her own people, and the death of Wolfhild and Thunstan. With the two latter the party of Woden and the old gods had received its deathblow; and before the end of the year the Beddings had come to the conclusion that they too had better follow the example of their neighbours and take baptism. This they professed themselves to Ethelbert ready to do. A priest was sent to instruct them; and among the first of those baptized the following Whitsunday in the river Wandel was Wolf the son of Grim.

Swangift and Ermenric married, as a matter of course, and Swangift's second experience of matrimony proved as quiet and prosperous as her first had been difficult and disastrous. They had several children; but Ermenric kept his word in treating Eldred son of Walram as his foster-son after Warmund's death. Eldred inherited Warmund's property, and in

time filled his position in the township. He preferred this to the similar position in the Bedding township he might have had as Walram's son. With the baptism of the Beddings the feud began to fade away; all the more because Swangift insisted on keeping up friendly relations with Aldgith, and such of the Beddings as, like Cribba and Waltheof, had been kind to her during her troubles there.

Witgils left his home as soon as Swangift and Ermenric were married, and went to Augustine at Canterbury, to ask to be fitted for the priesthood. After a short probation under the eye of the latter, he was sent to a Benedictine convent at Lyons, famous for its learning, and there he acquired all the knowledge expected from the priesthood at that day. He used to take more delight, however, in the study of such relics of the old Roman civilisation as still lingered in the ancient city, than in Latin literature; for his own country was always in his thoughts, and many plans floated before his mind's eye for its improvement and civilisation. When he came back to England, in the full prime of manhood, he worked for some years in his own country, until the death of Ethelbert, when a wave of heathenism again threatened to submerge Kent. Many of the newly converted townships relapsed for a time, but the Addings remained firm, owing chiefly to the influence of Ermenric, kept up to his duty by his Christian wife on the one side, and the remembrance of Denis's martyrdom on the other. The Beddings also stood by their side, for the tyranny of Wolfhild was an experience which they had no desire to repeat; and the fact that they were struggling in the same cause, at last did away with the last relics of the age-long feud between the two tribes. But at this time Witgils was no longer there. He had been sent with Paulinus to Northumbria, in the train of Ethelbert's Christian daughter Ethelburga, who married Edwin, and he did good work in the north during his long life. He lived to see Archbishop Theodore in the see of Canterbury, and to help him by his advice in his great work of dividing England into dioceses, and organising the Church of England into the form it still retains.

A church was built by the Beddings on the site of the martyrdom of Denis, but it has long since fallen into dust; and though his memory was reverenced for long in that neighbourhood, his name dropped into oblivion with many other Old English saints when the Normans brought in a fresh stock of their own, nearly five centuries later. But what mattered it to

him that his name was forgotten? His work remained, and stood firm as the foundation on which others, keener-witted and more enlightened, perhaps, but not more faithful or constant, were to build up the England of the future—as the coral insects, working up from the submerged rock, prepare the soil of the fertile Pacific islands, themselves unseen and unknown.

So may it be with those who reap the harvests of the seed which such men as he sowed, in the forgotten days when our national history had scarce begun. For there is a future for England yet.

(*The End.*)

THE GIRLS' ROOM.

ALL bird-lovers have been alarmed by the milliners' edict that this is to be a plumage year. Now, women must be very slow to form a public opinion among themselves, or how else does it come that, while individual women are tender and soft-hearted, woman in the aggregate is responsible for a mass of cruelty? We are like Tennyson's Nature, 'red in tooth and claw.' Around our necks we wear the little soft heads and piteous paws of a beautiful little animal, while we adorn our heads and our gowns with the dead bodies of birds, or the ospreys torn from the living white heron in its breeding season, after which the wretched bird is left to die of its wounds and its young ones to perish of starvation. Even the robin we do not spare—the bird which is sacred to the country urchin because of a far-away tradition that it tried to draw the nails from our Lord's hands as He hung on the cross, and that it so received the red stain on its breast. In England, France, and America the number of birds destroyed in one year to decorate women is estimated at thirty millions. Now, a bird is the wonderful and tender thought of God. Only God could create anything so beautiful, with its soft bright shyness and its hidden soul of music. Yet we kill the radiant life and music to hang ourselves about with the bird's dead beauty. Oh, infamous! I wonder how much higher we estimate ourselves than those Indians who carry human scalps to bear witness to their bravery? Ours is a more pitiful vanity even. Thoughtlessness is the poor excuse for such cruelty. For 'thoughtlessness' write 'heartlessness,' for if we care we will think. I cannot help thinking that we women will have a heavy account to render one day on this score. Not a sparrow falleth that his Maker does not reckon, and how about those thirty millions killed every year to adorn poor perishable mortal beauty that must one day go down into the grave?

* * * * * *

Women could well-nigh remake this world, if they would,

're-mould it nearer to the heart's desire,'—of God and man—for women have the forming of children in their hands. I often think that the one intolerable sin in the sight of God must be cruelty. Every other sin is the wrong end of a virtue, but cruelty is altogether diabolic and abhorrent. If we would teach the children to hold all lesser creatures as their little brothers and sisters, what a changed world it would be! In England there is good stuff to work upon, for, looking on with the unprejudiced eye of a stranger, it seems to me that the national virtue of the English is kindness to animals, and a very sweet virtue it is. But how could one preach to a child with a heron's osprey in one's bonnet, or a little dead humming-bird on one's gown? The quick eye of the child would detect and condemn us.

* * * * * *

In the Selborne Society's publications is set forth in detail some of the hideous cruelties on birds inflicted in the interests of women's clothes. The poor Selborne Society pleads piteously that women should only use the plumage of such birds as are killed for food; but that is a compromise I have not much patience with. I had almost as soon wear a dead bird, as *seem* to connive at the crime of killing birds. How glad I should be if the girls I am speaking to would resolve to wear no ospreys or dead birds this year! Any girl who is moved to write to me on this point will give me great delight. Why, one life saved, one song kept in the world would be something to be proud of!

* * * * * *

Another appeal I would make to any of my girls who live in the towns is to spare the poor 'bus horses. Quite soon we shall have the streets glassy with frost, and the poor horses will be staggering, falling, straining their poor hearts out to draw their heavy loads. There is always unavoidable suffering for them—but what about the suffering that is avoidable? A tram-conductor said to me once, 'Ladies have no hearts.' It was about a woman deficient in the qualities that make womanhood lovely, who, when the tram had just started after depositing a passenger, calmly stood up and obliged it to be stopped again. I have a Dantesque circle in my mind for such people where *they* would be the motive power and the horses the passengers.

* * * * * *

I am sure the Girls' Room will be deeply grieved about the serious illness of Christina Rossetti. We are almost forbidden to hope for a happy termination to that illness—happy in one

sense, for to her, indeed, it would be far otherwise. How sorely in her later poetry sighs the exile's sadness for Mother Country! How glad will be the exile's going-forth! To her more than to any poet I can think of, may we say, when she has left us, as Cowley said to Crashaw in heaven—

> '. . . but thou
> Wert, living, the same poet that thou art now.
> While angels sing to thee their airs divine,
> And joy in an applause so great as thine,
> Equal society with them to hold,
> Thou need'st not make new songs but say the old.'

I would advise any girl hesitating over a book for a Christmas present, to select the 'Verses' of Christina Rossetti, published last Christmas by the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge. I would give many hundreds of good and interesting books for this treasure-book of poetry and the spirit.

* * * * * *

No girl has sent me verses up to the present for the symposiums in the Girls' Room. Next month I will encourage these shy ones—for the reason cannot be a lack of poetry—by some verses from a girl. After that I expect the Girls' Room will become a nest of singing-birds. Will any one send me some verses on the destruction of the poor birds, about which I have written this month?

* * * * * *

As I wish to have a poem every month, Miss Barlow has once more come to my assistance with this pretty little pseudo-pastoral, written in the days when she was yet working her way towards her vein of true gold.

A MISTAKE.

> Low down in the vale I was leading my flock,
> Where shadow-blue shrunken slept under the rock,
> When far up the hill rang a call sweet and high,
> And echoes around me were swift to reply:
> 'Haste thee, shepherd, haste hither.'
>
> I gazed up amain, up the slope, smooth and steep;
> Nor marked on its green the white fleeces a-creep,
> For there in her moonbeam stood she who had cried—
> Young Doris, fair maid, and, ere echo's note died,
> My fain heart had leaped thither.

But still as I hung on those cadences clear,
A voice fast beside me fell harsh on mine ear—
Ah! 'twas Damon who answered, 'twas Damon she sought;
So hope newly culled dwined and dwindled to nought,
As a crushed weed may wither.

* * * * * *

A correspondent objects to some of my remarks about skirts, in a recent *Monthly Packet*. I have not the number by me, but I think she must have misread me, since she acknowledges the time not ripe for knickerbockers. Now, what other alternative is there? I suppose my correspondent speaks for the divided skirt, but if that be of the order that it will not pass for a skirt, then knickerbockers are far more seemly. I did not suggest long trailing skirts for muddy country roads. *There* they would be far from beautiful or suitable. One can wear the ordinary skirt as short as one pleases. I only meant to utter my poor protest against mannishness and the ugliness of a woman in trousers. I have never been a town-dweller, as my correspondent suggests. I do not keep a carriage; and I have all my life been in the habit of taking long walks on *Irish* country roads, the muddiness of which no English road can equal. But I have always found a serge skirt, well off the ground, very comfortable, and I have never got myself draggle-tailed. I trust my correspondent will acknowledge our muddy pre-eminence, and forgive the unwitting offence.

KATHARINE (TYNAN) HINKSON.

Church History Society.

THE AGE OF ELIZABETH AND JAMES I.

XI.—Times of St. François de Sales.

Questions for December.

41. Give the most noteworthy points in the life of St. François de Sales.

42. What was the connection between Port Royal, the Abbé de St. Cyran, and Jansen.

43. A short life of St. Vincent de Paul.

44. Give two or three lines on each of the following, and a longer account of any *two*.

(1) Order of the Visitation.
(2) Sisters of Charity.
(3) The Lazarites.
(4) Pierre de Bérulle.
(5) Mère Angélique.
(6) The *Vie Dévote*.
(7) The *Augustinus*.

For Juniors.

41. An account of the conversion of the Chablais by St. François de Sales.

42. The early history of the Mère Angélique.

43. A short account of St. Vincent de Paul.

44. A few lines on any two subjects in Question 44 above, not already dealt with.

Books recommended :—*Life of St. François de Sales*, by Mrs. Sidney Lear ; *Priestly Life in France in the Seventeenth Century; Cameos; Lives of the Saints;* Blunt's *Dictionary of Sects*, etc., for Jansen.

Answers to be sent to Bog-Oak, Industrial School, Andover, by January 1st, and *not to the Publishers*.

September Class List.

Class I.

Etheldreda Water Wagtail Simple Simon	40 38	Ierne Gooseberry Countess	37	Honeysuckle Marguérite	35 32

Class II.

Fidelia . . . . . 29 | Twenty-one . . . . 2 | Four-and-twenty . . 21

Class III.

*Vicaria 19

Juniors.

Class I.

Elingar . . . . . 40 | Moo-cow 31

Class II.

Viola 26

* Three answers only.

REMARKS.

29. Religion in Spain and St. Theresa excellently answered by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Countess*, and *Elingar*. *Ierne's* account of religion in Spain is almost too severe on an age which, independently of St. Theresa, produced such a multitude of saints. Ignatius Loyola and Peter of Alcantara are examples. *Twenty-one* takes a very superficial view of St. Theresa when she speaks of her "running after priests, and constantly changing her confessor." If she could have run after them she would not have had so many. She had to have one at Avila, another at Toledo, and so forth; and she suffered much from inexperienced directors. *Four-and-twenty:* Neither the saint nor her directors encouraged visions; they were believed to be a delusion of Satan for some time. *Viola* omits her early frivolity and romance reading, unknown to her father.

30. *Moo-cow* brings the Carmelites down to their expulsion from France not many years ago, but leaves out their reform by St. Theresa. *Countess* should condense her answers. Best answers by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Ierne*, *Gooseberry*, *Countess*, and *Elingar*.

31. San Carlo Borromeo is admirably given by nearly all, especially *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Ierne*, *Honeysuckle*, *Gooseberry*, *Simple Simon*, and *Countess;* and the Plague at Milan, by *Elingar*. *Countess* gives the pretty story of Palestrina converting the Pope and the Commission, who were inquiring whether music were not a distraction in services, to his view, by performing his Mass of Pope Marcellus. *Marguérite:* San Carlos died 1584, not 1594.

32. The Mystics, Oblati, and Degrees of Prayer are best understood by *Etheldreda*, *Water Wagtail*, *Simple Simon*, and *Marguérite;* and *Elingar* sends a good account of Oblati. *Twenty-one:* Spanish Mystics were strictly Catholic. St. Theresa, Peter of Alcantara, Luis of Granada, Juan d'Avilla, etc., must not be confounded with Quietists, who were Mystics run to seed. *Gooseberry* and others: Oblati were secular priests. They were one of the many attempts to purify the priesthood at this time. St. Philip Neri, Vincent de Paul, and De Bérulle were forming such societies. Some have not got the degrees of prayer rightly, and some have not got them at all. They are not vocal prayer, which is, or could be, spoken aloud, but are degrees of mental prayer. (1) Prayer of Meditation or Recollection; (2) Prayer of Quiet; (3) Prayer of Union; (4) Prayer of Rapture or Ecstasy. Here we enter on holy ground, very far above the spiritual power of most of us, who rarely go beyond the Prayer of Meditation, and how many neglect that!

It is interesting to compare Père Crasset's seven degrees: (1) Meditation; (2) Affection (sometimes counted as one); (3) Silence (St. Theresa's "Quiet"); (4) Union; (5) Deprivation; (6) Transformation; (7) Quiet.

N.B.—So few now take this course that it is no longer worth while allowing the space for Church History Society. The Editors kindly allow space for *Questions* in future. So if twelve members join us next year, Bog-Oak will go on privately. Papers (beginning with the December ones) must have a space of an inch and a half ruled off on the left hand, for Bog-Oak's annotations. Subscription 1*s.*, as before. Rules sent on application. No questions for juniors, but allowance made for all *under* 17 on January 1, 1895. A stamped, addressed wrapper, or envelope, for returning the paper must be enclosed each time. Subscriptions for 1894 and papers to be sent to Bog-Oak, Industrial School, Andover. Bog-Oak will aim at bringing down Church History to our own days, in three years' time.

The China Cupboard.

ARRANGED BY CHELSEA CHINA.

(*For the regulations of all 'Monthly Packet' Competitions, see p.* 756.)

FIRST SHELF.

VARIETY SUBJECT.

OCTOBER.

The request for a competition for next year has not been quite understood. Chelsea China meant one that could be put in place of the translations and run through the year. Whereas her correspondents have sent variety subjects, and one has read *competition*, *composition*, and sent subjects for essays. Under these circumstances it is impossible to award a prize, though Chelsea China will find many of the suggestions useful. Most of them, though not all, run on the lines of the old debates, some of which will very likely, during next year, be set as extras, without a prize. The Variety Subjects will continue. The Search Questions will be arranged on a new principle, which it is hoped will give them more point and interest. The Translations will probably be discontinued for the present. Chelsea China will have a great deal to say on various topics of general interest, and will as before welcome correspondence and criticism. Gladys and Mary will occasionally discuss topics that perplex their souls—and other people's.

VARIETY SUBJECT FOR DECEMBER.

The Cats of Fiction.

SECOND SHELF.

VERSE COMPETITION.

OCTOBER.

The translations of Schiller's mystical bridge have only been moderately successful. Chelsea China assigns the prize to *R. V. H.*, who is kindly asked to send her name and address, which are not written on her translation. Her rendering is literal and simple, and free from obvious errors.

PRIZE WINNER FOR OCTOBER.

R. V. H.

OCTOBER CLASS LIST.

CLASS I.—*R. V. H.*, 85; *Indiana*, 82; *Thorshaven*, 80; *Picciola*, 78; *Spes*, 76.

CLASS II.—*Per se Valens*, 70; *Elicic Roubel*, 65; *Ioga*, *Undine*, 60; *Natürlich*, 58; *Mabel*, 52.
CLASS III.—*Emay*, 50; *Poetaster*, *Speedwell*, 48; *Mary Hamilton*, 45; *Ur Wala*, *Hope*, *Experiment*, 40; *M. M.*, 37; *St. Claire*, *White Cat*, *Rose*, *Diana*, *Moonstone*, 35; *E. Y.*, 30.
CLASS IV.—*M. C. D.*, *M. R. A.*, 24; *Frideswide*, 20; *V. G. F.*, 15; *Augma*, *Azelia*, *Clementina*, 10; *Alicia de Faugoine*, 5.

SEPTEMBER CLASS LIST (DEFERRED).

Miss E. Thurtell, 60; *Exul*, 55; *Indiana*, *D. P.*, 35.

THE BRIDGE OF PEARL.

High o'er a stormy lake of grey
A bridge of pearls rose into sight;
Built up in one brief moment's stay,
It soars aloft in giddy height.

The highest masts that ever rode
Sail 'neath that arch upright and free,
Yet the fair bridge ne'er bore a load,
And seems, as you draw near, to flee.

Born of the floods which stream around,
It vanishes when they depart;
So tell now, where this bridge is found,
And who hath formed it with such art.

R. V. H.

VERSE COMPETITION FOR DECEMBER.

IL CARDELLINO.

Un cardellino, grato a un nocchiero,
Con lui fe' il giro del mondo intero.
Stetto sull' ancore l' Europeo legne:
Quivi volavano lungo la sponda
Augei scherzando tra fronde e fronda,
E vestian piume leggiadre assai,
Piume in Europa non vista mai.

Il cardellino riguarda e gode,
E aspetta il canto—ma encor non l'ode:
Pui giorni passano; tornano ancord,
Gli augei per gli alberi taceado ognora.
Il forestiero si pene in testæ,
Che d'oltremare modo sia questa;
La moda piacegli: siede ove nacque;
E finchè visse, sempre si tacque;
Ed alla madre, che lo rampogna:
"Del tuo silenzio non hai vergogna?"
Tal solea grave risposta dare:
"E nova moda presa oltremare."

Quante oggi trovansi fra non messeri,
Che il peggio tolsero degli stranieri!

AURELIO BERTOLO.

WHO, WHEN, AND WHERE?

Search Questions.

Answers to October Questions.

1. Dr. Mildman saw Lawless in a mackintosh, and wrote to remonstrate with him for having left the house 'in the low disguise of a carter's smock-frock.' 'Frank Fairlegh' (F. E. Smedley).

2. The Sofa. Lady Austin begged Cowper to write a poem in blank verse. He demanded a subject, and she answered, 'Oh! you can write on any subject. Take this sofa we are sitting on.'

3. 'Brer Fox' made 'a *contrapshun* of tar and *turkentine*, what he called a *Tar-baby*' to annoy and trap 'Brer Rabbit.' 'Uncle Remus' (Joel Chandler Harris).

4. (*a*) Blumine. The young, beautiful, high-born maiden' beloved of Herr Teufelsdröckh. 'Sartor Resartus' (Carlyle).

(*b*) Tony Johnson. The friend of 'Jackanapes,' for whom he gave his life. 'Jackanapes' (Mrs. Ewing).

(*c*) Donatello. The Count of Monte Beni, who bore a strange resemblance to the Faun of Praxiteles. 'Transformation' or 'The Marble Faun' (N. Hawthorne).

(Half marks are allowed for Donatello the sculptor, and others of the name in fiction.)

5. George Eliot (see the volume of her Essays).

6. Little Toomai of the Elephants. 'The Jungle Book' (Rudyard Kipling).

Correct Answers received.

Aspley Guise, Double-Dummy, Isabel, Rule of Three, Starling, 30; *Feu Follet, Helen, Old Maid, Sundial, Syndicate*, 28; *Madge Wildfire*, 27; *L. Halliday*, 26; *C. L. D., Helga*, 22; *A. Thornely, Fancy Ball*, 21; *Clio, Honeylands*, 18; *Euphrosyne*, 17; *Gareloch, Nemo*, 16; *Green Mantle, M. R. A., Vanesse*, 14; *MSS.*, 9.

Helga.—You only answered *part* of the questions. See Notice to Competitors in October number.

L. Halliday.—The Editor regrets that she cannot credit you so long after date.

Old Maid.—You are credited to 30 marks, with apologies for the mistake.

Search Questions for December.

1. What schoolboy was affected to tears when he was translating Homer?
2. Who is said to have 'smiled Spain's chivalry away'?
3. Who, before Browning, published a Tragedy of Strafford?
4. Who demanded these virtues (and many more!) from his bride?

> 'She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
> Holy, and pure, and humble of mind,
> Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
> Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood.'

5. What old lady was disappointed by having baked apples and biscuits for supper, instead of sweetbread and asparagus?
6. Who had three lilies in her hand and seven stars in her hair?

THIRD SHELF.

ODDS AND ENDS.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

QUERIES.

Wanted.—Author of these lines :—

'Our deeds still travel with us from afar,
And what we have been makes us what we are.'

(They are not George Eliot's *Murhopi.*)

S. M.

'God nothing does, nor suffers to be done
But what thou would'st thyself, if thou could'st see
The end of all as well as He.'

Author of poem 'When is the Time to Die?' of which the verses begin as follows :—

1. 'I asked the glad and happy child.'
2. 'I asked the maiden.'
3. 'I asked the mother,' etc.

HANS.

Could any one tell *C. G. L. P.* of some books (to be got from a library or bought cheap) throwing light on life in Inverness from 1643 to 1653? She also wants books about Charles II.'s visit to Scotland in 1650. She has read all Scott says on the subject, also Mowbray Morris's 'Montrose.'

Can any lady who has had a class of big village boys say what games and pastimes she has found most popular among them?—Mrs. REED, Thornby, Rugby.

Wanted.—A good Essay Society—history preferred.—THE HEAVENLY TWINS.

Name of author wanted—

'One less at home,
The charmed circle broken; a dear face
Missed day by day from its accustomed place,
But cleansed and saved, and perfected by grace—
One more in heaven.'

MARGUERITE.

ANSWERS.

The lines you want are—

'Compound for sins they are inclined to,
By damning those they have no mind to.'

(Samuel Butler's 'Hudibras.')

Miss Kay: the French poem you quote is by Hégésippe Moreau. *M. R.* has kindly sent Chelsea China a copy of it. It is too long to print, but you can have it if you will send a directed envelope.

If *Constance E. Webber* will send address, the poem inquired for can be sent to her.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Chelsea China thinks that the last word which it is necessary to say has been said in the China Cupboard about 'Lot 13.' She must consider the discussion closed. *Irene* is referred to the Christmas Book Notices for reading to children. Rudyard Kipling's 'Jungle Book' contains delightful stories to tell children. *An Old Reader* is thanked for her kind letter, but Chelsea China cannot quite undertake to say for whom the books recommended are fitting. Opinions differ, and so does the cultivation of working-girl readers. The G.F.S. Book List, to be had from Wells Gardner, is a perfectly safe guide. *De Moira's* letter has been sent on to the writer of the 'Girls' Room' papers.

DEAR CHELSEA CHINA,—With regard to the 'Diana' discussion in the August Number of the 'Monthly Packet,' it may interest you to know that George Meredith's heroine had a prototype in real life. Early in this century a young lady did tell her lover's political secret, and he did break off his engagement with her in consequence. — Yours faithfully, 'A FLOCK-MASTER'S WIFE.'

THE CENTRAL CONFERENCE OF WOMEN WORKERS.

This Conference opened at Glasgow on October the 23rd. Mrs. Mirlees presided, and spoke of men's chivalry in welcoming women in many new departments, and of the folly of pitting women against men to the detriment of both.

Miss Cheesham, Canning Town, mentioned medical missions, children's holiday funds, and women's clubs. Miss Dow, Women's University Settlement, told of training workers in thrift, sanitation and economics. Miss Utterton described work carried on, on Church of England lines, by the Grey Ladies, whilst Miss Portal, Bethnal Green, carried her audience with her as she explained how the Christian Social Union seeks to raise the standard of commercial and other morality.

In the afternoon Miss Townsend depicted the brightness brought by almoners of the Tower Hamlets Pension Committee to 'blameless paupers,' made such at the comparatively early age at which regular employment ceases, and by want of knowledge in saving and investing.

Miss Tabor, Boston, showed how investigations of the Royal Commission in 1893 proved every third person over sixty-five a pauper in contradistinction to two and a half per cent. under sixty. The remedy lay in elementary schools being 'womanised.' 'Pauperism and good housewifery seldom lodged together.'

Deaconess Gilman pleaded for boarding-out 'aged babies' in country villages, meaning old people who need home-life.

There was a strong feeling that workhouse inmates should be classified according to character, as at Greenock.

Speaking on 'Domestic Service,' Lady Laura Ridding wished girls and mothers would look on first places as 'boarding-schools *where pupils were paid for learning*.' She compared comfortable homes and refining surroundings with the long hours, scamped meals, and vitiated atmosphere of workrooms and factories. A good servant's acquirements proved her dowry.

Mrs. Angus, five and twenty years in service, was sure it was 'best for girls.' The restraints made it unpopular. 'Followers,' if allowed, put heart into a girl's work. Shop-girls were called 'young ladies.' Why not call all 'young women'? Children were too often allowed to be rude to servants.

The following evening was given up to the princely reception at the Central Chambers by the Lord Provost and Mrs. Bell.

In the morning Miss Lidgett, St. Pancras, advocated lady-guardians, who cared for women, childen, and feeble-minded persons in workhouses. Ladies were reminded to vote for parish councils. Inspection of lunatics and boarded-out children, and teaching girls in workrooms about ventilation and sanitation, were shown to be women's work.

In the afternoon, Miss Maitland, Somerville Cottage, portrayed the residential student-life of women as opposed to 'unattached.' She recalled the revered names of Miss Emily Davies and Miss Clough, in connection with Girton and Newnham. In later years, Lady Margaret Hall, Somerville College, and St. Hugh's Hall, had been founded at Oxford, also three residential colleges at Aberystwith, Cardiff, and Bangor; Bedford College, London, Queen Margaret's College, Glasgow, and the Masson Hall, Edinburgh. In community, girls avoided the friction of combining home life with hard study. Their health gained by not combining society life with study

by supervision as to hours and food. Girls learnt how selfishness belittled womanly influence. Community in work kindled enthusiasm.

Miss Kennedy, Cambridge, explained that out-students of Newnham must reside with parents or guardians, or be over thirty, or, in exceptional cases, those unable to pay cost of residence. The drawbacks of non-residential life were scamped meals, and want of stimulating companionship.

Dealing with intemperance, Miss Richardson, B.A., referred to impatience of sleeplessness and momentary pain; influenza victims who had succumbed to alcoholism; and deprecated licences to grocers, confectioners, and millinery establishments.

Dr. Sophia Jex Blake referred to a far larger percentage of patients ruined by abuse of tea and coffee than by alcohol; advocated claret for persons of and beyond middle age; and believed in the Gothenburg system.

Miss Townend showed how the poor connected drink with pleasure, and pleaded for counter-attractions. Reference was made to the beneficial influence of plant-growing clubs in towns, and entertainments in which villagers themselves took part; also to holiday pledges.

Whilst their elders discussed morality, young ladies were addressed by Miss Lumsden on self-development. Ascetics looked on self as a scapegoat, to be driven forth into the wilderness; others measured life by pleasurable sensations. Yet self-development was a duty. We dared not abdicate our wills, but needed study and solitude. Girls *must* make time for methodical reading and thinking—historical, metaphysical, recreative. Solitude was not well provided for in homes and schools.

Miss Mary Hort drew a happy picture of an ideal home; whilst Mrs. Greenlees wrote of Kyrle societies, social unions, workhouse visiting, and advised young ladies to learn how to work by helping older philanthropists.

At the closing meeting, Miss Clifford, Bristol, referred to such dangers as love of power, hard thoughts of those helped, and urged prayer and reverence for souls with which workers deal, and solitude with God.

Mrs. Creighton dealt with 'serenity' to be gained by method, knowledge of one's limitations, sense of proportion, and control of thought.

M. MONTGOMERY CAMPBELL.

Chelsea China regrets that want of space, combined with the desire to give a general view of the Women Workers' Union at Glasgow, has obliged the speeches to be reported in a somewhat crude and abrupt style.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

NATIONAL SOCIETY.

The Cook and the Captive, C. M. Yonge, 3*s.* 'First boy, then Roman,' might be the motto of the little hero of this delightful tale. Attalus, in Roman Gaul, shirks his lessons exactly as he might at an English school. He scratches his wax tablet, just as he might tear up his exercise in a spirit which no lapse of years can render obsolete, and Leo's cakes taste just as nice when cooked in the pigeon-holed charcoal stove, as if they had been baked in a modern oven. Roswitha is a real little girl, while we never feel that she could not have lived among the barbarous Gauls and fled on horseback from an unwelcome suitor. No one approaches Miss Yonge in her power of keeping human interest in harmony with historical colour.

Their Father's Wrong, M. Bramston, 2*s.* 6*d.* This is the story of how the children of an Irish dynamiter of gentle birth endeavour to make up for his crime to the children of his victim. We are not sure that the Court of Chancery would altogether have approved of their guardian's proceedings, but it is a very interesting story, and Tiny and Florry are capital sketches of London working-class girls. Florry's letter is a masterpiece.

Miss Coventry's Maid, M. and C. Lee, 2*s.*, has all the prettiness, and, if we may coin a word, *amusingness*, which we expect from its authors. We cannot, however, honestly say that we think it very edifying, unless it is taken in the spirit of farce, or of the lightest of comedy. The situation is treated with too much tolerance. The conduct of the hostess who risked betraying the young girl's foolish trick of pretending to be her sister's maid, at a country house, for the sake of the convenience of her help in a play is, if taken seriously, quite inexcusable.

The Mavis and the Merlin, Mary E. Debenton, 2*s.* A very pleasant story of Dutch and English during the sixteenth century. Suitable for children of some cultivation.

Strange Cousins, Penelope Leake, 1*s.* A nice little children's story.

A. D. INNES & CO.

We need not do more than call attention to the reprints of our old favourites.

My Lady Rotha, 6*s.*; *Lot* 13, 3 vols., 31*s.* 6*d.*; *Catherine*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, are all well known to our readers.

Seething Days, by Caroline C. Holroyd, 6*s.*, has appeared in our contemporary, *Newbery House*, and is a very well written story of the days of Queen Mary.

The Satellite, by the Hon. Eva Knatchbull-Hugessen, 3*s.* 6*d.*, gives its name to a collection of tales, which includes the delightful *Smite them Hip and Thigh*, which we all remember, and *Geoff*, which appeared in one of our Christmas numbers. The title story gives a lively picture of High-school girls, in the crisp and distinct style of the author. We don't think the dangerous naughtiness of dressing up as a ghost is quite as much brought out as it ought to be. *Fräulein Schmitt* tells of an heroically naughty girl and a nice governess, who, of course, wins the day.

Hollyberry Janet, by Maggie Symington, 3*s.* 6*d.*, is another child more consistently and *high-mindedly* troublesome than it has ever been our misfortune to meet. She has a good, but not always wise stepmother, who finally triumphs.

Broomieburn, by John Cunningham, 3*s.* 6*d.*, is a connected set of Border sketches in the fashion of the Irish and other idylls now so much in vogue. They are very pretty and characteristic.

Two pretty 'Rosleaf' books, 3*s.* 6*d.*, charmingly illustrated and bound.

The Real Princess, by Blanche Atkinson, we know already. *Happy-go-Lucky*, by Ismay Thorne, contains another ideally tiresome child, whose adventures are very prettily and pleasantly told. Of 'Dainty Books,' 2*s.* 6*d.*, *Messire*, by F. Crompton, and *Moonbeams and Brownies*, by Roma White, are old friends; but *Toby*, by Ascott R. Hope, is a new acquaintance, and one worth making. He is a dog, and though by no means 'too bright or good for *canine* nature's daily food,' has a good deal more sense than many of the little girls and boys who figure in Christmas books. His personal appearance, as given in the illustrations, leaves nothing to be desired.

All the gift books of this firm are extremely tasteful, and pretty to look at.

S.P.C.K.

A Hero's Experiment, by Helen Shipton, 2*s.* 6*d.* Godfrey Randall, a noble and simple person, deeply imbued with love of his neighbour, and believing that to have all things in common is the only way to practise it, tries to run a farm on socialistic principles. Ill-health disables one of his helpers; want of earnestness sends away a second; another turns rusty and cheats him. He finds that, as things are, having nothing of his own takes from him the power of being helpful; he is puzzled, foolish, mistaken, slandered, and disappointed, but a hero still, without a selfish or unworthy thought. The 'experiment' neither succeeds nor fails, but the Communist collier and philanthropic young nobleman are both better men for knowing Godfrey, and though we do not feel that he has exactly found the right answer to the social problem, he certainly sets a great deal of love going in search of it. It is a very thoughtful and thoroughly fair-minded book, well worth consideration.

James Godfrey's Wife, Mrs. Henry Clarke, 3*s.* 6*d.*, is a novelette of middle-class life, with very clearly drawn natural characters and an interesting plot, which is really the natural result of the said characters. These fairly good, though faulty people, with their not unusual trials, have an air of real life about them, and form wholesome subjects of contemplation. The book is well suited for grown-up girls, and quite harmless for little ones.

Primroses, by Mary Bell, 1*s.* 6*d.*, is an unusually pretty story. The characters of the two girls are charmingly contrasted; the 'uncle from India' is a particularly nice specimen of that well-known personage. In this case he comes from Australia, but it does just as well. The descriptions are very pretty, and the whole family of the Guerins are nice people to know.

As between Man and Man, by Crona Temple, 2*s.* We like this story very much. It will interest both the girls and their brothers. Angelo is a capital hero, and his adventures and trials are most exciting. He is, however, the second young man this year who finds a girl and a child out in a storm, and befriends them chivalrously. Incidents come in brain-waves, and appear simultaneously in different quarters. We wish the Psychical Society could tell us where they come from.

Three Little Wanderers, by Christabel R. Coleridge, 1*s.*, tells of two squirrels and a boy. We think all children would enjoy the acquaintance of the 'Fancy Pets' almost as much as Johnny Rose did, and 'Ratty' shows a great deal of character for a squirrel.

Noble Womanhood, by G. Barnett Smith, 5*s.*, is a book which ought to induce girls to read something that is not a story. It contains lively and sensible sketches of good women's lives, and would be a good book to give as a prize in an elder class of a superior kind.

Miss Bright's Guardians, 3*s.*, is so full of lost and wandering children that we feel quite surprised when anybody remains his or herself. We think one foundling is enough at once; but the book is pretty and bright, with much tenderness of feeling. A nice book for a school-prize for girls.

WELLS GARDNER, DARTON & Co.

Aylmer Court, by Henley E. Arden, is a graceful version of the well-known story of the girl who stopped the curfew by hanging on to the clapper of the bell, when its first note would have brought the moment of her lover's execution. Ever since we once pulled the rope of a big church bell, we have always wondered how she did it; but it is an heroic legend and told here with much spirit.

The Harringtons at Home, by Ismay Thorne, is a very nice story, with charming illustrations, of the cheerful, successful, modern governess, who has taken the place in fiction of the sentimental orphan who formerly figured in that character. It is written in a pretty and easy style, and Miss Bethia is a very good character.

John's Lily, by Eleanor C. Price, 2*s.* 6*d.*, is well known to many of our readers already. Its literary merits are considerable, and it is a pretty, graceful story, well suited for a Sunday-school prize.

My Lost Manuscript, by Maggie Symington, 5*s.*, is called the Romance of a School. It depicts an extremely high-toned and unusual, but faddy establishment. If meant for a story of real life, the wonderful Dame Lamonte would certainly be a despotic tyrant, and the atmosphere one of the worst possible sort of spiritual 'classiness.' If, however, as we suppose, it is meant for an allegory, some interesting ideas are introduced; but whether the Dame stands for Ideal Womanhood, the Church, or the Experience of Life, we are unable to comprehend.

Helpful Half-hours, by Mrs. C. D. Francis, 1*s.* 6*d.*, is a nice little book to give to thoughtful and painstaking women, who like something in print to help out their own conscientious efforts at doing right.

Stories for our Mother's Union, 1*s.* 6*d.*, are sensible, effective little sketches, suitable for reading aloud and talking about afterwards.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Labour and Sorrow, by Canon Knox-Little (Isbister and Company), is a very interesting set of sermons on various modern topics, which will well repay reading.

More About Wild Nature, by Mrs. Brightwen (Fisher-Unwin), 1*s.*, is a wonderfully cheap reprint of a charming book, which all lovers of queer pets will enjoy. It reminds us of our old *Friends in Furs and Feathers*. What can be pleasanter than odd little wild beasts and time to tame them?

The same firm sends us *St. Nicholas*, certainly one of the best of magazines for children. The illustrations are quite first-class. Another book from across the Atlantic is *The Guest Chamber*, by Margaret Bottome, and published by the Silver Cross Company, New York. It is a set of notes from addresses to Bible-classes, given to some of the 'King's Daughters,'—an immense guild or society of women in the United States, concerning which we hope soon to have something to tell our readers. The old truths are put in a quaint, original fashion likely to hit the mark.

The Celestial Garland, the story of St. Dorothea, prettily arranged for a parochial performance by the Rev. R. F. Jupp, can be had from William Neal, 380, Stockport Road, Longsight, Manchester.

An advanced copy of the *National Home Reading Union Magazine* has kindly been sent us. Its admirable courses are suited to more advanced circles than those which the G. F. S. Reading Union is arranged to suit. Nothing can be better calculated to make centres of interest for winter study. We should like again to mention *Goodwill*, edited by James Adderly, 121, Edgeware Road, W., as a most practical parish magazine of strong Church principles and dealing with social matters.

Mrs. Hallett is always wise and clear-headed. We hope *all* girls—yes, really all girls will read her excellent *Sunday Evenings* (S.P.C.K.) and profit greatly thereby. It is arranged so as to give a short discourse for every Sunday in the year, and the regularity gives good encouragement not to neglect it. The dealing with girlish trials is admirable.

Hans and His Friends, by Mary Hullah (Bliss and Sands), is a charming story-book outside as well as in. Delightful to read to little children.

We hope our friends will not be puzzled by *No Nerves*, noticed in our last. It was a terrible misprint for *No Heroes*. Hook was also misprinted as Hooker!

The Christian Knowledge books are very good this year, mostly well written and with a purpose. Mrs. Charles's *Attila and His Conquerors* is the only historical one, perhaps a little overweighted with history; but that history is completely studied, and the heroism of the great Pope Leo is well brought out. The regular boys' adventure story is represented by Harry Collingwood's *Cruise of the Esmeralda*, which contrives, of course in search of a buried treasure, to encounter hurricane, disaster, pirates, wrecks, and mutinies enough to last half a dozen ships. *Midshipman Archie*, by Annette Lyster, is a true history of the adventures of a little Irish boy when sent to find his way to his ship in the rough times at the beginning of the century. Austin Clare's *One Step Astray* ought to be in our G.F.S. Libraries; it is an excellent novelette for young girls, and the Antwerp descriptions are specially good. *Mrs. Heritage*, by E. M. Reade, is an excellent tale to be read aloud to mothers, and G. Manville Fenn's *Life's Eclipse* for either a male or female audience. *Dear Granny* is also a very good story of the same description: about a young girl taking care of her grandmother in London. *Can She Forgive?* by E. S. Comyn, warns against foolish wives and selfish husbands. *Patty Burton* is very good for a class of small girls, being a lesson against gossip. And there are a set of capital sanatory stories by Agnes Giberne, put together by the name of the first; very good for persons addicted to stuffiness, or careless about infection. *Farmer Goldsworthy's Will* describes a woman so self-righteous that she has no penitence for her terrible acts of injustice.

Cecilia Selby Lowndes has a fairly pretty story named *A Heart of Gold*, for children of gentle blood. *Afterthought House*, by Evelyn Everett Green, is of the like style—a droll little old man of a boy roused into life and heroism by some American cousins. Lady Dunboyne's *Master Molyneux* fails in drawing the keeper and post-mistress, but is good as to the gentlefolk. We pity the poor girl who, having spoilt her little brother till he is unmanageable, has to keep him from provoking beyond measure the equally spoilt and much older son of her new stepmother.

Mrs. Walford's *First Cruise of the Good Ship Bethlehem* contains two brief stories, excellent specimens of what such tales ought to be—bright, lively, and with a definite lesson in each.